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REQUIRED READING FOR NOVEMBER.

HOW THE OLD WORLD BECAME THE NEW; OR THE RELATION OF ROMAN TO MODERN EUROPEAN HISTORY.

BY WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON, D.D.

The readers of the CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE will, during the current year, have occupied themselves much with the world of ancient Rome, especially as that world is exhibited in the literature which it produced. Between the ancient Roman world and the world which now exists, there is a great contrast. How did the one become the other? Was the change sudden and violent, or was it gradual and slow? What traceable steps may we reckon as belonging in the process? The problem is an interesting one, and it is a problem which must force itself upon every thoughtful mind which studies Roman literature and Roman history.

First, let us briefly and rapidly take account of some of the most salient features of the contrast subsisting between the old world and the new. The survey will sharpen our curiosity to know the manner in which differences so bold and so broad were introduced and established.

1. The very first most obvious feature, to attract our attention, of contrast between the ancient and the modern world, is, undoubtedly, the fact that the ancient world was one universal empire, whereas the modern world is composed of many coëxisting, independent, and rival sovereignties or states.

2. After the point just mentioned, no other feature of contrast between the old world and the new, that is, between Roman civilization and the civilization of modern Europe, is more striking than that which exists in the fact that human slavery was universal in the Roman Empire, and that human slavery is now nowhere to be found in Europe. Nearly half the entire population of the Roman Empire consisted of slaves. Those slaves were mostly white. Often they were as intelligent and as well-born as their masters. In law, however, and in the prevalent usage, they were accounted nothing but chattels. The misery resulting from this state of things was by no means exclusively experienced on the side of the slaves. The ruling class, too, experienced their full share. The moral corruption inevitably involved, was enormous. Slavery was a vast ulcer eating ever deeper and deeper into the vitals of the Roman world. It is impossible that any society should be vigorous enough to bear indefinitely the drain of such a sore as was

found in such a system of slavery. The difference between a civilization with slavery and a civilization without slavery, is almost inconceivably great.

3. But the two differences already named, striking as they are, sink, in essential importance, far below a third difference which simultaneously excites the attention of the student employed in comparing the ancient world with the modern. Paganism was omnipresent in the Roman Empire; Paganism is unknown in the Europe of to-day. The religion of the ancient Roman world was polytheism. Christianity is the religion of modern Europe. That Christianity is, to a great extent, but nominally the religion of modern Europe, may be true; but it is equally true that also, and to a still greater extent, Olympianism—as we may style the religion of classic Greece and Rome—came to be, and this before the Christian era, but nominally the religion of the ancient Roman world. The difference, however, is very great between a civilization nominally pagan, and a civilization even nominally Christian.

4. The civilization of the ancient world was marked by an almost total lack of the scientific spirit; the scientific spirit is a very commanding mark upon the whole aspect of the civilization of the modern world. The mode of living, and of transacting the affairs of life, has, by this simple difference, undergone a change little short of miraculous. It would be almost endless to enumerate the points of contrast here implied. For example, Cæsar's friend, Crassus II., wealthy as he was, had no better means of swiftly communicating intelligence deemed by him important, than to despatch a trusty slave with a written message, bidding him travel with all speed. The humblest citizen of London can to-day send news to the other side of the planet in less time than Crassus's slave would have needed simply to get himself accoutred for a journey to Athens. It is not too much to say that a thousand soldiers equipped with the modern appliances of warfare, would be more than a match for all the invincible legions taken together that ever Cæsar led to victory. These differences and the innumerable differences that these exemplify, may all be classified under the one difference that Roman civilization was mainly destitute

of the scientific spirit, while the scientific spirit characterizes and animates the civilization of to-day. To find established the change now mentioned, we have indeed to come down some generations after the final extinction of the Roman Empire. What may be called the modern world, continued long to be as apathetic in regard to science as was the world of Cicero's time. The contrast here is almost as great between the nineteenth century and the sixteenth, even the seventeenth, as it is between the nineteenth century and the first.

5. Another broad brand of difference between ancient and modern Europe, lies in the fact that, anciently, the political idea of the individual man's existing for the sake of the State, prevailed; whereas, now, the political idea prevails of the State's existing for the sake of the individual man.

6. Anciently, the population was almost all gathered into villages, towns, and cities, the surrounding open country being chiefly bare of human habitations. Now, nearly the whole territory is occupied with human dwellings scattered everywhere over the surface of the land.

7. Anciently, the sentiment of nationality was almost extinct, absorbed in the all-embracing idea of the empire. Now, the sentiment of nationality grows every day more vivid and active.

8. Anciently, the idea of what we now call public opinion as constituting a political force, hardly existed in the world. Now, it would hardly be extravagant to say that public opinion is the one political force that nothing else, and not all things else, can permanently withstand.

9. A minor but still a remarkable feature of contrast between the old world and the new, consists in the different ways practiced by the two worlds respectively of amusing themselves. The Roman world amused itself with bloody gladiatorial shows, and, on signal occasions, with sanguinary battles, exhibited on a colossal scale, between armies of real combatants. The modern world finds its diversion in comparatively inoffensive displays, such as the opera and the theatre.

10. The European population of the Roman Empire at its height was probably not much more than one-third of the present population of Europe.

The differences thus enumerated—and of course the list is not exhaustive—establish what all will feel to be a broad contrast between the ancient Roman world and the modern. As we have said, curiosity is piqued to learn how such changes came about, and what were their producing causes. Unfortunately, on these points, accessible information is inadequate to the full satisfaction of our natural desire to know. There are long stretches of time concerning which almost no information whatever survives; and where information is most abundant, even there the information is, from the nature of things, not very satisfying to the historical spirit. From the nature of things, we say. We mean, that slow and wide changes seldom so attract the attention of observers under whose very eyes they are proceeding, as to become the subject of anything like full contemporary record. The changes supervene, and become accomplished facts, before any one is fairly aware of what is occurring. This is true even in times and places in which there is a large amount of alert and attentive intelligence among mankind. But the truth is that during a great part of the long period occupied in the establishment of the momentous changes enumerated, the human mind was torpid almost to the degree of absolute dormancy. Change was in progress—slow change indeed,—but the human beings whom it effected, were almost as insensible to the fact, as were the contemporary beasts of the field. Such are the unavoidable difficulties in the way of giving the steps to the process by which the old world became the new.

Thus much, however, it is safe to assume,—the process was gradual throughout, and at no point violent and sudden. Human history is a continuous development. Every to-day is the fruit of a yesterday, as it is also the seed of a to-morrow.

All human events compose one unbroken chain of causes and effects, in which every effect produced, becomes in its turn a producing cause.

What point of time shall we select to say of it, Exactly here ancient history ends, and exactly here modern history begins? Of course no such selection can be made that is not to a great degree arbitrary. Mr. Bryce in his volume, "The Holy Roman Empire," (p. 49, Macmillan & Co.,) fixes the point of transition at the moment of the coronation of Charlemagne. Here is his language:

"In that shout [the shout of the witnessing multitude within the church where the coronation took place], echoed by the Franks without, [Charlemagne's own compatriot subjects accompanying their monarch to Rome] was pronounced the union, so long in preparation, so mighty in its consequences, of the Roman and the Teuton, of the memories and the civilization of the South with the fresh energy of the North, and from that moment modern history begins."

History is never in any other way so delightfully and so fruitfully studied, as in the way of biography. But the biographical method in history is suitable only when the historian is free to enter into some degree of detail, such as here the requirement of brevity forbids. A few names, however, of men may be chosen about whom, as about pivots, the issues of history may be made to revolve.

The first such name proper for our present purpose is that of Constantine, called Constantine the Great. This emperor was the first Christian emperor of Rome. His reign was marked by what is somewhat technically called the "Conversion of the Empire"—a phrase which forms the title of a book by Merivale, the historian. The conversion of the empire under Constantine, like the personal conversion of the emperor himself, was far from being an ideally perfect piece of work. Still, the era known by the name of Constantine is a real era, and one of first-rate importance. From being nominally pagan, the government of the world now became nominally Christian. The date is about 325 A. D.

Of course, a long stride had already been taken toward the accomplished change from the old world to the new, when the conversion of the empire under Constantine occurred. We are not to understand that the conversion was, to any considerable extent, the personal work of Constantine himself. Rather, the "conversion" so-called, was simply an acknowledgment and recognition, on Constantine's part, of the pregnant fact that paganism was now chiefly a thing of the past, and that Christianity had taken its place as the dominant religion of the empire. Paganism was, in truth, self-doomed before Christianity was born into the world. If Christianity had never been born, paganism, at least in the form of what we have ventured to call Olympianism, would still have perished from under the sun. It was a worn-out superstition already, when Jesus lay a babe in the Bethlehem manger. But the really significant thing is not that Olympianism was dead; but rather that Christianity was living, and that it inherited the future. Christianity, however, had done, and was to do, its part, a great part, in extinguishing paganism. Men do not willingly resign any religious belief, however unreasonable, until something seemingly better is offered that may promise to occupy its room. Men shrink with uncontrollable recoil from the empty abyss of mere skepticism. A spiritual or an intellectual void is a horrible thing to the human mind. The void that would have been left by the relinquishment of belief in the gods of Olympus, was at length ready to be filled by a rational creed resting on historical evidence. The presence and proffer of Christianity thus hastened the downfall of paganism, and at the same time it forestalled and prevented an imminent period of skepticism.

Julian the Apostate (361-363) attempted a violent reactionary movement. He used all the resources of the empire to abolish Christianity. This paroxysm of imperial hostility to

progress was necessary to show how really impossible was successful resistance to the historical tendency of things. Paganism, open and confessed, could not be established; Julian demonstrated that. But Christianity, on the whole, did not gain by the patronage of the government. The pagan spirit which could do nothing against Christianity by open war, could yet, by covert guile, do much. It masked itself under Christian profession, and, so hidden, secretly conformed the doctrine and the ritual of Christianity to its own model. The Romish superstitions were the result. Paganism, moribund when Christianity began, took a new lease of life from Christianity itself, and, in the pomps and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church, continued for many centuries as, in this disguise, it still continues to play its part in the history of mankind.

While that moral change of the world was in progress, which registered itself in the official recognition of Christianity under Constantine the Great, another change was advancing with equal step, only second in importance to that. The diminishing population of the empire was receiving an immense infusion of fresh blood from the so-called invasions of the northern barbarians. These invasions were less invasions proper than migrations. But they were migrations of warlike tribes, and they were not seldom armed and fighting migrations. The policy of the empire vacillated as to the attitude assumed toward these moving masses of people. Sometimes they were resisted and driven back. Sometimes they were resisted and resisted in vain. Sometimes they were welcomed, and settled as occupants within the bounds of the empire. But, resisted or not, they poured in faster and faster. By sure degrees, they were changing the face of the world. The original Latin race was dying out. Wealth and luxury had enervated them. Suicide, infanticide, licentiousness, sterility, imperial butchery, pestilence, depopulated the empire. The imperial armies were more and more armies of foreigners. But the Roman name was still a great name, and barbarians were proud to bear it. The Roman name persisted in use, long after it ceased to designate Romans.

The incoming barbarians lacked nothing but leadership, and, perhaps, a territorial home outside the Roman empire, to be equal to the task of subjugating the empire, as the empire before had subjugated the world. As it was, the barbarians were themselves half subjugated by the empire they had invaded and overrun. The image of that august frame of government which so long had so dominated mankind, confronted them everywhere, and overawed their imaginations. They recoiled, or they seemed to recoil, from the idea of supplanting the universal empire of Rome with anything different. They might sack, they did sack, Rome the city; but the existence of Rome the empire had long since become independent of any one capital.

It thus happened that while the population of the empire in the West was undergoing a great change in its components, was becoming barbarian, or Teutonic, in blood, that new population itself was suffering a change in its character, was becoming somewhat Roman, as distinguished from Teutonic, in habit and thought. If Rome was becoming Teutonic, the Teuton was becoming Roman. Further, it is to be remembered that already before now, the Roman genius itself had greatly modified its type. The Greek influence had subtly pervaded the empire. The Roman ideal of character was much softened and relaxed from its ancient severity of tone. This was partly an improvement, but it was also partly a deterioration. The grace of life was increased; but with this æsthetic advance, proceeded, keeping step, a sad moral decline.

Into an empire filled with such movement and ferment, Christianity was precipitated, and went steadily to its work of transforming the world. The institution of slavery felt its sovereign touch, and lost more and more its hold on the empire. Of the many different causes which conspired to put an end to slavery in the Roman world, Christianity was undoubtedly the

strongest. (In strictness, the end of slavery in Europe did not come, until the "Roman world" itself, properly so called, had ceased to be. Slavery, in various forms and degrees, existed in Central Europe till late in the middle ages. One of its forms, *villenage*, (the condition of the *colonus*) exercised an important influence in modifying human bondage generally, and eventually in shaping the institution of feudalism. The *villain* was an attached bondman, that is, one who could not be removed from the soil of the particular estate; in distinction from the chattel bondman subject to being sold to go anywhere.)

With the gradual disappearing of slavery, free labor acquired some dignity in the public regard. There sprang up a class of Roman citizens who supported themselves by handiwork. This was a very important step taken toward the state of things now existing in Europe.

Under the influence of Christianity, gladiatorial shows were more and more discountenanced, until they were finally forbidden by imperial edict. That our readers may have a somewhat more adequate view of the magnitude of the social and moral change involved in the abolition of this form of public diversion, we use here a collection of instances adduced by Mr. Lecky to illustrate his "History of European Morals." Mr. Lecky's book is one of great merit on the score of research and of clear statement, by no means blindly favorable to Christianity, in fact open to the suspicion of bias against Christianity:

"The gladiatorial games form, indeed, the one feature of Roman society which to a modern mind is almost inconceivable in its atrocity."

* * * * *

"These games, which long eclipsed, both in interest and in influence, every other form of public amusement at Rome, were originally religious ceremonies celebrated at the tombs of the great, and intended as human sacrifices to appease the *manes* of the dead. They were afterwards defended as a means of sustaining the military spirit by the constant spectacle of courageous death, and with this object it was customary to give a gladiatorial show to soldiers before their departure to a war. In addition to these functions they had a considerable political importance, for at a time when all the regular organs of liberty were paralyzed or abolished, the ruler was accustomed in the arena to meet tens of thousands of his subjects, who availed themselves of the opportunity to present their petitions, to declare their grievances, and to censure freely the sovereign or his ministers. The games are said to have been of Etruscan origin; they were first introduced into Rome B. C. 264, when the two sons of a man named Brutus compelled three pairs of gladiators to fight at the funeral of their father, and before the close of the republic they were common on great public occasions, and, what appears even more horrible, at the banquets of the patricians. The rivalry of Caesar and Pompey greatly multiplied them, for each sought by this means to ingratiate himself with the people. Pompey introduced a new form of combat between men and animals. Caesar abolished the old custom of restricting the mortuary games to the funerals of men, and his daughter was the first Roman lady whose tomb was desecrated by human blood. Besides this innovation, Caesar replaced the temporary edifices in which the games had hitherto been held by a permanent wooden amphitheatre, shaded the spectators by an awning of precious silk, compelled the condemned persons on one occasion to fight with silver lances, and drew so many gladiators into the city that the Senate was obliged to issue an enactment restricting their number. In the earliest years of the empire, Statilius Taurus erected the first amphitheatre of stone, and after some slight limitations by Augustus, who ordered that not more than one hundred and twenty men should fight on a single occasion, and that no prætor should give more than two spectacles in a single year, and of Tiberius, who again fixed the maximum of combatants, the games acquired the most gigantic proportions.

(To be concluded.)

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY CHANCELLOR J. H. VINCENT, LL.D.

[November 1.]

And oh! what will thy believing, enlarged heart experience in that day of God's power and thy spiritual birth! Christ the true light of the world, the eternal life of men, coming suddenly to his temple, and filling it with the light of his countenance and the power of his resurrection! Christ shedding abroad in thy ravished soul the love of thy heavenly Father, thy bitterest enemies, and all mankind! In a word, the Holy Ghost given unto thee! O, Christ dwelling in thy heart by faith! (John i. 4; I. John v. 12; Rom. viii. 15, and v. 5; Gal. i. 16; Eph. i. 13, and iii. 17).

Being thus made partakers of Christ and of the Holy Ghost, (Heb. iii. 14, and vi. 4,) thy loving heart, thy praising lips, thy blameless life, will agree to testify that the son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, and that if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. (Matt. ix. 6; II. Cor. v. 17.)

Till this is thy happy experience, pray, (as the drawings of the Father and convictions of the Spirit will enable thee) earnestly pray for living faith, for a faith that may be to thee the substance of the pardon thou hopest for, and the evidence of the great sacrifice thou dost not see, but which our divine surety really offered upon the cross for thee. Consider how deplorable a thing it is that thou shouldst be prevented from claiming, receiving, enjoying the delightful knowledge of thy interest in the Redeemer's death; when his pardoning love, and the word of his grace offer it thee without money and without price, and absolutely nothing but infatuating unbelief or spiritual sloth keeps thee from the invaluable blessing. Be not satisfied idly to wait in the divine ordinances till thou seest the kingdom of God come with power; but, as the violent do, take it by force.

Prisoner of hope, be strong, be bold,
Cast off thy doubts, disdain to fear,
Dare to believe, of Christ lay hold;
Wrestle with Christ in mighty prayer;
Tell him, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Be attentive to the calls of the Spirit, and follow the drawing of the Father till they bring thee to the Son; and keep thine eye upon the dawning light of the gospel till the morning star arise in thy heart.—*Fletcher.*¹

[November 8.]

Christ crucified works this miracle of grace, for Him thou receivest with every cross; and the moment thou dost so in the power of his Spirit, God, even thy own God, gives thee his choicest blessing. He crowns thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; and with the inexpressible complacency of a Father who receives a lost son; with the triumphant joy of a Saviour who embraces a raised Lazarus; He says to the myriads that surround his throne: 'One more sinner repenteth unto life! Hallelujah! He hath escaped the avenger of blood—he hath passed the gate of the city of refuge! Hallelujah! Shout, ye sons of the morning! My angels, strike your golden harps! Dance every heart for joy, through the realms of heaven! Let bursts of triumphant mirth—let peals of ravishing praise roll along the transporting news. Let all your exulting breasts reverberate, let all your harmonious tongues echo back our glorious joy! For this my son was dead and is alive again! This your brother was lost and is found again! And irradiating thy soul with the light of his reconciled countenance, he says to thee from a throne blazing with grace

and glory, 'Penitent believer, receive the adoption of a son. Because thou receivest my Son . . . into thy heart, I admit thee into the family of the first born; be thou blameless and harmless, a Son of God without rebuke. . . . Son, all that I have is thine, be ever with me, and thou shalt inherit all things . . . all is thine, for thou art Christ's, and Christ is mine. As thou hast received him, so abide and walk in him, worthy of one unto all pleasing; being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in his knowledge till thy faith is turned to sight, and I am all in all.' Start not, believing reader, at these sayings, as if they were too glorious to be credited. They are the true sayings of God. The Lord himself spoke them for thy comfort. They are the precious pearls which I promised thee out of the unsearchable riches of Christ. . . . Instead of being offended at their transcendent excellence, magnify the God of all consolation, who having delivered up his own Son for us all, with him also freely gives us all things, consequently the richest mines of gospel grace. And giving vent to the just transports of thy grateful heart, cry out with the beloved disciple, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the Sons of God!"—"Unto Him who" thus "loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests to God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."—*Fletcher.*

[November 15.]

Contemplate then, a moral being placing benevolence on the throne, and giving it perfect dominion over himself. . . . What sublime dignity, what moral excellence, beauty, and glory in the reigning principle itself! What absolute perfection it imparts to the whole nature of a being the greatest of all, save Him who made him! What, compared with this, are the splendors of earthly royalty, even of the monarch of a thousand empires? Compared with him, this were the apocalyptic angel seen standing in the sun. Is there pleasure—is there happiness in the possession and use of power? What higher pleasure, what higher happiness than the possession and perfect use of the powers of a moral being, guided and controlled by perfect love to their perfect issues? Particularly, under the guidance and control of such a principle, how would the intellect awake, in all its forms of action, and in the vastness of its power! . . . How, as destined to know and to know still more forever, would it exult in its own expansion and enlargement! How would it remove the clouds and darkness that intercept the knowledge of all that is great and good and fair and devoted to contemplation which becomes the minds of angels, partake of their happiness, in seeing and knowing all in the sunlight of changeless truth!

How also, would the dominion of such a principle extend to all the primary active principles of our nature! No dull inactivity would oppress the mind; no reluctant sloth, more wearisome than the effort it dreads, would stupefy the powers. . . . Under the reign of this principle, there would be emulation without ambition, exaltation without pride, self-approbation without vanity, distinction without envy, acquisition without avarice, temperance without austerity, economy without meanness, liberality without prodigality, and excitement without agitation. . . . Instead of the storms and tempests of ungoverned appetite and passion to darken and disturb the serenity within, the ever-present shekinah would diffuse its perpetual lustre and influence.

Consider, too, its achievements in difficulties overcome, and

deeds performed. How it overcomes the world, vanquishing every form of temptation, resisting corrupt example, repelling the seductive attractions of wealth, honor, and pleasure, using the world as not abusing it, and rendering all its gifts tributary to a pilgrimage hastening to a better country. In its onward way, it is discouraged by no obstacles, stopped by no fatigue, put to flight by no terrors; but perpetuating its own strength for higher achievements by its use, it becomes stronger and stronger for its everlasting triumphs. What deeds of magnanimity it has performed, in dungeons, on scaffolds, on the rack, in the fire, to which worldly heroism furnishes no parallel—deeds that need not the acclamations of admiring men, for they are crowned with God's approbation. How, too, in all the varied forms of beneficence, it sends forth the almoners of its bounty—the ministering spirits of its love! How, like our great Exemplar, it feeds the hungry, heals the sick, gives sight to the blind, binds up the broken-hearted, and raises the dead to life! It is the spirit of well-doing on angel-wings, waiting the orders of the throne, or flying on errands of mercy in their execution.

How it adorns the mind with all the minor virtues of the inner man! How it meets crosses with cheerfulness, suffering with patience, trials with submission, injuries with forgiveness, wrath with meekness, persecution with prayer, rendering good for evil, and blessing for cursing, and bringing all, by these conquests, into sweet and peaceful subjection; how gracefully it sways the scepter. No jarring elements or violent changes without, interrupt "the soul's calm sunshine and heartfelt joy." In this sanctuary dwell truth and uprightness, integrity and justice, love and gratitude, kindness, good-will, and mercy. Piety also is here, with its adoring reverence and love and gratitude, with its steadfast hope in immutable goodness, its confidence reposing in everlasting strength, and its fullness of joy flowing from the fountains of eternity. This is benevolence reigning in the heart. How, under its perfect dominion, would the soul be blessed! On earth, would those sister seraphs, holiness and happiness, again dwell in every heart, and paradise be regained! Like the Supreme on the throne above, summoning the angel hosts to His service, it calls forth the full and bright assemblage of all the minor virtues and graces to do his will, in blessing and in being blessed. This is the moral excellence of a moral being with its happiness—that moral excellence, whose worth, beauty, loveliness, can be seen only in heaven's light, whose raptures can be expressed only in heaven's song. It is heaven itself.

—N. W. Taylor.³

[November 22.]

Well might our Blessed Master observe that *the children of this world are wiser than the children of light*. With equal truth it may be said that they have generally more zeal, more fortitude, more patience, and more perseverance. To exonerate ourselves from censure, we may lay what colours we please on the subject; at the same time, nothing but the anti-christian principles of sloth, fear, love of the world, and a distrust of the power and grace of Christ, could make us exaggerate, beyond all proportions of truth, discouragements which are in themselves, indeed, as formidable as the world, the flesh, and the devil can render them; discouragements, however, which we can overcome, *through Christ which strengtheneth us*.

Doth unbelief ask, who is sufficient for these things? The God whom we serve, the Creator, Upholder, and Governor of all worlds, in whose hands are all hearts, and whose pleasure is served by every varying event—He is ALL SUFFICIENT. His wisdom and power, his faithfulness and truth, will not be neutral witnesses of our patience of hope and labour of love. The unsearchable riches of Christ and his inexhaustible grace are ALL SUFFICIENT to supply all our necessities. He will go forth with our hosts, marshal their orders, inflame their courage, himself lead the war, and scatter the alien armies. And in the

hands of the Divine Spirit, the evidence of the Gospel is ALL SUFFICIENT to convince the most skeptical; the motives of the Gospel, ALL SUFFICIENT to subdue the most obdurate; and the sanctions of the Gospel, ALL SUFFICIENT to triumph over the most worldly, sensual, and ferocious. *Our ALL SUFFICIENCY is of God; we can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth us*.

Away, then, with the wretched cant of false humility—"We can do nothing." What then? *Is the arm of the Lord shortened that he cannot save?* That he cannot do in us and by us whatever he commands? Jesus of Nazareth did conquer the world by men of like passions with ourselves; and he hath pledged himself that he will conquer it again—conquer it more gloriously; and it may be by instruments more contemptible than the blessed fishermen of Galilee, and by means less splendid than the miraculous gifts of the Holy Ghost. Then the Church came down all glorious from heaven; now she will be wonderfully raised up from the bosom of the earth.

—Buchanan.³

[November 29.]

Beloved fellow-Christian, no penitence is efficacious that is not *joyous*. For what, indeed, gives so much strength to the weak and timid as joy?—especially if it be a joy so tender and cordial, and so penetrating into the depths of the soul as that which flows from the consciousness of unmerited grace! Therefore, dear brother, though thy knees be often weary, may joy be thy strength, and grace thy joy!

Preachers and teachers are so apt to rebuke and give many admonitions to the young; but I think if they would only truly exhibit Jesus in his majesty and in his humiliation, in his earnestness and in his love; if they would depict him in his deep condescension, his poverty, and self-renunciation, there could not certainly be found a more serious rebuke, and it would have a much more impressive effect than censures and admonitions. There is for me no more powerful sermon on repentance than when Jesus is exhibited before me. When I see how in all things he sought not his own glory, but that of his heavenly Father, how am I ashamed of my ambition; when I see how he came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, how am I ashamed of my pride; when I see how he took the cup which his Father gave him, and drank it, how am I ashamed of my disobedience; when I see how he bore the contradiction of sinners against himself, and when he was reviled, reviled not again, how am I ashamed of my impatience and my passion; and, in short, nothing has so subduing and humiliating an influence upon me as my Saviour's example.—Tholuck.⁴

Slowly but surely does Christ thus win the confidence of the soul, doing for it a thousand kind offices that are not recognized, patiently waiting for the recognition and love which He knows must at last be given; quietly making Himself indispensable to the soul ere ever it discerns what it is that is bringing to it so new a buoyancy and hope. Slowly but surely grows in every Christian a reciprocal knowledge of Christ. More and more clearly does His person stand out as the one on whom our expectation must rest. With Him we are brought into connection by every sin of ours, and by every hope. Is it not He before whom and about whom our hearts thrill and tremble time after time with a depth and awe of emotion which nothing else excites? Is it not to Him we owe it that this day we live in peace, knowing that our God is a loving Father? What is growth in grace but the laying bare of the sinner's heart to Christ, fold after fold being removed till the very core of our being opens to Him and accepts Him, and the reciprocal laying bare of the heart of Christ towards the sinner?—Marcus Dods, D. D.

MODERN ITALY.

BY PRESIDENT D. H. WHEELER, D.D., LL.D.

The idea of an Italian nation embracing the Peninsula in one commonwealth, may have been often conceived before 1848; but no earlier conception of it has any historical importance. The movement which completed itself between 1859 and 1871,—constituting Italy a nation in less than twelve years—began in 1848. But the movements of that and the succeeding year had their preëminent usefulness, not because they were successful, but because they failed. The failures were great and humiliating, but they awakened attention to the only methods by which nationality was possible, and created a national party in all the provinces. The new war-cry which rose and swelled into a mighty sound began to be heard in 1849. It was "ITALY ONE UNDER VICTOR EMANUEL." To understand it, we must review some of the previous events and opinions. We have constantly to remember that, up to the movement under Victor Emanuel, every section had a history of its own; and that in exalted moments when the people dreamed of liberty, their dream was a free Naples, or Milan, or Florence, or Venice. The revolutions of every age had in them the weakness of isolation, or at least of coöperation only. Once or twice, signally in 1797, large unions were effected in name. Eight years after the outbreak of the French Revolution, the Peninsula was distributed into four republics—under the treaty of Campo Formio¹—embracing the north and the center. There was a Cisalpine² republic with its capital at Milan; a Ligurian,³ with Genoa the capital; a Cispadane,⁴ whose governing city was Bologna, and a Tiberine⁵ republic at Rome. In the very next year all Italy south of the Tiberine frontier became the Parthenopean⁶ republic. These were the carved states of Napoleon and his French politicians, and each was practically the Parisian republic in miniature. There was no sense of Italian nationality manifest in the scheme; this is shown by the surrender of Venice and her soil to Austria. This edifice of five republics amenable to the French republic, was so insecurely and immaterially put together that it fell to pieces in less than two years. While Napoleon was fighting in the shadows of the pyramids, the French were driven out of Italy. The great commander reconquered the Italians in 1800, and now set up a new political order as unnatural as the first. This new arrangement need not be described. Napoleon treated Italy as his private property, and from time to time "relet" or gave parts of it to whom he would. In 1801, Naples was assigned to Bourbon Ferdinand; in 1806, it was given to Joseph Bonaparte; and in 1808, to General Murat.⁷ This comedy was enacted whenever it pleased the emperor to change his subordinates, or promote members of his family or officers of his army.

No sense of Italian nationality could be born under such a system as that of Napoleon; and yet Italian writers find in some of the incidents of French rule, the beginning of the education of the nation. Napoleon, for example, conscripted Italians for his army, and sent them to serve in other than their native provinces. A device which aimed to divorce a conscript from his country, had the unexpected effect of enlarging his country. The Neapolitan who was sent to do police duty among the Milanese, unexpectedly found himself among his own countrymen. This incident was repeated all over Italy. It has been said that Napoleon mixed Italians of different provinces as they had never been mixed before. For the first time, the common people came to know something of the extent of their country and the greatness of their race. And while Napoleon built nothing, he did a great and necessary work of tearing down. He removed despotic princes. The creatures whom he set up in their

places, had not the authority of antiquity which he had thrown down with the old rulers. He tore illusions from the thrones which time had consecrated. He taught the people that change was possible in government. If Napoleon could make and unmake, why should not the people do even as he did? The restoration of nearly all the old order after the fall of Napoleon, by a congress of Europe, did not restore for all minds sanctity to governments. The materials for a national party had been created. The more thoughtful and restless among the people joined by the returned soldiers,—who had been peasants, but could never be peasants again—formed a party more or less conscious of itself; and out of this party, growing by a secret propagandism, grew the concealed and open revolutions from 1820 to 1848.

The young reader will but imperfectly realize the significance of what he has just perused if he does not remember that never in the history of mankind were human souls so shaken and roused as by the French revolution. It was a moral earthquake, and the commotion extended throughout the Latin world. In this great tumult of the waves of political and social life, men lived fast—thought and felt more in a decade than in whole centuries before. This awakening had distant consequences. No part of the Latin world was left by Napoleon as he found it. A congress of kings could restore the map of Europe, but they could not undo the effects on minds and hearts which the swift changes of French domination had produced in Italy. Furthermore, all those praises of liberty and declarations of rights which had emanated from the Republic, survived the empire. France emancipated Italy by giving to a few Italians, capable of them, the ideas of "the revolution." This term, "the revolution," dates back to 1789, and, variously interpreted and modified, has survived and brought forth a century of political and social changes. A devout Catholic defines the term as infidelity and godlessness; a rigid conservative calls it anarchy and ruin; a Protestant finds it so various that he refuses to give it a name; a "liberal," "republican," or democrat in France or Italy or Spain thinks of it as the spirit and power of political progress, liberty, nationality, self-government, and equality before the laws. Like liberty, the revolution has been the excuse for many a crime and folly; but it is still true that the revolution has enfranchised western continental Europe. From the outset of its career in Italy, the revolution produced some beneficent effects. It extended the new French law to those portions of the country within the Napoleonic regime; it suppressed some of the innumerable monasteries; it encouraged a press which became relatively free; it liberalized education; it encouraged thinking of a new if not perfect type.

The restoration in 1815 found the fruits of these salutary changes, and the restored sovereigns set themselves to destroy what they considered the evil effects of lax, and immoral government. They cast out of the university, professors suspected of liberal opinions; they restored the suspended monasteries; they placed education in the hands of the priesthood; they made a more rigid passport system, and men could not absent themselves from home, even for a week, without permission of the government; they organized a system of espionage and terror. The result was the organization by the patriots of secret societies to advance the principles of the revolution. The Carbonari Societies,⁸ and others affiliated with them, spread over Italy; and in 1820 the first results were announced. They appeared both in the north and in the south; a single spark produced two conflagrations, hundreds of miles apart. A con-

stitution adopted in Spain, was the occasion first of an insurrection in the army, before which the king fled from Naples; it was also the occasion of an insurrection in Piedmont, which temporarily and prematurely brought to the throne the Charles Albert,⁹ (father of Victor Emanuel) who in 1849 sacrificed himself to Italian nationality by abdicating on the lost field of Novara.¹⁰ Here first the history of the present nation begins to appear. The two ends of the nation preluded in 1820 for the drama which they enacted together in 1860. The Carbonari Societies have been abundantly condemned for atrocious opinions; but it is well to remember that they are an important link in the chain of events—the secret channel by which, under the reactionary governments, the spirit of the Revolution crossed from 1815 to 1848. Oppressive government begets secret societies; the Russian Nihilist is the product of military despotism. For the rest, let us not forget that the Carbonari have been described by political opponents, and remember what ugly epithets are used in our own political campaigns. The success of the insurrection of 1820 was too short to have any value. The old order was soon restored. King Ferdinand went back to Naples with an Austrian army of 80,000 men. Charles Albert surrendered his power to a relative, having a more legal title to the throne; and the revenges of the despots succeeded to the acclamations of the patriots. The numerous trials of the liberals had hardly been concluded before a new spark flew into the Peninsula to light new fires. This time the spark came from Paris, where the revolution of July (1830) had borne down the Bourbon and set up Louis Philippe. This lighting up of the smoldering ashes occurred in cities which had not conspicuously shared in the conflagration of 1820—and, notably, they were in the center of the Peninsula—at Modena, Parma, and Bologna, and in the Romagna. These revolts were even less successful than those of 1820; but they influenced the sovereigns and their petty statesmen to more rigorous repression of liberal ideas.

It seems a long stretch over quiet times from 1830 to 1848. But history in Italy did not make a quiet journey. There were many small insurrections; some large movements were planned; a new party was born which was called Young Italy, with Mazzini¹¹ at its head. Among the large schemes which came to nothing, was an invasion of Savoy by Mazzini and his followers in 1833. In point of fact, the year 1848—the year of European revolutions which set American school-boys to declaiming about the progress of liberty—had a prelude in Italy, the revolution having begun there in 1846. At this point we must pause to take stock, so to say, of some men whose influence and leadership were of the first importance. The literary revolutionists of the first half of this century must be passed over; they inspired men by their pens, but they were inexpert in action and dealt with a people not yet prepared for wise action. The Silvio Pellicos¹² have a permanent place on the roll of Italian martyrs to liberty; but their blood was spilled only to fertilize the soil for a more sturdy and practical agriculture. There are a few names which will always remain associated with the success of Italy; there are many as permanently suggestive of her failures. The few are King Victor Emanuel, Count Cavour,¹³ Mazzini, Garibaldi,¹⁴ and Pius Ninth.¹⁵ There are other conspicucus actors in the drama; but these five played necessary parts. Mazzini hammered away at the old governments; Pius Ninth disarmed the hostile church in 1847, and could never again put on her the steel corslet of successful despotism; Garibaldi's restless spirit, dauntless courage, and sublime audacity executed military movements of the highest importance; Count Cavour thought out and worked out the path to national union; Victor Emanuel united in his name and character the qualities which were essential in the head of the new nation. These were, in general terms, the values of the five necessary men. Let us look at each with some carefulness of detail.

It is necessary to take into account the relations of the church to the Revolution. These relations were hostile; no other reason

seemed possible. The Revolution as professed in Western Europe, was atheistic; its heaviest blows fell on the church, and it seldom distinguished between the church and Christianity. The just-minded revolutionist did not complain that the Church opposed him and his ideas. He said: "I oppose the Church and her ideas." This was the obvious relation of the Church and the Revolution as the latter was most loudly professed and most laboriously wrought out for several decades. But it was never the logical relation of the two. The Revolution was not an atheism; it was a movement for human liberty in political relations. Atheism fastened itself upon the movement, and made it move against the Church when it could not advance upon the Throne. Frankness is certainly best now, and men who believe in popular institutions must do the Roman Catholic priesthood the justice of admitting that the Revolution attacked it with ferocity, and maintained its assaults with terrible earnestness. So full of atheism was the revolutionary party that one may even doubt whether Garibaldi was not more an atheist than an Italian. But there was another and larger, though less noisy revolutionary party; it always existed after the outbreak of the French Revolution. It was made up of men who wanted, not irreligion, but liberty. This was always the popular position. Dissolute wits and disbanded soldiers might reckon Voltairism of more importance than independence, and damage by atheistical professions and lives the national cause; but the masses, whose weight was by and by to crush despotism, wanted both a country and a God. The sober truth is that the atheists almost destroyed the hopes of Italy. The wholesome and beneficent doctrines of 1789 had a charm for devout minds all over Europe, especially in the Peninsula. The priesthood contained some who thought possible a reconciliation between religion and liberty. There was a large body of literary men who had homes and families, if they had not yet a country—men like Gioberti¹⁶ and Alessandro Manzoni,¹⁷ the author of an immortal story entitled "I PROMESSI SPOSI"—and these men married the love of liberty to devotion. The solid and secure portion of the revolutionary party in 1846, was devout and Catholic. In that year the Church had to choose a pope. The choice was influenced by the advanced state of political thinking in and around the church. Pius Ninth became a pope through the liberal influences of the hour, and at once placed himself at the head of the Revolution. The world seemed to take fire when a pope professed liberal opinions, organized a national guard, and sat down to prepare a free constitution for the Romans. Our chief concern just here is that there was nothing illogical in the position of Pius Ninth. The best brain and truest heart of the Italian church were with him. Devout Italy had taken up the line of national independence and popular liberty. They rejected with disdain the theory that men (and of all men their countrymen of Italy) must be misgoverned in this world in order to be saved in the next. We know now that this pope-liberal was soon to turn round and become the most reactionary pope of the century. But men did not know it then, and the applause and enthusiasm were boundless. There was never anything like it in Italy. At every other bright moment, the Church has sat in shadow and mourning. It has not been the way of popes to welcome the revolution and sign proclamations of emancipation. But for this once, the church joined the procession, and all Italy flung caps in air, and filled the sky with rejoicing shouts. The Italians were everywhere in revolt, and the kings and dukes were imitating the pope, and writing constitutions for their people. The Austrians in Milan kept head against the stream, and shot down some of the people in the streets, but everywhere else the governments yielded or seemed to yield.

These movements toward liberal organization of existing governments, were in progress when, in 1848, the revolution in Paris intoxicated the atheist wing of the revolutionary party, and turned victory backward again. Pius Ninth had to choose between atheism and the Jesuits. The revolution passed into

the control of irreligion; the pope saw in it the hand of God, and surrendered to the most conservative and reactionary force in the Church. We see plainly enough now that he had done all that he could. The need of the nation was that the Church should go out of politics. It could not then go out. To stay in on the Liberal side would probably end as disastrously as staying in on the conservative side. The Church had to be pushed out of politics—in her own interest and in that of Italy. She could be pushed out only when she occupied the conservative side. She went back to her old position in 1849; she was forced out of politics in 1870. If she has died of the change, the event has not reached the ear of anybody in this world. For Pius Ninth, as a man, one must sometimes be moved to profound pity. When he was guided and edited by liberal priests, he was hardly more free than when he was edited by Jesuits; but the sadness of it all is that the worse guiding and editing now seems to have been a necessary means of Italian nationality. His antagonism to all progress deprived his influence of all weight—or made it as light as possible. The liberating hands for Italy had to be not atheistic and not consecrated; the devout layman—devout, though cursed and excommunicated by Pius Ninth—was to become the successful leader of Italian nationality. Besides, the mere patching of the seven or eight old political governments of Italy was only a preparation for the making of the one seamless robe which the nation wears in 1885. But it will never be forgotten that a pope relighted the lamps of liberty in 1846-8; their flame never again burned low; from that date the revolution moved towards an end gradually, coming out of shadow and always advancing even in the days when defeat made patriots sick almost to despair. The men whose genius would make Italy a nation, had reached maturity; but they had to find a new path. The half century of failures had created national feeling; the utilizing of it for the commonwealth could not be demanded of a pope, a Roman or a philosopher.

Joseph Mazzini can be more briefly described. A native of Genoa (1808), he early became at once a foe of religion and a champion of liberty. He was therefore all his life tearing down with one hand what he constructed with the other. He was eloquent, untiring, wide-visioned, and free of certain restraints of conscience common to his time. His schemes were at once large and petty; he dreamed out a universal republic, but executed only petty revolts and assassinations. He ruined the plans of other patriots without advancing his own. His name stood for a party which was about equally feared by tyranny and patriotism. The Mazzinisti were always plotting in quiet times; whenever liberty gained a battle, they came to the front to mislead and overthrow what less brilliant men had built. And yet, Mazzini inspired and moved his countrymen. His better office was like that of the Anti-Slavery orators of this republic in the years before 1860. But after the new movement took up its march in 1848, Mazzini was usually found holding the wrong opinion and opposing the right action.

In Count Cavour, the world saw the highest qualities of statesmanship—the power to devise and to persuade met in his intellect. He discovered a way to Italian Nationality; he had the resolute ardor and the cool calculation, the iron purpose and the persuasive power, the flexibility in inflexibility, and the organizing instincts which make up the successful statesman. Born in 1810, he was but fifty-one years of age when his death overwhelmed the nation with sorrow. He did his work in about twelve years; he did not enter the cabinet of Victor Emanuel until 1850, and he came in then as minister of commerce. He was unknown outside of little Piedmont, where he died in 1861. All the great talents of the world made obeisance to him as their superior. He knew English political methods and he anglicized the institutions of his country. But he knew by the sure instinct of his statesmanship how little England could do for his country, and how much France could do. He wanted Austria punished and driven out of Lombardy—if

possible, out of Italy. He went to the man who could do his work. He moved Louis Napoleon by his eloquence in conversation and his deadly earnestness. He had the courage to take only Lombardy when, after the victory of Solferino,¹⁸ Louis Napoleon refused to advance into Venetia; and, to keep the friendly offices of the French, he surrendered Nice and Savoy as a price for Lombardy. When the Austrians retired from Milan, Victor Emanuel stood forth, by the necessities of things, as the head of the new commonwealth of Italy. Count Cavour had shown his royal friend how to become the head of a great nation. The center and the south of the Peninsula leaped into the kingdom of Victor Emanuel. When Cavour died, Italy lacked only Venetia and the Papal territory. It waited five years for Venetia, and nine years for Rome. Persistence in Cavour's policy completed the circle of sister provinces. It is said that when the news of the sudden death of Count Cavour reached Louis Napoleon, the Emperor sat in silent meditation for some moments and then slowly said: "He is dead, at last—at last—that terrible man!" The statesman of Turin had held Napoleon the Little in his hands and controlled, within certain lines, the foreign policy of France. When the great statesman of Italy died—the small man felt that he had escaped from a master.

The career of Garibaldi is better known because it contained the elements which appeal to popular enthusiasm. The use of Garibaldi in the Italian movement was more limited than is popularly supposed. Of all his military exploits only one had any immediate practical utility. The landing of "the thousand" at Marsala¹⁹ in Sicily, and the rapid overthrow of the Bourbon power in Sicily and on the mainland—more by arousing popular enthusiasm than by hard fighting or skillful generalship—constitute a military romance. The liberation of southern Italy in 1860 was the practically valuable part of Garibaldi's career. He was the most popular and inspiring Italian of his time. He moved the popular heart, while Mazzini moved the young and giddy head of Italy. But Garibaldi usually moved the people at the wrong time, and for the wrong end. When he was right, he was a resistless force of enthusiasm. Count Cavour guided him in 1860 to good service for Italy. After Cavour's death, statesmanship in Italy found in Garibaldi's wrong-headedness its most dangerous enemy. Italy needed patience; and Garibaldi would have nothing to do with so sober a quality as patience. It was a large defect in Garibaldi that he was an atheist, and seldom attacked the pope without attacking religion. His atheism unbalanced his judgment, and impaired all his good qualities. Happily his antagonism to religion did not assume its irreconcilable character and prominence until he had done what he could under the skilful direction of Cavour.

It remains for us to consider a moment the fifth of our group of leading actors in the Italian drama of 1848-1860. Victor Emanuel became a king upon a battlefield where defeat had broken the heart of his father. Charles Albert was, in morals, at least, a better man than his son. His virtues are mentioned with reverent accents in Piedmont. But to the son there fell a dower of political virtues such as few kings have enjoyed. He was only twenty-nine years old when, at Novara, March 24, 1859, his broken-hearted and saintly father gave him a humiliated and dishonored kingdom. From that hour to his death in Rome in 1878, this king went to wise men for wisdom, to posterity for vindication, to the people for sympathy. His ambition was to be a colonel of cavalry, and for action his talents rose only to that grade of efficiency. Once, on the field of Solferino, he escaped from his courtiers, placed himself at the head of a French regiment of cavalry, and for an hour enjoyed full draughts of life as he charged recklessly upon the Austrian lines. His artless art as a king lay in two things. He kept his word; he would not break faith; and he left the Italians to govern themselves. His naked word came to have the value of a Gospel. Italy trusted

him, and he did not betray her. From the first, he knew how to resist temptations to perfidy. His mother and his wife were Austrian princesses; the boy-king stubbornly kept his promise to Italy against the persuasions of both wife and mother. Fidelity made him great among kings. His popular title was, "Il Re

Galantuomo." A literal translation will not express the full meaning. It meant *The King who was an honest man*. In him all the Machiavellian²⁰ traditions were reversed; and the honest man accomplished without genius, almost may one say without brains, what a long line of brilliant liars had failed to achieve.

ITALIAN BIOGRAPHIES.

To search Roman history during its prosperous period for distinct, individual character is almost in vain. Personality is so blended into the powerful growth of the state that it is hard to decipher. Rome could not point to any man or class of men to whom she owed her origin, or her development. History found her a well-established republic rejoicing in the consciousness of being stronger than all the surrounding nations. A few leaders in her great armies there were, who had won distinction, but they were so closely connected with the nation's destiny that they seemed rather as prehensile members by means of which that great body corporate had seized its prey. Like the fabled dragon grown to monstrous size and strength, found by Cadmus¹, keeping guard over the well of Mars, which seized and devoured all that came within its reach, was the Roman government at the height of its power. But like the "warriors full-armed" which sprang up from the teeth of this same dragon slain, when Cadmus cast them into the ground, are the great men whose names blaze forth from every page of her history since the beginning of her decline. The marvelous power concentrated within that commonwealth, once set free, went pulsing through the veins of individuals almost innumerable for generations. Down through the constantly weakening empire, through the time of its division and final overthrow, and on through the various Italian governments which sprang from its ruins, can be traced that indomitable, resistless force which, in whatever field of action it was found, made itself entire master of the situation.

Very briefly let us review a few of those lives whose inheritance it was to be numbered among the descendants of the sons of Rome.

In the field of literature, the first to speak after a "silence of ten centuries" was Dante. He was born in Florence, in the year 1265, of a noble line of ancestry; but that gentle birth was looked upon by him, in later life, as nothing in itself, unless it imposed upon its possessors the "obligation not to degenerate from the merits of their ancestors", is plainly to be gathered from the following lines taken from the *Paradiso*²:

"O! thou, our poor nobility of blood,
Truly thou art a cloak which quickly shortens,
So that, unless we piece thee day by day,
Time goeth round about thee with his shears."

His father died while he was a mere child, and on his mother rested all the care of his rearing. No pains were spared in his education. In the highest institutions of different cities and countries, his quest for knowledge was prosecuted. He was well prepared to fill any position to which the times might have called him, that of scholar, statesman, or soldier. His own estimate and appreciation of his acquirements may be gathered from the *Purgatorio*, Canto 30, where Beatrice says of him:

"This man was such that he
Might in himself have wondrously displayed
All noble virtues in supreme degree."

At a May-day festival in this "city of flowers," Dante first met Beatrice Portinari. They were then both nine years of age. The admiration which sprang up in the boyish heart increased in fervor until in early manhood it had transformed itself into that "strangest and strongest passion of man's nature." Commencing with his *Vita Nuova*³, and passing on to the *Convivio*⁴, and then to the *Divine Comedy*, one can read the full story of his love; can see the power which it had over him,

and the noble achievements to which it led him; but in all the recital, there is no word of explanation as to the sad sequel. Why Beatrice married another than the young Florentine in whose dark eyes she must have read the story of his devotion has never been known. This, however, must be true; no unfaithfulness could attach to her, or Dante would not have remained so constant. He says of this time in his life: "When I had lost the first delight of my soul, I remained so pierced with sadness that no comforts availed me anything." In 1290 Beatrice died, and in 1292 Dante married Gemma Donati, a lady of noble birth. From this marriage there sprang seven children; the youngest, a daughter named Beatrice, who passed her life, as a nun, at Ravenna. Two of his sons who survived him were possessed of no small degree of literary ability, as they wrote a commentary on the *Divine Comedy*. That this marriage was an unhappy one, as is often asserted, cannot be proven. It is known that his children were taught to honor their father, and that his wife, after his death, in the time of her deepest poverty and distress, refused to receive any help from her relative, Corso Donati,⁵ because he had been the implacable foe of her husband, and, by so doing, she might cast a blot on his memory.

In the twenty-fourth year of his age, Dante was found taking an active part in the civil war of Florence. The great struggle between the ecclesiastical party, known as the Guelphs, and the secular party, or the Ghibbelines, had long been waging throughout Italy, and Florence was drawn into the contest. Dante was found in the foremost ranks fighting on the side of the Guelphs, who proved to be the victorious party. They remained in power sometime, and then were divided into two factions, distinguished as the Neri and the Bianchi,⁶ between whom a violent strife ensued. Previous to this, Dante had been elected chief of the six priors who were vested with supreme authority in the state; and to this circumstance is to be attributed all his subsequent misfortune. Thinking to end this unfortunate quarrel, he caused the leaders of the two parties to be banished. But this brave deed only made matters worse. By corrupt politicians and time-servers, he was accused to the pope⁷ of favoring the secular party. The pope sent a force of soldiers under pretense of quelling the strife, but, in reality, to help the side on which the Guelphs were mostly found. Dante, who, in spite of the accusation against him, had always been a Guelph, foreseeing the calamity which this would bring upon Florence, managed to have himself, with three others, sent as ambassadors to the pope at Rome, in order, if possible, to stay this movement. His absence afforded the opportunity which the other party so eagerly desired. The Ghibbelines, whom Dante had been represented as secretly aiding, were defeated and subjected to the severest sufferings which their enemies could devise. Homes were burned, families tortured and put to death, and the utmost license to brutality everywhere granted. Dante's property was confiscated, and he as a Ghibbeline, or anti-churchman, was sentenced to banishment for two years, at the end of which time, he was to be permitted to return on condition that he paid a heavy fine. This offer he scorned as being a tacit acknowledgment of guilt from which he was so free. At first, in the desperation of his condition, deprived at once of all that could make life of any value, he joined the other exiles, and, gathering a strong force about them, they made, in 1304, a

powerful but unsuccessful attempt to force themselves back into the city. After that time began for Dante the "Inferno of exile." Destined never again to set foot upon his native soil, he wandered from land to land, sometimes forced even to beg his way; and, in 1321, died at Ravenna, feeling as a stranger in a strange land.

Of the depth of his grief, and the strength of his desires to return to his native city, there are many witnessing lines in his writings. In the *Convito* he says: "Ah, would * * * that neither others had done me wrong nor myself undergone penalty undeservedly,—the penalty of exile and of poverty. For it pleased the citizens of the fairest and most renowned of the daughters of Rome,—Florence—to cast me out of her most sweet bosom where I was born, and had passed half the life of man, and in which, with her good leave, I still desire with all my heart to repose my spirit, and finish the days allotted to me." In the *Paradiso* he says:

"Thou shalt abandon everything beloved
Most tenderly; and this the arrow is
Which first the bow of banishment shoots forth.
Thou shalt have proof how savoreth of salt
The bread of others, and how hard a road
The going down and up another's stairs."

Efforts were made by his friends more than once to bring about his recall. A few lines from one of his letters show why this was never accomplished. "By a decree concerning the exiles, I am allowed to return to Florence, provided I pay a certain sum of money, and submit to the humiliation of asking and receiving absolution. * * * Is such an invitation to return to his country glorious to Dante Alighieri, after suffering in exile almost fifteen years? Is it thus they would recompense innocence which all the world knows, and the labor and fatigue of unremitting study? No, * * * this is not the way that shall lead me back to my country! I will return with hasty steps if you or any other can open to me a way that shall not derogate from the fame and honor of Dante; but if by no such way Florence can be entered, then Florence I shall never enter."

Socrates in his cell, refusing to avail himself of the means sought out by his friends by which he could save his life, forms the companion picture of this scene.

Around no figure in all history does there cling a heavier drapery of loneliness and sorrow. In the world's memory, he stands a true and devoted patriot, with intellect exceeding any other to grasp the great lessons of the past, to weigh the signs of the times for the present, and to foresee the highest future good for his beloved Florence; he stands misrepresented, misunderstood, unappreciated, rejected; all the wealth of soul within him driven to pour itself out upon the ideal inhabitants of his imaginary worlds. In such a crucible of suffering was it necessary to try the soul of this man, in order that by it might be wrought the work which should be for the inspiration of coming generations. Had Dante won Beatrice for his own, had he not been exiled, his great poem had never been written. The strong currents of his life, turned from the channels in which they so impetuously sought to flow, found outlet in his immortal work. Mankind can never cease to rejoice that "God lent him so long to the world" that he could leave it the priceless legacy of the *Divine Comedy*.

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.⁸

Of an opposite type of character in all respects save in unbending strength and a passionate love of learning and culture, was the person to whom we now turn. Principally as a statesman, or rather as a politician, is the great Medici to be studied. Born of a wealthy and powerful family whose rise from the ranks of the common people is one of the remarkable events in the history of the world, there was nothing wanting from his earliest days which could contribute to his advancement. The Mediceans had long since placed themselves at the head of the popular government in Florence. Assuming to take the

part of the people against a few aristocrats, who, by virtue of their royal descent, sought to rule, they became the leaders of the democratic party; and, by means of their great wealth gained in commerce, they soon exercised a power as absolute as that of any of the neighboring kings or rulers. Their influence reached as far and wide as their trade, which stretched on one hand to Britain, and on the other into Syria.

At the death of his father in 1469, Lorenzo de' Medici, then twenty-one years of age, became the leading man in this prosperous republic. He had, a short time previously, married Clarice Orsini, a lady of a powerful Roman house. At this time there were several families of great wealth and power in Florence, and on the part of one of them especially, the Pazzi,⁹ the Medici feared there might be rivalry with themselves in the near future. One of the first deeds of Lorenzo was to interfere with their affairs. He managed to have the government withdraw from them the consideration commonly shown to noble houses. A quarrel followed, into which all the city was drawn. The pope, Sixtus IV, hated the Medicean family, and all of his influence was thrown against them. So strong did the opposition become, that a plot was organized to put to death Lorenzo and his brother. This was to be accomplished in church during divine service. At the given signal, Giuliano fell, struck dead by the assassin's hand, but Lorenzo received only a slight wound on the neck, and instantly defended himself. His friends gathered round him, and in the tumult which followed, they gained the victory. Many met their death in the church. The Archbishop of Pisa, one of the movers in the plot, and several members of the Pazzi family were hung from an upper window of the government palace, whither they had fled for refuge. The whole city was in arms, and very shortly the Medicean party triumphed. The conspirators were all put to death or banished, with a very few exceptions, these being pardoned at the request of Lorenzo himself. On account of the murder of the archbishop, the pope laid the whole church under an interdict¹⁰, and excommunicated Lorenzo; he also joined Naples in a war against him. But, in spite of all this opposition, Lorenzo maintained his power, indeed, it only served to permanently establish him in his new position, as he always came off conqueror. Pope Innocent VIII, who shortly succeeded Sixtus, was his firm friend, and, from this time on, he was the most distinguished man in Italy. He exercised his power in a most peculiar manner. His subjects seemed never to realize that he held them completely in his control, but rather looked upon him as carrying out their own wishes, so absolutely did he make his will theirs. He induced them to change the form of government somewhat, and to accept, in place of the councils which had hitherto determined questions of state, a permanent senate nominated by himself. The consummate art of the politician plainly shows in all this part of his life. He mingled familiarly with his fellow-citizens, and resorted to all devices by which he could make himself popular. He took part in all public entertainments, going so far as even to plan and arrange for many of them himself, sparing no expense in the preparations. The festivities of the carnival¹¹ season were greatly increased. He extended the most liberal patronage to scholars and artists in every field, all of whom, his own high taste and culture led him to appreciate. He established the first printing press in Florence; the public library was greatly enlarged, and re-named for him, the Laurentian Library¹²; the Platonic Academy¹³ was brought to its highest development. His remarkable taste for the fine arts, and his efforts to awaken and develop a love for them in others justly entitle him to be called the "protector of art."

All of these public interests led him to neglect his own affairs, and he became so involved that it was necessary for him to use the public money, which he did so freely, that he nearly reduced the city to bankruptcy, and still it did not think of resisting. The people groaning under taxes, submitted to still higher rates, and toiled on. They let

the hand which held the rope about their necks tighten it more and more. Public buildings were erected, the city was beautified and raised to the height of its splendor. It is difficult to tell whether most praise or blame should attach itself to his character in respect to these things.

His personal ambition reached higher yet. He married his daughter to a natural son of the pope, and induced that feeble-minded prelate to bestow upon his second son the dignity of cardinal when he was but thirteen years old. This son subsequently became Pope Leo X. Thus through his efforts were the highest dignities of the church open to the Medici; and owing to these church relations was brought about, in later times, the marriage of Catharine de' Medici, the daughter of his grandson, with the King of France, Henry II. In 1492, this remarkable man, to whom the world had given so much, died, deprived of the blessing of the church, as, even then, his will was too strong to submit to the demands of the representative of the church, and resign any of the power which he held.

And so this family whose origin is lost in obscurity, after raising itself to the position of citizens possessing royal power, was lifted by the strength of Lorenzo the Magnificent, its greatest member, over the almost impassable gulf lying between the common people and royalty.

SAVONAROLA.¹⁴

Savonarola was born in Ferrara in 1452. From his birth he seemed as one endued with the sense of a high mission. It was the design of his father that he should enter the medical profession, but he was so deeply impressed by the wickedness which he saw all around him, that he resolved to escape from it, and, at the age of seventeen, entered a convent. Religion as observed throughout Italy was nothing more than a ceremony, and even this was used either as a hook by means of which some higher preferment might be grasped, or as a cloak to cover up from public gaze the corruption within.

Inside the convent walls, during the years of his discipline for the life work of a preacher, where he thought to find pure and holy living, his young eyes saw, and his young soul revolted from the depths of degradation and shame into which even the church had fallen. And here was born the high resolve that led him to be the great reformer which he proved. He had the courage of his convictions, and set himself to stem the current of this mighty tide. From the first, there rested upon him the thought that it would be too powerful for him, and he would be overborne; but without faltering he used his strength to the utmost. Against many physical difficulties, he wrought in these early years of his ministry seeking to render himself capable of gaining the popular ear. His awkwardness of manner and harshness of voice were finally conquered to such a degree that they no longer stood between the people and the powerful truths burning in his own soul. His sermons began to take effect, and soon his reputation was such that different cities invited the great preacher to visit and speak to them. Among these was Florence—cultivated, critical Florence—whose fine sense of what she considered an orator's requirements was so shocked at his deficiencies that with ridicule she drove him from her midst. Further discipline on his part was crowned with such success that, in 1489, Lorenzo de' Medici himself recalled him, and from that time he left Florence no more. Careful at first in the manner of his denunciations, he soon grew more bold, and thundered forth his invectives against corruption wherever found, in royal court, on pontiff's throne, or among the lowly. "He threatened church and state with speedy vengeance if they did not desist; and evil princes, temporal and spiritual, trembled before the terrible *frate*. * * * The pope remonstrated; a cardinal's hat was offered, *on conditions*, but the bold prior was not to be moved." Lorenzo, hoping to buy his silence, sent a largess to the convent of San Marco, but it was peremptorily refused.

He espoused the cause of the common people, and sought to bring about a political as well as a religious reform. He tried

to rescue them from the life-choking grip which the great Medici had upon them, to rouse them to throw off his shackles, and be independent men. When sent for to visit Lorenzo on his death-bed, he refused to give him his blessing, and that of the church, because the dying magnate declined to give back the freedom of the city, but chose to leave it, under the same bonds, to his oldest son. A strong party of Florentines had espoused the cause of the earnest prior. Under the guidance of this son, Piero de' Medici, affairs did not run smoothly. By his imprudence he involved Florence in a disastrous war with Charles VIII. of France, and the proud city was subjected to the humiliation of seeing a French army stationed in her streets. This and the influence of Savonarola roused them from their lethargy, and the citizens rose in their might and banished Medici. As the majority of them then looked to Savonarola for guidance, he found himself possessed of an almost unlimited power.

From this time on, with untiring energy, he urged his plans of reform. He was very comprehensive in his designs, having no less in view ultimately than the reduction of all Italy to his ideas of government. His plan was to begin with individuals; to so preach kindness and purity that they might find an abiding place in each heart, and thus the great reform would be accomplished. As prior of the convent of San Marco, the great church in Florence, he could do this. He thought his greatest stronghold lay in the children and young people; he would literally bring them up thoroughly imbued with his ideas. In order to make his method at once interesting and popular, he borrowed the customs of the carnival; he organized bands, and formed long processions which marched through the streets singing and denouncing the vanities and pleasures of the world. This gala season of the church in its corrupt days he would seize, and make to gleam with the higher meaning of his purpose. Pious songs only were sung, and people were entreated to join the ranks, and help the good cause. Children went from house to house, and from person to person on the streets, begging for all things used simply for decoration, or pleasure, such as jewelry, pictures, love poems, rich dress, and all other things which fell in the category of "objects of condemnation."

On the last day of the religious festival, a large pyramid was built, and piled high with all these contributions, and committed to the flames. In all these ways, Savonarola's power and fame increased. Soon, however, the pope began to take severe measures against him. He commanded him to cease preaching, but the command was unheeded. The pope excommunicated him; but Savonarola only more fully exposed and denounced the profligate life of the infamous prelate, and demanded his removal. "The enraged pope threatened Florence with an interdict if she did not banish the hated friar."

Gradually some in his own party began to desert him, doubtless moved by fear of the papal power. Then that same spirit which so often has asked for a miracle in confirmation of the power which has led earnest souls to preach, in face of all opposition, their doctrines, displayed itself, and Savonarola was challenged to submit to the "trial by fire." At first he refused the test, but, urged by many, even of his warmest friends, he consented. These friends claimed for him the character of an inspired prophet, for he had in several instances foretold events correctly, and they really thought the miracle would be wrought in his behalf. At the appointed time, when he was to pass over a narrow, raised walk, built up in the piazza, through piles of burning material on either side, he failed to appear. Some writers assert that even his enemies believed the gifted man would pass through unscathed, and detained him from making the trial and showing his powers; but others—and probably they are correct—say his courage failed him. The result was loss of confidence in him on the part of many of his friends, who now began to look upon him as a fanatic, and a great tri-

umph for the enemy. Very soon, so easily does popular opinion change, he was sentenced to banishment.

He shut himself up in the convent of San Marco where he was besieged, and after a long conflict between his faithful followers and the angry mob, he was captured. He was tried on the charge of misleading the people by false prophecy, and was put to the torture to make him acknowledge this publicly. In his agony he confessed it, but once released, he denied the charge firmly as ever. Again and again was his delicately organized body stretched upon the rack, and submitted to all the torture it could endure and live. Finally, by the Florentine government, he was sentenced to be burned. And all this was done at the instigation of that pope in whose veins ran the blood which, transmitted to his children, produced such hu-

man monsters as Cæsar and Lucretia Borgia. On the 23rd of May, 1498, this decree was carried out. Two of his truest friends and companions, Pescia and Silvestra, suffered with him. His last words were spoken to sustain them. From a high pole with projecting arms, fixed upon a wooden scaffold, they suspended all three, and the flames enveloped them. "A powerful gust of wind drove them suddenly aside; for a moment the Piagnoni,¹⁵ his followers, believed that a miracle was about to happen. But the fire again covered them, and they soon fell with the burning scaffold into the flames below. Their ashes were thrown into the Arno from the old bridge. What thoughts must have moved Savonarola's soul, when the people whom he had for years stimulated or curbed, whom he had so completely ruled by his words, stood around dull and indifferent."

ROMAN AND ITALIAN ART.

CHAPTER II.

ROMAN SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.

If Rome built magnificent edifices, she decorated them with an equal magnificence. She poured out her money and power prodigally to secure the finest sculptures and painting that art had produced or could produce. Not that any Roman who could bear a pilum, or harangue a crowd, did the idler's work of moulding a statue, or painting a picture, but every Roman of wealth and authority united in securing for public and private buildings all that surrounding nations could yield for her glory. The Etruscans, who were her first teachers in architecture, gave her the first lessons in sculpture. That these people had made no very great advance in sculpture, we know, from the remains found in the tombs of Etruria. These remains consist principally of bronze figures, numbers of cinerary urns, and altars decorated with reliefs, and ash-chests and sarcophagi¹; on the lids of the latter, figures were often placed, while the sides were decorated with reliefs. The work, however, was crude, realistic, and almost totally barren of feeling. It is not surprising that the Romans did not cultivate with any enthusiasm so stiff a form of sculpture. Under the influence of the Etruscans, they produced almost nothing but portrait statues. These were generally masks of ancestors done in wax, and hung in the private houses. On the occasion of a burial ceremony, these masks were worn by hired persons who followed the corpse in what was called the "procession of ancestry." Full length bronze statues of noted members of a family, were occasionally seen, but this was all. There was in Rome at this date, nothing worthy of the name of sculpture.

Greece, in the mean time, was revelling in the most perfect art creation ever granted to any nation, and from time to time there drifted into Rome some slight influence towards a better form of art; thus, in 493 B. C., a temple was decorated by Greek artists from Syracuse. A more potent influence was needed, however, than the work of an occasional artist, to arouse a love for art in the sturdy young city. This influence came as one of the results of the extraordinary tumult of conquests into which Rome had rushed. As city after city, country after country, fell under her sway, inconceivable masses of treasure were brought to Rome by the conquering leaders. Syracuse yielded her magnificent sculptures and paintings in 212 B. C. Two years later, Tarentum was stripped of all her treasures; among other statues, one of a Hercules, by Lysippus. Two days out of three, of the triumphal march allowed to the conqueror of Philip of Macedon, in 197 B. C., were given to bringing into the rejoicing city the statues, bronzes, reliefs, and vases which he had taken. Mummius, in 146 B. C., repeated this display². Each conqueror sought to surpass his predecessor in the quantity and variety of art which he brought to Rome. The consuls and officials in the provinces gathered gems, vases, reliefs, statues, and paintings, to send for public

decoration. There were works from such famous artists as Hegias³, Myron⁴, Phidias⁵, Scopas⁶, and Praxiteles⁷. The luxuriance, taste, and exceeding beauty of these works, could not but arouse the Romans. Soon art became "the rage." Men prided themselves on being connoisseurs. Every man of means had his collection. The artist was sought by everybody. Almost without exception the sculptors of this period were Greeks. Many of them did nothing but copy famous Greek statues, of which the originals had been lost. There are now in existence no less than five copies of the Quoit-Player, a bronze statue by Myron. There are numerous repetitions of Phidias' Athena. Venus was always a favorite subject among the Romans, and numberless copies of ancient statues of the goddess are in the European galleries. When Herod erected a temple to Augustus, at Cæsarea, he placed in it a statue of Augustus modelled after the Olympic Zeus of Phidias. Over thirty copies of a satyr from an old Greek master have been found. When persons were too poor to have bronze or marble statuary, terra cotta and plaster were used.

Under the patronage of the Romans, a school of sculpture arose in Athens, called the New Attic, and from this revival, there are many works well preserved in the various collections of Europe. The Belvedere Torso,⁸ the trunk of a statue of a Hercules, by Apollonius of Athens, is of this school. This work is now in the Vatican⁹. So perfect are its proportions and treatment, that Michael Angelo is said to have made it his model, and, in his blind old age, to have run his fingers over its surface in enjoyment of its beauty. The Farnese¹⁰ Hercules, now in the Naples Museum, was found in the baths of Caracalla in 1540. It is supposed to be the work of Glycon of Athens. Another beautiful statue of this period is the Medicean Venus¹¹, by Cleomenes of Athens. It was found in the excavations made at Tivoli in 1680, and is now in the Tribune of the Uffizi¹² at Florence. We have spoken of the early popularity of portrait statuary. With better models it was carried to great perfection, attaining its full development in the Augustan Age. A splendid example of this art, a statue of Augustus, was unearthed in 1863 in Livia's Villa¹³, and now is in the Vatican. It is in marble, with the drapery and ornaments in color. The cuirass is covered with finely wrought figures symbolic of Augustus' career. Every rich or famous Roman, with the members of his family, was honored by a statue, generally in the dress of his own time. At a later period, it became customary to represent the greatest heroes as divine, either in the form of Jupiter, or some other favorite god. Their wives took the form of Juno, Venus, Vesta, Diana, or any other goddess. Busts were multiplied without limit. In all these portraiture, however, the individual characteristics were carefully preserved.

Another favorite form of sculpture was the historic. In this

the deeds of a hero were carved on some monument erected in his honor. Such was the Altar of Peace¹⁴ erected to Augustus in Rome. Magnificent reliefs ran around the sides of this great altar. On the Arch of Titus, and of Constantine, beautiful sculptures, still in good preservation, were placed. The column of Trajan is particularly rich in this ornamentation, a continuous ribbon of reliefs winding about the pillar from top to bottom.

It is difficult to conceive what must have been the appearance of Rome at this period. "Here statues, singly and in groups, adorned the niches, inter-columniations, and roofs; filled the pediments; and lined temple steps, theatres, basilicas, baths, gateways, bridges, balustrades, and arches of all kinds. Like Rome itself, all the provincial cities had their forums crowded with temples and colonnades; their capitols crowned by the temples of Jupiter, Juno, and Minerva; as well as their theatres, amphitheatres, baths, circuses—all adorned with sculpture. In 58 B. C., Scaurus,¹⁵ it is said, used for his temporary wooden theatre in Rome three hundred and sixty columns of foreign marbles from Eubœa and Melos,¹⁶ besides three thousand bronze statues. Agrippa, 33 B. C., decorated his extensive water-works with four hundred marble columns and three hundred marble and bronze statues; his work to be continued by others. Domitian built so many passages and triumphal arches crowded with groups of statuary, *quadrigæ*,¹⁷ and insignia of war, that he became the object of ridicule."

Of Roman Painting, the records tell us little. We do know that this branch of art had more representatives among the Romans, than sculpture, and it is generally conceded that the Romans had more talent for painting than for sculpture. The earliest record of a Roman painter, is that of Fabius Pictor, who lived about 300 B. C. About 180 B. C., the tragic poet, Pacuvius, is recorded as having decorated the Temple of Hercules with painting. The most of our information comes from the excavations which have been carried on in the ruins of the cities of Italy. Pompeii, Herculaneum,¹⁸ the Baths of Titus and the Farnese Gardens, on the Palatine Hill, at Rome, have yielded the most information. We find from these sources that the Romans used painting mainly in portraits and in house decorations. Wall paintings were especially common. The subjects were usually chosen from mythology, as the Anger of Achilles, the parting of Achilles and Briseis,¹⁹ scenes from the life of Iphigenia,²⁰ and so forth. *Genre*²¹ pictures were common. Still-life, landscapes, and historic pictures were less frequent. These pictures were used with great skill in mural decorations. The walls were broken into panels by painted columns or pilasters, a dado was run around the bottom, and a frieze about the top. The enclosed spaces were painted a solid color, such as a deep, rich red, a yellow, black, or purple, and upon this background, was painted the picture in fresco, or in distemper upon plaster. The pictures were, very many of them, of great beauty. Some, in an excellent state of preservation, have been taken from the ruins of Pompeii. Pictures in mosaic were used very frequently both in the walls and floors. One of the most famous of these is the *Battle of Issus*,²² a large picture taken from the House of the Faun,²³ one of the excavated houses of Pompeii.

ARCHITECTURE—CHRISTIAN, RENAISSANCE, AND MODERN.

The rise of the Christian religion brought about new art forms. During the first three centuries, the new sect was obliged to worship in secret. No public worshipping places were erected. The only constructions of the Christians in that period, were the Catacombs, the burial places for the dead of the new sect. These Catacombs are excavations made outside of the gates of Rome. They consist of long, narrow, winding corridors with small openings like shelves, on either side for the bodies. As architectural remains, they have no interest, but the painting and sculpture which ornamented them, are of value to students of early art. It was with the public recognition of Christianity by Constantine, early in the fourth

century, that a new form of architecture, the early Christian, sprang up. It will readily be conceived that the main idea of the newly emancipated sect was to secure a place for public worship, regardless of architectural display. They were willing to take whatever they could get. Rome at this time was filled with the remains of its ancient buildings. Temples, baths, porticos, halls, and palaces were crumbling in a wealth of ruins, surpassing that of any city the world has ever seen. The best of these remains were immediately adopted by the Christians for their purposes. The Pantheon is an example of a church made from the hall of a bath. The form of the worship of the new religion, however, demanded a peculiar church, and in choosing a model, the Christian architect hit upon the basilica. This was a rectangular structure; a central nave²⁴ formed the body of the building, on each side of which, separated by columns or arcades, was an aisle. At the end of the building was an apse,²⁵ a semicircular or polygonal termination with a floor somewhat higher than that of the nave. In the center of the apse was placed the judge's or president's chair, on either side of this were arranged chairs for jury and pleaders. In front of the judge's chair was placed the altar, always found in Roman public buildings. When the basilica was converted into a church, the main change was one of furniture. The judge's seat was given to the bishop, and the seats at the side of the recess to the clergy. The altar kept its old position, though often covered with an elegant canopy. Usually a portion of the nave floor was enclosed for a choir, and a pulpit was placed on either side. The nave in the basilicas was much higher than the aisles, forming a second story or clerestory²⁶ in which there were windows for lighting the interior; the roof on the clerestory was either flat, a hip roof, or wanting altogether. The aisles were usually covered by a sloping roof. In some instances, a second story, opening into the nave, was placed above the aisles. The basilica was frequently enlarged by placing two aisles on each side of the nave, and by running a transept²⁷ across the building between the body and the apse. The entrance to the church was through an open court called an atrium,²⁸ out of which doors opened into nave and aisles. In the early churches, the ornamentation was taken from the ruins. Multitudes of columns were used, but in utter disregard of every artistic principle. In many colonnades, three or four styles were jumbled together. If the column was too short it was pieced out by an extra capitol or stylobate. Corinthian columns were used with Doric capitols. In the earlier basilica churches, the principal decorations were on the ceiling and side-walls of the apse, and on the walls of the nave above the columns. Mosaic work and painting were used; the subjects were usually from the life of Christ and his disciples. The rafters of the nave and aisles were left bare in the first churches, but later they were ceiled over, and the ceilings covered with elegant frescoes.

One of the most perfect of the early churches, built in the latter half of the fourth century, is St. Paul's out-side-the-walls,²⁹ at Rome. It has five divisions in the body of the church, and a large transept. Eighty granite columns are used in the colonnades. The transept and apse are lined with mosaics, while paintings decorate the space above the columns. Santa Maria Maggiore, Santa Agnese, and San Clemente³⁰ are the most interesting of the remaining basilica churches in Rome. The first named church has some particularly fine mosaics, done in what was called the Roman style; that is, the cubes of colored glass were inlaid in a ground of blue or white in contrast to the Byzantine school in which the ground was gold.

Next to Rome, Ravenna, which in 404 A. D., became the capitol of the Western Empire, has the best specimens of the basilicas. Sant' Apollinare in Classe³¹ was formerly a famous church, but now is deserted and in decay. Sant' Apollinare Nuovo is in excellent condition, its mosaic work being particularly fine. Ravenna also has a fine example of a structure which came into use in connection with the early basilica churches.

This is the baptistery—a separate building containing the font for baptism. These buildings were placed near the church. In form they were usually circular or polygonal; a raised floor in the center held the font; a colonnade, on which rose a clere-story, surrounded the font, and around the whole, ran an aisle. There are two theories about the origin of the baptistery; one is that it was taken from the circular temples which were formerly so common in Rome, the other that it was copied from a circular apartment in the Roman bath. The baptistery belonging to the church of St. John Lateran at Rome is a beautiful example of this building; here the main portion is octagonal and roofed by a dome. Two galleries of columns, one above the other, surround the font, separated by an architrave.³² An aisle surrounds the whole. The interior of this baptistery is covered with most beautiful paintings and mosaics.

To the basilica and baptistery a third structure was added in the early history of the church, the campanile,³³ or bell-tower. This tower was built usually in many stories and was either square or round. The first campaniles were very plain, being usually of brick, and with no ornament; but later they were built in marble, and decorated to correspond with the style of the church to which they belonged. Ravenna and Rome possess the earliest examples.

This severe and dignified basilica style prevailed in the church architecture of Rome until the introduction of the Byzantine modified it somewhat. Constantine had made Byzantium, now Constantinople, his capitol. He decorated it richly with churches in which his architects used a new feature, the dome. Instead of a flat or vault being used for a roof the dome was employed, while a half dome surrounded the apse. Sometimes small domes were placed over the ends of the transept, when this extended far enough beyond the nave. If a church was made in the form of a Greek cross, it gave an opportunity for five domes. This method of covering openings produced a very different result from that of the flat roof. The first church in Italy which used the Byzantine style was that of San Vitale,³⁴ at Ravenna, a church famous for its magnificent Roman mosaics. San Vitale is in form an octagon, above which rises a clere-story surmounted by a dome. Mammoth pillars support the clere-story. The walls expand into niches with two stories of columns enclosing them. The best example of the Byzantine style in all Italy, however, is St. Mark's, at Venice. This cathedral was built between the years 977-1071, over the bones of St. Mark, of which the Venetians had possessed themselves in the ninth century. It is in the form of a Greek cross, roofed by five immense domes. The angles formed by the arms of the cross, are filled in with aisles covered by a series of small domes, thus making the ground plan nearly square. Of the interior, Lübke writes: "The main building and the transept have three naves; a division which is still more distinctly marked by rows of columns. These columns support a gallery which is thrown across the side-space. The naves and transepts both end in apses, which are further broken up into niches; the principal apse alone appearing from the exterior. The result is a harmoniously-constructed centralized building, which testifies to its Byzantine origin, not only in all characteristic details, but also in the decoration of the arches with rich pictures in mosaic upon a bright gold background. The tower, pillars, and surfaces of the walls are inlaid with great marble slabs of different colors. The impression given by this subdued pomp, is most imposing, toned down as it is to a solemn dignity; and it has, besides, a picturesque charm in its various vista."

The strictly classical, basilica-like structure, however, remained in favor. At Pisa, there is group of ecclesiastical buildings of rarest beauty, of which the cathedral, built early in the twelfth century, the baptistery, and the campanile all belong to this style. The group at Pisa is of white marble. The campanile is known world-wide as the Leaning Tower. It is about

one hundred and eighty feet in height, and fifty in diameter, divided into eight stories, each having an outside, projecting gallery. The church of San Miniato and the baptistery at Florence are also in this style.

Thus far we have had but two varieties of architecture influencing the buildings of Italy, the classical and Byzantine. In the thirteenth century, a third was introduced from Northern Europe, where it had been carried to great perfection,—the Gothic style founded on the pointed arch. Gothic architecture never attained to its highest development in Italy. One critic says of it: "There is no life, or development, or progress in the work . . . In short, a comparison of the best Gothic works in Italy with the most moderate French or English works would show how vast its inferiority must be allowed to be." The first church to be constructed in this style, was that of San Francesco, at Assisi,³⁵ begun in 1228. The building has a single nave and a transept carried out in Gothic style. The fame of San Francesco comes from its beautiful paintings rather than from its architecture. At Florence, the campanile is in the Italian Gothic style. It was built in 1334 from designs of the artist Giotto.³⁶ In height it is two hundred and seventy-six feet, square in form, and divided into four lofty stories, covered with a mass of rich bas-reliefs representing the progress of man from the creation to the establishment of the church. This campanile is considered by all critics the "glory of Florence, of Giotto, and of art." At Siena, there is an Italian Gothic cathedral of the thirteenth century, with a dome and square campanile. In 1824, a very rich Gothic façade was added to this church. To the group at Pisa already alluded to, there was added, in this style, a cemetery called the Campo Santo, designed by Giovanni Pisano.³⁷ This cemetery is a court four hundred and ninety feet long, and one hundred and seventy broad, surrounded by an arcade of white marble, sixty feet in height. These arcades are adorned with exquisite statuary and painting. This Pisan Campo Santo became the model for many burial places in Italy. Florence has one in Italian Gothic style in connection with her celebrated cathedral, baptistery, and campanile; Bologna has another of great beauty. The most ambitious work of the Gothic school in Italy, is the cathedral at Milan, begun in 1386, and still unfinished. With the exception of St. Peter's, it is the largest cathedral in Italy. There are many inconsistencies in its structure, and its ornamentation has been carried to excess. Willis says of it: "The filmy traceries of Gothic fretwork, the needle-like minarets, the hundreds of beautiful statues with which it is studded, the intricate, graceful, and bewildering architecture of every window and turret, and the frost-like frailness and delicacy of the whole mass, make an effect altogether upon the eye that must stand high on the list of new sensations. It is a vast structure withal, but a middling easterly breeze, one would think in looking at it, would lift it from its base, and bear it over the Atlantic like the meshes of a cobweb. Neither exterior nor interior impresses you with the feeling of awe common to other large churches. The sun struggles through the immense windows of painted glass, staining every pillar and carved cornice with the richest hues, and wherever the eye wanders it grows giddy with the wilderness of architecture."

Up to this time, ecclesiastical architecture has employed our attention. Indeed, there was little other of any pretension. But in the fifth century, secular architecture began to flourish. Palaces, public and private, theatres, halls, and libraries were erected. To the Italian architect Brunellesco,³⁸ we owe the first step towards a modern Italian school. He designed many of these palaces. The Palazzo Pitti,³⁹ at Florence, is his chief work. This is a huge freestone structure with a massive lower story and heavy cornices, but with little ornamental work. Its appearance is the more impressive, because of its freedom from ornaments. This palace now contains some of the most celebrated works of art in Florence. Florence abounds in these magnificent palaces. At Venice, another city of palaces, the

taste was less severe. The façades were finished in great elegance; marble facings with statuary were employed; highly carved columns, surmounted with friezes, separated the windows, and a heavy cornice crowned the whole.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century, a great impulse was given to architecture by Bramante,⁴⁰ who built many elegant palaces, among them the Palace of the Cancellaria⁴¹ at Rome. One particularly attractive feature about this palace, is its open court, surrounded by a three-storied portico, giving a very light and airy effect. Bramante's name is connected with a portion of the Vatican palace, and with him originated the plan for St. Peter's of a Greek cross, with a dome springing from four great pillars. Under the influence of the Renaissance,⁴² all the cities of Italy vied with each other in the number and style of their buildings. Venice, Florence, and Rome, of course, took the lead; but at Verona, Padua, Pisa, and Milan numbers of elegant edifices, many of them bearing the names of well-known artists, but all of them constructed on about the same plan, were built. Indeed, the architectural ideas which governed the building of this period, are still in use. Later buildings differ in details and ornamentation, but not in fundamental principles. In later times, the excess of ornament, and the straining after effect, injured and debased the true Renaissance style, while it did not succeed in adding anything to it. The great

work of the Renaissance in Italy, and the one with which we close this outline of Italian architecture, is St. Peter's, "the most glorious structure that has ever been applied to the use of religion." The spot on which it stands was, it is said, occupied by an oratory built there in the year 90. Constantine afterwards built a basilica on the same place. In 1450 the cathedral was begun, which Bramante planned to make in the form of a Greek cross. Raphael, who like most of the painters of the time, was an architect as well as painter, spent some time on it, and finally, in 1546, Michael Angelo undertook to finish the work. He completed the plans, and added a mammoth dome, larger than that which Brunellesco had placed over the Duomo⁴³ of Florence, but Angelo did not live to finish his work, and though the order was given to carry out his design, it was not done. Carlo Maderno⁴⁴ changed the design from a Greek to a Latin cross, completely spoiling the effect of the dome from the front. St. Peter's was completed in 1667 by Bernini⁴⁵ who added a portico and colonnade. "Setting aside the lengthening of the nave, the internal effect of the church is much impaired by the bizarre details and superabundant decoration. . . . But, despite all this, the broad and beautiful proportions, and the grand design of the principal parts of the interior of the church, produce an effect, which, if it be not exactly religious, is, in its own way, solemn and stately."

ELECTRICITY—A HOME STUDY.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF ITS PAST AND SUGGESTIONS AS TO ITS FUTURE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

CHAPTER II.

In the October number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, some account was given of a few simple experiments in electricity. We may recall for a moment these experiments, and observe the effects we obtained. If convenient, the best plan is to repeat them all. The first experiment was with a glass tube, a pad of silk, and some bits of foil, cotton, etc. Remember the conditions of the experiment. The glass and silk were warmed, and the work was done in a warm, dry atmosphere. On rubbing the tube with the silk, it displayed the power of attracting the bits of cotton and foil. We discovered that the tube had the power of attraction, and we arrived by actual demonstration at the law of electrical attraction. Observe here that it is not the tube itself that attracts, but the electricity on it. By drawing the tube through the hand, the electricity can be removed, and then it no longer attracts the bits of foil. We can repeat this experiment in another way, and prove this by trying other materials. Make another pad as before, using, instead of silk, common flannel. Then get a stick of sealing wax, the larger the better, and rub it with the flannel as we rubbed the glass tube with the silk. On holding the sealing wax over the bits of cotton and foil, we find the wax has precisely the same properties as the tube. We conclude from this that the power of attraction does not lie in glass alone, for we find it in sealing wax; and from this we again conclude it must be in the electricity imparted to these objects by rubbing or friction. We can also repeat with the sealing wax the experiments we performed with the ravelings of silk on the tumbler, and the ruler balanced on the egg, and obtain the same results.

Having observed that electricity can be obtained upon glass and upon sealing wax, we might go on and find that by friction, electricity can be developed upon many things. Warm a writing pad of Manila paper before the fire, and rub the top sheet briskly with the hand, and it will be found that this sheet will be strongly attracted to the one beneath it. Many other things will display the property, and it is highly probable that

all friction excites electricity in a greater or less degree. For this reason, electricity obtained by friction is called *frictional electricity*.

It is said that some one once brought to Faraday¹ a new experiment with a request that he would examine the results to be obtained. "Stop a moment," said Faraday, "before you begin, tell me what I am to observe." So we must learn what to observe. So far we have observed only the attraction caused by the rubbed glass. Repeat the experiment with the glass tube, silk pad, and bits of foil. The bits of metal leap up to the glass, and then some of them fall back again, and again leap up, perhaps repeating the little flights up and down several times. Here is plainly something else to be observed. Why should the bits of foil behave in that manner? Are they attracted and then repelled? Is the attraction suspended for a few seconds, and then resumed? Clearly there is here a wholly different behavior, and we must infer there is another law governing it. We must find out this law by other experiments. We discovered last month that electricity can be conveyed or conducted. We wound a piece of fine copper wire round our glass rod, and fastened a piece of metal (a copper cent) to the end, and then found that the power of attraction was conducted through the wire. We discovered that electricity can be conducted through copper. Can it be conducted by other things? This question we must answer before answering the others.

Procure in addition to the copper wire a piece of silk thread, say two feet long, and then bring the *electroscope* described in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October. Twist the wire round the end of the glass tube as before, and twist the other end round the copper rod of the electroscope. Rub the tube with the silk, and instantly the two leaves of the electroscope start up, rising and falling slightly at every stroke of the rubber. Clearly the electricity developed by the friction of the silk is conveyed through the copper wire. We may make this experiment on a large scale by dropping the wire down the well of the stairs, and causing the leaves of the electroscope to be

expanded on the first floor by rubbing the glass tube, on the fourth floor.

Now take the wire off and use in place of it, the silk thread, tying it to the tube and the electroscope as in Figure I.

You may rub the tube with the silk as hard as you please, and there is no effect in the electroscope. We discover there is a difference between the copper wire and the silk thread.

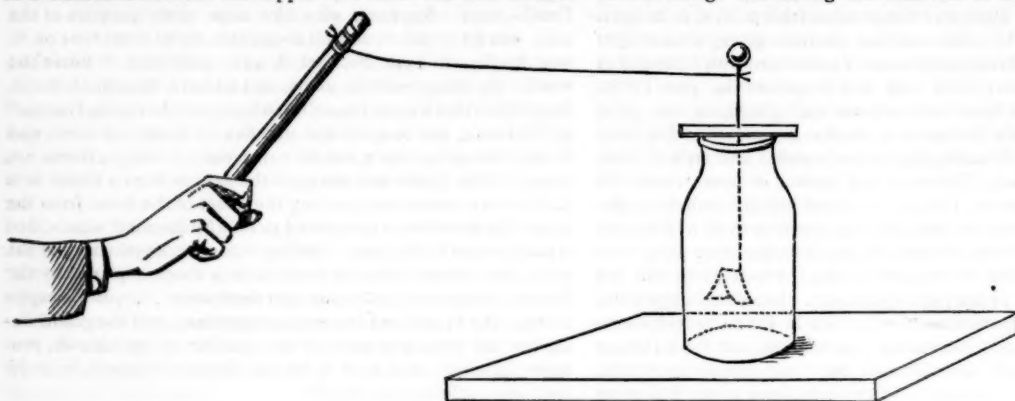


FIGURE I.

One conducts the electricity; the other does not: copper is a conductor; silk is a non-conductor. Now we can perform Du Fay's celebrated experiment. Wet the silk thread, and it appears to be a conductor. It is not, but the water held by the thread conducts the electricity seemingly along the non-conducting silk. Try cotton-twine, linen-thread, a strip of rubber, iron, or other wire, and any other materials at hand,

Take a small sheet of tissue paper, and, folding it into a long and narrow strip, cut up one end into ribbons to form a tassel. Bend a hairpin in the middle to form a hook, and suspend this from a gas lamp (or other projecting piece of furniture) by a silk thread, as in Figure II.

We are about to make an experiment that will teach us several things concerning the behavior of objects under the

influence of electricity; but just now we will follow Faraday's example, and ask which of the various phenomena we are to observe. We wish to examine a number of things to see which are conductors, and which non-conductors. We will observe this only at present, and examine the other points a little later. Rub the glass tube, and bring it near the ends of the hairpin. At once the paper tassel starts out in every direction. We

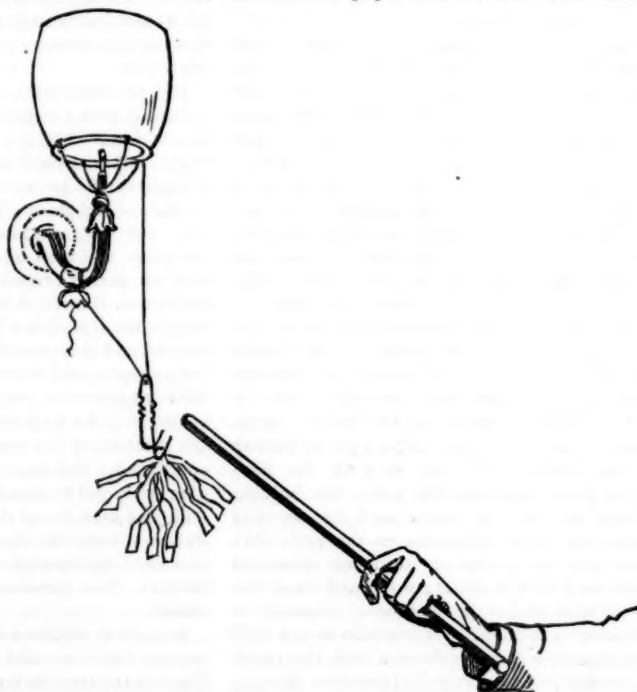


FIGURE II.

and find which are conductors, which non-conductors, and which are partial or feeble conductors. Make a list of conductors, non-conductors, and semi-conductors. Be careful that all are dry, for any non-conductor will act as a conductor if wet with water. As it is not easy to try anything but threads and wires in this way, we may continue the experiment in another form.

may even take the tube away and the tassel will remain spread out. Touch it with the finger, and it collapses, falls together, and hangs down with every ribbon straight. Do this several times. We charge the tassel with electricity, and then withdraw it or discharge it with the finger, plainly showing that the hand or rather the whole body is a conductor. Try discharging with glass, wood, wax, metals, and anything else you

can find, and make a list of the conductors and non-conductors. This experiment can also be performed, but in a less striking manner, with the electroscope. Suspend the tassel by a copper wire, and repeat the experiment. No effects can be obtained. The electricity plainly leaks away through the wire. It seems the tassel must be suspended by silk—a non-conductor. Hang it up by the silk thread, and charge the tassel several times from the glass tube till the ribbons stand out in every direction. A little thought will show that if the silk is a non-conductor, we are storing electricity in the tassel. If the air of the room is dry, the electricity cannot easily escape, and it remains in the tassel till it gradually escapes to the dust or invisible vapor in the air.

We have now reached a point in which we begin to see the value of our experiments. They have shown us that electricity can be conveyed to a distance, as from the top to the bottom of a house, provided the wire does not touch anything. If we try it with a long wire placed horizontally, we must support the wire on something. If the supports are metals, the electricity will pass through the supports and be lost. We may have already noticed in all this work that electricity is very fugitive or unstable. It escapes instantly at the first oppor-

conductors, which we gain from our experiments is, therefore, of the utmost importance in all work connected with electricity.

We may next return to our glass tube and stick of sealing wax, and continue our researches. We find that both the wax and the glass can be made to exhibit electrical attraction. Is there any difference in the manner in which they may work? Procure a small feather, and suspend it from the end of a fine silk thread. Fasten the thread to a lamp or other object as in Figure III.

This experiment is a delicate one, and must be performed by two persons. One person uses the glass tube and silk pad, and the other uses the stick of sealing wax and the flannel pad. Observe the conditions of the experiment. The feather is suspended by a silk thread. If the electricity is imparted to it, either from the glass or the wax, it will keep the electricity for a few moments because it is insulated. Rub the glass, and bring it near the feather. At once it flies to the glass, touches it, and then darts away from it. It is attracted and then repelled. Touch the feather with the hand, and discharge the electricity. Rub the wax, and bring it near the feather, and it flies to meet it, touches it, and then flies away. Observe that after the feather has touched the wax or glass, it will not again come

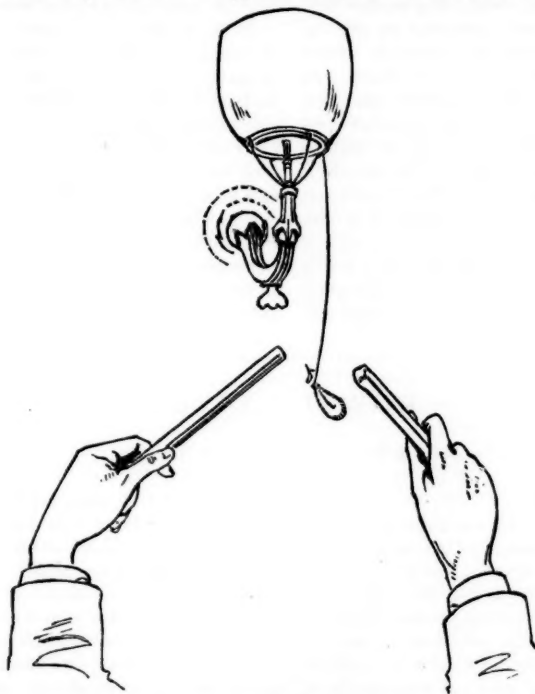


FIGURE III.

tunity, seeking a way to the earth. To check this tendency to escape, we must support our conductors by non-conductors. So we find at the very outset of our studies a great law that must be observed in the practical use of electricity. It can be conducted through the wire of a telegraph or telephone or fire alarm, but the wire must be suspended from non-conductors. Wood, particularly when wet, will conduct electricity, and yet the telegraph wire is on a wooden pole. This is true, but observe the glass knobs to which the wire is fastened. Glass, we have learned, is a non-conductor, and we call these knobs on the poles *insulators* because they insulate or cut off the escape of the electricity precisely as water may cut off an island from the main land. We know that telegraph lines are laid under the seas. If water is a conductor how can that be? Rubber, gutta-percha, silk, and other materials are wrapped round the wire to insulate the cable from the water. This knowledge of conduction and insulation, conductors and non-

near it, but is plainly repelled in every direction. We have here a new feature of electricity. It exhibits repulsion as well as attraction. Repeat the experiment in another way. Hold one hand near the feather, and then bring the rubbed glass near it, and opposite the hand, or with the feather between the hand and glass. At once a most extraordinary thing takes place. The feather leaps to the glass, and then flies to the hand, touches it, and then flies back again, only to repeat its little flight from glass to hand many times over. Turning back to our very first experiment in the October number, we recall the fact that the bits of foil behaved in the same way, leaping up and down between the glass and board several times. If you have forgotten how it behaved, repeat the experiment.

Discharge the feather, and have both glass and wax rubbed at once. Then hold the glass near the feather. It is first attracted and then repelled. At once bring the rubbed wax near the feather, and it is attracted to it and then repelled.

Bring the glass near, and it is again attracted and then repelled. We have here a most complicated state of affairs, but, by the use of a little imagination, we can make it all plain, and demonstrate a most important law in electricity.

Though we cannot see or hear or feel the electricity, we see its manifestations. The feather (when discharged) we may imagine as empty of electricity. We develop electricity by friction on the glass, and bringing the glass near the feather, find it is attracted to it, touches it for an instant, and then flies away. In that instant's touch, we can imagine the feather loaded (or charged) with electricity. This is the fact, and the electricity on the feather and the glass are of the same kind. Here we arrive at a law; that *electricities of the same kind repel each other*. It was discovered some time ago that there are two electricities. One of these obtained by rubbing glass was, at first, called *vitreous electricity*. For convenience we now call it *positive electricity*. Hence we have the law that *positive electricity repels positive electricity*. When we observed the feather fly to the hand, and then return to the glass, we only saw the feather discharge itself. As long as there was no conductor within reach, it held its positive electricity, and exhibited repulsion toward the positive electricity still left on the glass.

On the other hand, we observed that when the feather was charged with positive electricity, it was attracted by the excited sealing wax. The inference is that the electricity of the wax may be of a different kind. This fact was also discovered some time ago, and, for convenience, this electricity was first called *resinous electricity*, and is now called *negative electricity*. Repeat the experiments carefully. Charge the feather with one electricity, and it is repelled. Charge it with the other, and it is attracted. Discharge it, and perform the experiment the other way, and the same results are observed. Let one person charge the feather with positive or negative electricity, and then at once let another person, who does not know which it is, try it with the glass or wax. If it is attracted by the glass (positive), the electricity of the feather is negative; if repelled,

it is positive. So we have this great law. *Positive attracts negative, and repels positive. Negative attracts positive, and repels negative. Like repels;—unlike attracts.* Our bit of feather suspended by a silk thread, may seem a trifling affair, yet it teaches a great law in nature, a law which governs the lightning in the heavens, and, doubtless, affects that great star we call the sun, the worlds which swim round it, and the most distant star-dust lost in the interstellar spaces of the sky. On the knowledge of this law depends the success or failure of all our work in electricity, and until the law was recognized and understood, there could be no telegraphs, telephones, nor electric lights. By these simple experiments, we ask questions of nature, and learn from common things some of the great principles which govern the Universe.

We charge one electroscope with either positive or negative electricity, and see its leaves repel each other. It is the same with the paper tassel. Every ribbon is filled with electricity, and each repels the other till they stand out in every direction. The bit of tin foil which leaps up to the electrified glass charges itself, and is repelled, but the instant it touches any conductor, it is discharged and is free to be attracted again. The feather on the silk thread cannot discharge itself, and is repelled till brought near electricity of the opposite kind.

So far we have demonstrated by our experiments that one of the manifestations of electricity is attraction, and that this attraction is between an electrified body and one not electrified, and between opposite electricities. We have learned that electricities of a like character repel each other; that there are conductors and non-conductors; and that, by means of a long conductor supported by non-conductors, electrical effects can be obtained at a great distance.

Otto Von Guericke³, of Magdeburg, was the first to observe the repulsion caused by electricity. Du Fay first made the experiment of attracting and then repelling a gold leaf floating in the air, and first made known this law of the effects of positive and negative electricity.

HOW TO LIVE.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

HOW TO SLEEP.

To sleep well is one of your duties. Do not cultivate, do not permit, any of the sentimental nonsense which speaks as if sleep were a matter of chance, or were out of your control. You must sleep well, if you mean to do the rest well. You must have body and mind in good working order; and they will not be in good working order, unless you sleep regularly, steadily, and enough. Here is the reason why one places the command of sleep so early in a practical working list of men's duties and habits.

One reason why there is so much vagueness and false sentiment in people's talk about sleep, and their behavior about it, is that the true physiology of sleep has only been known for the last generation. Old Galen, the Greek physician, supposed that in sleep the blood-vessels of the brain are more heavily gorged with blood than they are when one is awake, and this mistake has been entertained almost until our time. It is a mistake. Modern researches have made it certain that in real sleep—in the sleep which refreshes and renews—the blood is largely withdrawn from the brain. Stupor is what follows when the blood-vessels of the brain are overgorged. In sleep they contain not more than three-quarters of the blood which is in them when you are awake.

The old farmer was perfectly right, who used, before he went to bed, to draw off his boots, and to bring his feet as near the coals on the hearth as he could without scorching his stockings, so that he might be ready to sleep as soon as he got into

bed. If the old man said he did it "to get the blood off his brain," he showed that he knew more than old Galen did. And—so far as our physiology goes—all our effort in securing sweet sleep must be turned to this business of withdrawing blood from the circulation of the brain. When, on the other hand, you find that your head is on fire—nay, that it almost sets the pillow-case on fire,—and that you lie in bed, pitching and tossing like an anchored ship in a heavy gale, it is because you have neglected the proper precautions, and the circulation of blood in your brain is going on with undue rapidity and intensity.

Try to regard sleep as a duty. Then, just as you would be ashamed and mortified if you were the father of a family, and found in the morning that there was no wood for the fire, no water for the kettle, no bread, no butter, no flour, nor anything to eat, feel mortified and ashamed if, when night comes, you do not feel the prompting and the power to sleep. Oh! yes, I know all about the exceptions. I know, in the one case, that there may have been a freshet, and that the kitchen and the store-room may have been taken down the creek to the river, and down the river to the Gulf of Mexico, and through the Gulf of Mexico to the sea. And I know, in the other case, that some dear friend of yours may be hanging between life and death, and you waiting for the messenger who shall tell you which befalls. There are always exceptions. But, granting the exceptions, you ought to be as eager to sleep as to eat your dinner, as able to sleep as to eat your dinner. And if you

find you are not, do not pet the derangement of your life; do not sit reading a novel or a newspaper till the sleep comes; but study carefully the causes of failure, and be sure so to cure that disease, that with the time for sleep, shall come the desire.

Do not place any confidence in the old laws which limit the amount of sleep. There are such old lines as "six hours sleep for a maid, and seven hours sleep for a man." Take all you need, and do not let any one tell you how much you need. You will know better than any one else. The rule is correlative to the rule for work. Thomas Drew stated it thus: "You have no right in any day to incur more fatigue than the sleep of the next night will recover from."

I am taking it for granted that you can do as you choose in this matter. I am taking it for granted that you have a Will about it, and can use that Will. That is to say, I take it for granted that you are a child of God, who can

WILL AND DO

what pleases Him. Now, it pleases Him that you shall wake every morning as fresh and happy and cheerful as that bird awakes, which you hear singing when your eyes first open. It does not please Him that you shall wake doubtful, tired, unwilling for a new day.

We have come to the first duty in our examination, "How to Live." We must here squarely resolve to do that duty though the sky falls. "I will." There is the whole thing; if we cannot do that, we may as well stop before we begin.

I. I will sleep. What is needed for that physiologically? It is needed that the blood shall gently, easily, and steadily leave my brain; and this, probably, for some hours before the time for sleep comes. Then, I must not be working my brain on difficult problems up to the last moment, and then turn brutally round on it, and say "stop working."

In especial, you must not undertake problems of arithmetic or mathematics or other puzzles, if I may call them so. Business men who have large trusts to manage are forever making mistakes here. Such men as bank cashiers feel that they must give the business hours to the business of the bank. Then when evening comes, they take the two hours before bed-time, "so quiet you know," for their own personal affairs, as, to write the letters about their own insurance, or to their tenants, or to fuss over the housekeeping accounts. You must not do any such thing. The last hours of the day must be for rest and solace to this brain which you have been working all day. Better for you, if you can give it five or six such hours; if, going to bed at ten, you undertake no serious mental problem after four or five in the afternoon.

"But these things must be done," you say. Perhaps they must, though with regard to that I am not so certain as you are. If they must be done, do them to-morrow morning, between five and seven, if you please, or between six and eight. Whether they be done, or not done, make sure of this, that this good friend of yours, your brain, who has done you so much good work, and will do you so much more, has five or six hours of easy life every day, before you and he go to sleep together. You are not to press him in those last hours. You may press him in the early hours of the day, with certain exceptions which shall be noted in another place. You are not to press him after sunset, nay, not in the hours when the sun goes fastest down.

II. When the time comes, and you enter on this business of sleep, attend to it with all your heart and soul and mind and strength. Here is the bed, all ready for you, and you are as ready for it. Put out the light, tumble into bed, pull up the coverings, and go to sleep. That is what the bed is for, that is what you are for. Yes! If you wish, as your cheek feels the cool of the pillow, you may thank the good God for his mercies, the pillow not the least of them, and you may make your prayer. This, if you have not done it on your knees at the bedside. But that is all. You are not to ask yourself whether the day

has been a good day or a bad day. You are not to review the past, or look forward into the future. You are not to plan that letter which you will write to Allestree about the cattle. You are not to plan out the way in which you can move the beds so as to make room for Lucinda's children. You are not to think of anything but SLEEP. You are to go to sleep, and, if you can, you are to stay asleep until the morning comes. And so soon as you can teach yourself that sleep is a duty and a central duty, that it is not an accident, an incident, or a mere bit of good fortune, the more able will you be to keep yourself in training at this critical moment, and to refuse all the temptations. They are temptations to carry on the business of the day in the hours of the night, hours which are reserved for a very different affair.

In nine cases out of ten, if you have left this good-natured, hard-working brain to the six hours' rest which has been described, you will have no trouble in the first three or four hours of the night. The practical difficulty begins, for most people who are troubled by sleeplessness, at one or two o'clock in the morning. This is not the place for the description of that trouble so far as it comes from indigestion, from dyspepsia, from tea or coffee, or from hunger. It does come from these things forty-nine times out of fifty, and they shall be spoken of in their place. It is to the fiftieth time that the rules apply which you will hear at every corner, about occupying the mind with some monotonous subject, such as saying the multiplication table, repeating familiar poetry, looking at a flock of sheep, and so on.

I do not say but these may be used in their rules, because sensible people use them and offer them. Greyford wrote me a long letter once, in which he said that the habit of his mind was discursive. He said that when he was sleepless, his mind ranged over everything in creation, and that it was work for him to keep it in the harness, and to make it trot within the ruts and on the highways. So he would compel it to give him, in order, three names of kings beginning with A, Alexander, Agesilaus, Alfred; three names beginning with B, Baldwin, Brian, Beelzebub; and that by the time he got to G or H, he was asleep. But this would not work for every one; and in general you may say of such rules, what Dr. Hammond says, that it is setting fire to half of the village by way of stopping the conflagration of the other half. The only practical help I ever had from such rules was given me by Captain Collins, the night before he went to the Amoor River. He says, "when you are sure you are not going to sleep, open your eyes and compel them to look straight before them. If it is pitch-dark, let them look into the darkness. If there is a little light, let them look upon the tassel or the picture which is before them. In a minute the open eye-lids will want to shut. No, when I wanted you to shut, when I wanted you to go to sleep you would not. Now you must look at the picture, or the tassel, or the blackness. Look; think picture, tassel, blackness; and think nothing else."

I have tried this and with good effect. But I have varied on it, by going to the Amoor river in my bed to join Captain Collins there, and much more often than "I think picture or tassel or blackness," I think of a certain log cabin at the mouth of that river, of its verandas, and the walk down to the stream, and the vines that grew upon the verandas, till I am thinking no more. And, oddly enough, the other day another man told me that he had the same experience at such times.

But a physical cure is better than all this play with an overwrought brain. Jump out of bed, rub yourself heartily with a crash towel or mitten, sponge your head thoroughly for two or three minutes with cold water, take a wet towel back to bed with you, and wind it around your forehead. All this, you see, is to drive the blood off the brain again. And take this always as a rule in life,—that if there is a physical cure, you are to use it,—and not seek for a cure in the higher regions. Do not go to the minister for his spiritual counsel when a blue pill, or ten

pillules of *Hyoscyamus* will answer. Do not cut blocks with a razor.

III. If I had the space, I should go quite at length here into detailed recipes of prescriptions for the control of sleep. For I have been pained to learn, since I delivered some lectures on the subject more than fifteen years ago, that very many Americans suffer from sleeplessness. Our eager life, the wide range of our duties, and what Mr. Appleton calls the "whip of the sky" drive them into an intensity of effort, day and night, for which sleeplessness is the revenge. But I must satisfy myself by putting a few short notes at the end of this paper, and by referring sufferers to Dr. Hammond's treatise on Sleep which they will find very interesting, very instructive, and, if they will obey, very useful. Meanwhile, I really hope, that nineteen-twentieths of the readers of this paper do not suffer in this way. It is for them that I write what remains. For there is really no need that they should suffer. I have said that sleep is a duty. It is at the same time a privilege, and everybody may have the privilege who will discharge the duty. But the duty is all interlinked with every other duty in life. You are not going to buy the privilege so cheaply as by repeating the multiplication table, or by thinking of a flock of sheep jumping over a wall, or by buying half an ounce of bromide of potassium. The privilege means that you hold in control your body and your mind, which are the two tools of your soul, and that your soul knows what it is to control body and mind, and how to become master and mistress of them.

Now take an instance. You find, as some people do, that if you drink tea or coffee at seven in the evening, you cannot compel sleep at one the next morning. Or, if you eat a Welsh rarebit of cheese just before you go to bed, you find, four hours after, that you cannot sleep. Some people cannot. Are you now your own master or mistress in this matter of the tea, the coffee, and the cheese, or are you the slave of tea, coffee, and cheese? That is the square question. And the answer to that question throws us back where we were in the beginning. It answers what seems a larger question. "Are you a partaker of the Divine Nature?" or are you only one who, as the Bible puts it, "May be a partaker of the Divine Nature?" If you are in this latter class, is it not worth while to promote yourself, with God's help, from "may be" to "am?"

"I am a partaker of the Divine Nature. I will control this tea and coffee and cheese. I can do without them and they may do without me."

I may say just the same thing about the mental perplexities which come in the middle of the night, and harass one and distress him. John Jones will be sure to come to me at eleven o'clock to make me endorse that note for him, and what in the world shall I say?

In the first place John Jones and his note have no business in this bed. This bed is the altar of sleep. I will not receive John Jones here. He and his note shall not come into this room. If the American minister in London had led me to the Queen's drawing-room; if I had just kissed her hand, and if she had just asked me how the children were, I should not stop to talk to John Jones about his note. He shall not bother me here, any more than he would there.

Or you may put it in the broader statement. Everything must conform to absolute Right. About John Jones' note there is a Right thing to do and there is a Wrong thing to do. When he comes to me in the morning I shall have all the arguments on both sides before me. What there is to know I shall know. And I shall have the good God to direct me if I seek him. I will do the right thing then. The right thing now is to go to sleep, and that thing I will do now.

The central rule of life is not that we must always refer everything to first principles, not that we do refer everything to first principles, but that we are ready to do so if there is need. That readiness makes life simple, easy, and successful.

NOTES.

1. Dr. Hammond says, and I am sure he is right, that many more people lie awake from hunger than do so from having eaten too much. Recollect how almost all animals go to sleep immediately after feeding. I shall show in another place why I think a short nap after dinner a good practice if you can manage it. This is certain that many people, perhaps most people, require some simple, easily digested food just before going to bed. I know people who find an advantage in having a biscuit at the side of the bed, to eat in the night if they are wakeful.

In this connection I may quote from Dr. Hammond his remark that "all American women are under-fed." When, in lecturing, I used to repeat this at the West, it was received with shouts of laughter. But at the East it was regarded as the serious expression of a serious truth. I cite it here that I may call the attention of people who are suffering under the varied forms of "nervous prostration" to the question, whether they are regularly eating and digesting enough, in quantity, of simple food.

2. What I have said connects distinctly with Dr. Hammond's axiom, "the complete satisfaction of any natural appetite is generally followed by sleep or the desire for sleep."

3. In our habits of life, the use of tea and coffee has a great deal to do with sleep or the loss of it. It is idle for one person to make rules for another. I have only to say that if, after full experience, you find they keep you awake, "they must go," to borrow the expressive mountain phrase. There is, probably, some foundation for the general habit which has thrown coffee upon the morning meal, and reserved tea for that of evening. But, on the other hand, it is said, and I think truly, that the sleeplessness resulting from coffee is agreeable, or not intolerable, while the sleeplessness which follows tea, is rasping, provoking, and aggravating. I believe, myself, that the use of both depends very largely on the amount of exercise in the open air. I should say to any person who wishes to use tea or coffee at the evening meal of the day, that he could probably do so in moderation, if he was willing always to walk three miles in the open air afterward. Of these details, however, I shall speak more at length under the head of Exercise.

4. To the specific recommendations given in the text for the benefit of the sleepers, I will only add here that you may almost always secure three or four hours of good sleep by the use of a hot foot bath, as hot as you can well bear. You may put a little mustard into it, to increase the stimulus to the skin. Steep your hands in the hot water at the same time. All this draws the blood off the brain. The use of the hair-mitten, a cool pillow case, or, if you please, a pillow of cold water has the same purpose.

5. Dr. Franklin was wholly ignorant of the true physiology of sleep, and his papers on the subject are full of theoretical errors, but some of his practical instructions are very sensible, as they are amusing.

6. I wish some ingenious machinist would fit up a phonograph to be run by clock-work, which I could start,—say at two in the morning,—and make it deliver to me one of Dr. Primrose's sermons with all his delightful, drowsy cadence. Failing this, a good musical box which will run half an hour without winding, is a convenient piece of furniture in a bedroom, especially where there are restless children.

7. The habit of sleeping may be formed very early, and should be. If a young child be healthy, let no nurse sit with it (or anxious mother) in the evening, after it is three months old. Undress it, leave it, and let it put itself to sleep. The child will thank you afterwards for what you hate to do to-day.

Our next paper will be on Habits, Exercise, and Study.

End of Required Reading for November.

HOW TO WIN.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD,
President National W. C. T. U.

CHAPTER V.

"As I was saying when they interrupted me" in THE CHAUTAUQUAN of last July, the Ideal of Womanhood, as it exists in the minds of the grandest natured men, is changing rapidly. But as you study "how to win," conforming your plan of life to the new ideal which you must clearly see "in your mind's eye, Horatia," before you can proceed to study, much less to win, a certain shy question is sure to haunt your brain. "Uttered or unexpressed," it will be there, and it will be this: "Elder sister, coming freshly from life's battlefield where banners wave and squadrons wheel, you tell us that the ideal of woman is gradually changing; but how is it with the Ideal of Man?" Ah, gentle hearts, you do well to ask that question; it is "part of the price" not to propound it, either in the silence of your own heart or the half-apologetic tone with which I grew familiar in my teaching days when girlish confidences were reposed in me so often, and it was considered to be confessing judgment as not downright womanly yourselves. Yes, the ideal of man is changing—as it must—to keep pace with its blessed correlate. The ideal man is a "Brother of Girls," as the choice Arab proverb phrases it. He is chivalric, but the chivalry of justice outranks that of manner and romance upon his Bill of Rights. He never says, because he never thinks, "you are only a girl," for he has grown to be the antithesis of the Jew who thanked God who had not made him a woman, and perceives that she is "the crowning work of God." He values her esteem and love as the most priceless of all benedictions this side of heaven, and to make himself worthy of them he sedulously determines to be free from every habit which would be unworthy of, or distasteful to her. He recognizes himself as her comrade, not her master, and rejoices in their joint-partnership in all this world affords. He asserts over her no rights whatever, but is man so good and noble that his happiness is her law, even as hers is his delight. He would deem it beneath his dignity to lay commands upon his equal, and would be as much ashamed to hint at woman's subjection, as some crude, old-time men and all barbarous nations are proud to assert it. Whatever property he may have or accumulate, he regards as one-half hers, not of grace but of debt, and anticipates, by his own action, those laws which will ere long assert this equitable claim. He does not think that woman exists primarily for him or for the home, but as a daughter of God, whose duties are, first of all, to her own nature and to Him by whom that nature was endowed. Similarity, not differentiation, of surroundings and pursuits is what he seeks, perceiving this to be great Nature's law in all the lower forms of mated life, and believing the departure from this rule in human history to have been a temporary concession to the age of brute force. He does not ask the narrow question, "Is she good enough for certain professions, avocations, and spheres?" but rather, "Are they good enough for her?" and this question he leaves for her to settle, perceiving that "under grace" she may well ask the question, "Who made thee a judge or a rewarder over me?" These are some of the traits of that great high-souled, generous nature, that "Mother's boy" who is to be. Enough specimens have strayed into this century to show us his outline, and make us sure that "the coming man" is not far off. Womanhood, in the new age, shall rejoice in this companionship, and thousands, bravely living now their true and individual life alone, loyal to this ideal, shall find him in the world unseen, and, like Endymion to Diana, in Longfellow's sweet words:

"Shall whisper, in their song,
Where hast thou staid so long?"

Some glimpse of this ideal came to me at sixteen years of age, in the grief of the most sorrowful experience my life had known up to that hour. I had a brother who met my views of what a youth should be. He treated me as his playmate, his brave, adventurous comrade. We read the same books; shared the same country sports and rambles; looked out upon life with aims and purposes almost identical; and talked of "all the wonder that should be." To speak and write was his most cherished dream, as it was mine. On the Fourth of July in our rural neighborhood, we had our little celebrations, and he used to say to me, "Wouldn't you like to carry the flag part of the time?" Whereupon I was not the least bit backward about coming forward to indulge in this proud and patriotic exercise. To be sure, our flag was only a pillow-case with red calico stripes sewed on, gilt paper stars pinned in the corner, and a broom-stick for the flag-staff, [prophetic emblem!] but it was the insignia of that kindly mother named "America," who was so good and helpful to all her boys and girls. Sometimes he made the "Fourth of July speech," and sometimes I did, and our voices sounded most harmonious as we led our playmates in the song of songs,

"Forever float that standard sheet;
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!"

You see this was lovely to contemplate, and a clear case of "We, Us, and Company" all the way through.

But that boy grew right on, and came at last to be "of age"; soon after which mystical epoch, "Election Day" came, which was thought to be a sacred time at our house, and he went to deposit his first ballot. I never understood why our paths should thus diverge, so relentlessly and so suddenly for all time. Mother had trained us both "for God and Home and Native Land." She had built her life, her character, and teaching into us steadily through the quiet, earnest years. I felt, girl as I was, that the loss was not a small one to the country I loved, when she lost my vote. The Republic profited but half, when it might have registered the full force of mother's teaching; it needed her and all "the women folks" to offset the self-indulgent vote that sheltered the liquor traffic and other crimes under the ægis of law. There flashed upon me then, as I watched the brother I loved, a vision of what he might become, could his "Mother and the Girls" go with him into his life pursuits. I saw, with all the vividness of truth, the ideal which, across the wide distance of thirty years, I have tried to picture in these pages, and I want you to believe in, and to cherish the same. Sojourner Truth says, "I live on my ideas," the amended version of which human-like utterance is, "I live by my Ideals." We all do this, and, under the great question "How to Win," comes the greater one, "For what sake do I care to win at all?" Surely for what, except to attain more nearly to the heights where our ideals of our own character and its immortal correlate dwell in the light of God's unchanging truth. Not of the "Woman Question" have I been writing in this chapter on "Ideals;" but of the deeper, broader, and more sacred *Human Question*, for the two halves of humanity must rise or fall together be they "dwarfed or Godlike, bond or free." Poetry proves this no more than plainest prose. Take the late figures about woman's higher education, given by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, of Boston, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics. Of 705 graduates who returned replies to his questions, their average age being 28 years, 509 were living in single blessedness, against 196 who had been

married an average of six years. The *Chicago Tribune*, commenting upon these facts, says:

"It might be ungraciously said that their higher education had led them to fix a higher value on their marriage values, but we do not believe that the secret lies in the enhancing of values. It might be said again that young men have a secret fear of educated young women, when it comes to taking them as partners for life, and are apt to regard them much as Dr. Holmes does his college young lady, Lurida, 'the female terror.' The cause, however, lies still deeper, we fancy. The average of women, owing to the scarcity of appropriate labor on the one hand, and their inability to perform profitable labor on the other, marry to be taken care of. The thoroughly educated young woman discovers that she can earn a good living, and consequently it is not necessary for her to marry in order to be supported. Being able to support herself, she is in a position to wait until her real complement comes along, and not take chances in the marriage lottery. In other words, knowledge is power to her. In this respect as well as in all others, the logical inference from the report is that the higher education of women is conducive to their health, happiness, and usefulness."

Now, as an orthodox friend of the Human Race, in both its fractions, Man and Woman, I am not more glad of the fact stated in this editorial comment because of the good it brings to young ladies, than because of the good it prophesies for young gentlemen. I have long believed that when the question of a life-companionship shall be decided on its merits, pure and simple, and not complicated with the other questions, "Did she get a good home?" "Is he a good provider?" "Will she have plenty of money?", then will come the first fair chance ever enjoyed by young manhood for the building up of genuine character and conduct. For it is an immense temptation to the "sowing of wild oats," when the average youth knows that the smiles he covets most will be his all the same, no matter whether he smokes, swears, drinks beer, and plays cards or not. The knowledge, on his part, that the girls in his village and "set" have no way out of dependence, reproach, and oddity, except to say "Yes" when he chooses to "propose;" that they dare not frown on his lower mode of life; that the world is all before him where to choose; that not one girl in one hundred has been endowed with the talent and the pluck that make her independent of him and his ilk; all this gives him a sense of freedom to do wrong which, added to

inherited appetite and outward temptation, is impelling the youth of our day to ruin with a force strong as gravitation, and relentless as fate. Then, the utterly false sense of his own value and importance which "Young America" acquires, from seeing the sweetest, truest, most attractive beings on earth, thus virtually subject to him, often develops a lordliness of manner which is too pitiful for words, in boys who, otherwise, would have been modest, sensible, and brotherly young fellows, such as we are, most of all, likely to find in co-education schools, where girls take their full share of the prizes, and many of them have in mind "a career." A thousand forces in law and gospel are to-day conspiring for the deliverance of our young men from the snares of their present artificial environment and estimate of their own value; but the elevation of their sisters to the plane of perfect financial independence, from which they can dictate the equitable terms, "You must be as pure and true as you require me to be, ere I give you my hand," is the brightest hope that gleams in the sky of modern civilization for our brothers; and the greater freedom of women to make of marriage an affair of the heart and not of the purse, is the supreme result of Christianity up to this hour.

It seemed good and proper to me, thus at the outset, to put before you some general notion of my theories of life, that, coming down to the picture's "filling in," you might more justly estimate the relation of the parts to the whole. Earlier in life, I might not have dealt thus frankly, but at its serene meridian, blessed by the kind relationship of "Auntie" to a lovely niece already in her twentieth year, I can afford to speak to you, my wide awake Chautauqua girls, with the freedom permitted by advancing years and dignities! For the rest of this series, let me be more specific as to the methods by which I have seen girls win knowledge, character, reputation, and success. By this I do not mean their winning on the world's public stage, where so few figures find room,—only a thousand famous people being there now, of all the thousand million that exist. For, though the printing press and swift means of conveying one's self and one's thought tend toward a vastly and constantly increasing democracy of fame, I am to talk, in these confidential pages, of private rather than public life. "Act well your part, there all the honor lies," and in all likelihood if you but know what your part is, and do not by mistake get that belonging to somebody else, you will so thoroughly enjoy it that you will act it well, and life, here and hereafter, shall be to you "one grand, sweet song."

VICTOR HUGO.

CHARLES J. LITTLE, LL. D.

Victor Hugo was only a voice, but a mighty one; a voice like the sound of many waters, pouring floods of harmonious thought and feeling through the life of France and of the nineteenth century: a vast cataract, shaking the earth with its thunders, beautiful with rainbows and prismatic splendors, terrible with reminiscence and prophecy of destruction. Poet, dramatist, historian, novelist, he tried every form of literary production, in each of them revealing surprising power. Patriot, dreamer, philanthropist, thinker, reformer, politician, revolutionist in theory if not in deed, his most eloquent speech was an appeal for universal peace; his most brilliant ode was to the Napoleonic column; his most terrible invective was hurled at the emperor who revived the traditions over which he had poured the splendor of his genius. Under Louis Philippe, he was a peer of France; under Louis Napoleon, an exile at Jersey and at Guernsey. From his island home he attacked society. In the midst of France prostrate under the Teuton heel, he clamored for a war of desperation. His reappearance in the legislative hall was brief as a lightning's flash;—a sudden glare, a burst

of vehement passion, an indignant return to private life. Yet the final utterance of his old age was on "The Art of Being a Grandfather." The storm king playing with little children; a cyclone pushing a baby-wagon gently as a zephyr!

Victor Marie Hugo was born at Besançon on the 26th of February, 1802. His father was a general under Napoleon, his mother was from La Vendée, the stronghold of Bourbon resistance to the Revolution, that wonderful Vendée which he has described with such extraordinary power in his story of "Ninety Three." Frail, puny, sickly, exposed to frequent changes of climate by the necessities of his father's life, his infancy was passed at Elba, his boyhood at Paris, in Italy, and in Spain. In 1812 his father, discerning the gathering storm which threatened Napoleon from north and south, sent his boys to Paris for shelter and for education. His first utterances had been Italian; the language of his expanding intellect was the proud Castilian; but his literary triumphs were all French. In Spain the two boys had attended a seminary much frequented by the sons of the Spanish gentry, but up to their sojourn in Paris,

their education had been the work, principally, of their mother and a priest named Larivière. Not until he was thirteen did Victor Hugo attend school regularly. In those days (1815), everybody was trying to produce poetry. France was half-delirious. Her outbreaks of energy during the Revolution and under the Empire, were not enough to relieve the conscious phrensy from which she suffered. Especially was this true of that part of France which loathed the Revolution, and hated Napoleon with trembling.

Madame Hugo, wife of a Bonapartist general though she was, longed for a Bourbon restoration, and inspired her boy with an intense dislike of the now defeated emperor. Almost his first verses were a cry of rage over the defeat at Waterloo. In the year 1817, when Victor Hugo was but fifteen, he competed for the poetical prize annually offered by the French Academy. With that sublime self-consciousness which was characteristic of him to the last, he informed the judges: "For me three lustres scarce their course have run." The judges accorded him "an honorable mention," but in their report threw doubt upon the statement that he was but fifteen years of age, a doubt which Madame Hugo indignantly repelled by the production of the baptismal register. Hugo lost his mother in 1821, to him a loss irreparable, a loss which would have overwhelmed him utterly, had the love of his chosen wife not been a consolation and a solemn joy. Unable to marry because of his poverty, consumed by a passion intense, vehement, devouring, he was nevertheless unwilling to sell his word for gold, to betray his principles, even for the earlier delights of wedded union.

The girl who had won his heart and held it to the last, was Adèle Foucher, an Andalusian beauty who had been the brightness of the old garden of the Feuillantines, where the Hugos lived in Paris. In spite of the head-shakings of Adèle's parents, the two were betrothed, although the "sublime child" as Chateaubriand had called him, was then supporting his sublimity upon an income of seven hundred francs a year. At this critical moment the "Odes and Ballads" were published, and a pension was conferred upon him by the king. The happy lovers might now enter upon that united life which was to become an increasing joy and honor to them both.

His pension came from Louis XVIII in recognition of an act of self-devotion to an enemy of the king, but Hugo's chief income throughout life was derived from the fruits of his heart and brain. His first volume of *Odes* was published in 1822; the second in 1824; *Han d'Islande*, in 1823; *Bug-Jargal*, in 1826; the third volume of *Odes*, in 1826; *Cromwell*, in 1827; *The Orientals*, in 1828; *The Last Day of One Condemned to Death*, in 1829; *Marion Delorme* and *Hernani*, in 1829; *Notre Dame de Paris*, in 1831. Up to this time, Hugo's life was purely a literary one, so far as the son of such parents could escape from the political atmosphere of the period. But as the list above reveals at a glance, he had already attempted every form of literature. In *Hernani*, however, he had begun that attack upon the traditions of the French stage which rallied to its first performance young France with Théophile Gautier, flamingly conspicuous in his exasperating red waist-coat, as its acknowledged leader. This is no place to speak of the famous struggle between romanticism and classicism, that most striking feature in the literary history of Modern France. Enough to say, that without Hugo, the contest would be destitute of pith and meaning.

Sainte-Beuve, by the publication of a striking letter of Victor Hugo to himself, has been able to indicate the precise moment when the latent political energy of this vehement nature first began to dominate his entire activity. This letter is dated June 12, 1832, and foreshadows in strikingly clear outline, the Victor Hugo of Jersey and Guernsey, the author of *Les Châtiments*, and the "History of a Crime," the indignant defender of Garibaldi, the terrible poet historian of the "Terrible Year."

Of Victor Hugo as a political thinker and actor, for he was C-nov

both, I can say nothing better than that he fully justifies the image with which this paper opens. He was a cataract into whose floods poured all the currents of his time. Consistently French, in that his opinions swelled and subsided with the storms of feeling, flowing now from this, and now from the other quarter of the political horizon. A legitimist so long as under the spell of his mother's eyes, he was a Bonapartist when the memory of his father seemed to be insulted. Playing with words, until he fancied that by familiarizing the popular ear to an antithesis, he could reconcile the incompatibilities and antagonisms of natural law. Seeking a republic which should be a monarchy, and an empire which should be peace; a glory without victories and vanquished; a government which should illuminate but not restrain or destroy. So the orator whose eloquence thrilled Cobden at the Peace Convention, and whose imagination entranced for the moment colliding elements into harmonious embrace, found it equally natural to counsel his compatriots to a war of desperation, in the fierce passion evoked by what he has called the "Terrible Year."

There is to me something sublimely dangerous in this scorn of consistency in which such widely separated natures as Emerson and Victor Hugo are at one. Certainly nature has her surprises, but they are surprises to the ignorant and the unalert. Vast as she is, innumerable as are her forms of manifestation, she consoles us not only with promises, but with evidences of her immutability. Restless as is the surface of the ocean, the bed upon which it surges is solid as the promises of God; swift and intricate as are the motions of the planets, the time-table of the solar system puts to shame our best efforts at exactitude. A divinely human spirit, especially a great teaching spirit, should not shock us by facile metamorphoses. It should have the inner constancy of nature. Its apparent inconsistencies should be easily resolvable to the intelligent observer. Now, Victor Hugo in spite of his ideals, of his magnificent anticipations of the future, of his outpourings of love for all mankind, startles us by his hates, by the mad rush of his political vengeance, by the fierce unrestraint of his rage, and of his passion to destroy. His "Napoleon the Little" is like a human being churned in the Whirlpool Rapids; only beneficent Nature kills her victim in mercy and with sudden swiftness, whereas, Hugo would grind the living soul for centuries in the swellings of his wrath. His "Terrible Year" abounding as it does with pictures of beauty, and tearful as it is with a pathos almost unutterable, must stir up in the heart of the French reader a hatred too implacable to be appeased by phrases like "the brotherhood of man."

But much must be forgiven the returning exile who finds his paradise wasted by the stranger, as well as defiled by the serpent and his crew. Much must be forgiven the poet-thinker who in his marvellous mind reflects, as no one of his contemporaries could, the agitations, the collisions, the questionings, the uncertainties, the baffled expectations, the delirious dreams, the reminiscences of glory, the shadows of past terror, the craving for revenge, the struggle of the old and the new, of tradition and progress, of the flesh and the spirit, the speculation without restraint, and the desperate longing to realize some fragment of its visions which together make up the history of Modern France.

A friend of Louis Philippe, raised, during his reign, to the peerage, he speaks for Poland in 1846, for the return of the Bonapartes in 1847, for the Republic in 1848. In this latter year *L'E'vénement* was founded, "a journal," which in true Hugonian phrase was to be "a daily attack of fever to the nation in travail with civilization," and of which Hugo himself was to be brain and soul. It was a rude awaking of the optimistic politician in 1851, when Louis Napoleon offered a reward of 25,000 francs to any one who would kill or arrest the poet whose "Ode to the Column" had regilded the fading traditions of the empire. Hugo fled from Paris to Brussels, from Brussels to Jersey, from Jersey to Guernsey, where he resided

until Sedan had brought the second empire to inglorious confusion. During the twenty years of its splendor, the author of *Les Châtiments* refused to live within the borders of his much beloved France. In this, at least, he was constant throughout. Napoleon the Little he pursued with implacable scorn, refusing all suggestions of reconciliation. Whilst at Jersey he became involved with the English Government, and the uproar about him induced him to seek a more congenial home in Guernsey. From this beautiful island he issued *Les Contemplations* which "gave him a roof for his head." This roof was one which sheltered a rare domestic happiness. Adèle, his wife, the witness of his career, who has so proudly told the story of his struggles and his triumphs; Adèle, his daughter, over whose fate hangs now a mystery quite impenetrable; his two sons, Charles and Francis; and his devoted friend, Auguste Vacquerie, made up the company which gathered daily about the poet in his exile. At Guernsey he wrote *Les Misérables*, "The Toilers of the Sea," and "The Man with a Laugh."

Upon his return to France, after the catastrophe at Sedan, he issued a manifesto to the Germans calling upon them to withdraw. After a space of fourteen years, I find myself smiling at the recollection of that extraordinary fulmination, which, to me, surrounded as I then was by the people of Berlin, delirious with victory, seemed to be tragically grotesque in its egotism and impracticability. Finding the obdurate Goths unshaken by his declamation, he threw himself with vehemence into the war for honor, of which Gambetta was the flaming centre. When Paris was compelled to surrender and a new chamber was ordered to ratify articles of peace, Hugo was elected to a seat. But he occupied it for a few days only, as the assembly refused to accord him that consideration which he deemed his due. In 1876, he was elected a senator from France, and took his place upon the extreme left, having traversed the entire distance which separates the "Ancient Régime" from the "Republic of the Future." During his residence in France from 1870 to 1884, he produced in quick succession, "The Terrible Year," "Ninety-Three," "Deeds and Words," the second part of the "Legend of the Ages," "The Ass," "The Art of Being a Grandfather," "The Pope," "Religions and Religion," "The Supreme Compassion," "The History of a Crime," a vivid and impassioned delineation of the *Coup d'État* of 1851 was published on the eve of the election of 1877 which decided the fate of the new Republic. This and the posthumous appeal of the dead Thiers were the principal campaign documents of that momentous struggle. Hugo's speeches in the senate were always listened to with respect, and he lived long enough to see the amnesty for which he pleaded extended to all the political prisoners of France.

Of Hugo the lyric poet, I can hardly trust myself to speak. It is a common delusion that French is an easy language. But nothing is better calculated to dispel this delusion than a serious attempt to master the poetry of Victor Hugo. For here is a wealth of vocabulary, a subtlety of syntax, a blending of melodies and harmonies and metrical intricacies, in the presence of which the stranger feels he is doomed to remain a stranger. However the critics of his own land may differ about him in general, none deny his mastery of their language, and his lyrical superiority. Free, spontaneous, unawed by any grandeur of nature or even by the sublimity of God, he soars and sings as one who feels himself the child and peer of the universe, its interpreter, its prophet, its adviser, its accuser, its judge. This attitude of Victor Hugo towards nature and history and God, is peculiar to him among the great writers of his epoch. Tennyson I have somewhere spoken of as singing to his generation like an angel who had gone blind from too much looking at Jehovah's face, and who mistook the sudden darkness for the vanishing of God. The strains of "In Memoriam" are strains of sweet, sad, unutterable longing, the struggle of eternal hope with gigantic fear and doubt.

Carlyle, on the other hand, wanders about the universe, a

stranger, an alien, an outcast. Some powerful spell turns all his song to speech, and mingles discords with every outburst of his soul. An exile of the past, thrust by some strange freak of Chronos into the wrong century, vainly invoking kindred spirits from among the dead. Nature, history, God have rendered him not speechless, but songless.

But Victor Hugo is at home in his epoch, and in nature. He salutes the universe as one who has a right to be. He assumes his place in human history with serene satisfaction. He questions God about his sufferings with sublime audacity. He covers the human race with his protection as though he could become the sheltering tabernacle of generations. He weeps without self-reproach. His anger is the indignation of one always righteous. His hopes are prophecies. His visions, facts. His mind is the prism in which the light of history is decomposed. His soul is the magic mirror in which humanity discerns the face of its future bride.

Such an attitude in a nature less strong would be supremely ludicrous; in Victor Hugo, vast as are his powers, and rich as he is in the nobilities of courage and love, it sometimes produces a convulsive shock. Yet, after all deductions, it is an attitude far humbler in reality than the attitude of those whose attempts to vindicate nature, and God, and human history are only a masked arraignment of all three.

In Victor Hugo's dramas I have never found much pleasure; splendid enough as versification, thrilling enough as a series of situations, startling also in their suggestion of the possibility of good in the depths of corrupt human nature, the theatrical figures which move within their borders belong to no age and to no clime. I should be sorry to think Lucrezia Borgia even, such as Victor Hugo portrays her. Cromwell and Charles are huge distortions of vaguely apprehended realities. *Hernani*, over which the Paris of 1830 was divided into hostile camps, and every line of which was hissed by the one faction and applauded by the other, has all the faults which are possible to a really powerful stage play.

Heine, whose criticisms were always acute and full of pith, declared Hugo to be destitute of that which before his time seemed indispensable to the French writer, "good taste." Hugo, to his eyes, was a Goth and not a Gaul. Heine was right in the first particular, but not in the second. Hugo was a Gaul in his passionate craving for effect, a Goth only in the vigor and audacity with which he pursued it, and in his delight in the terrible which so frequently carried him beyond the limits of the beautiful.

To us Americans, Victor Hugo is known chiefly by his romances, which translations, more or less successful, have made familiar to thousands of readers, Esmeralda and Fantine, Quasimodo the Hunchback, Gavroche the *gamin*, Valjean the convict saint, Gilliatt the conqueror of the sea, Lantenac, Cimourdain, Gros-Alain, Georgette, float like sharply outlined phantoms through the imagination, when the name of Victor Hugo is pronounced.

Notre Dame de Paris is a reproduction of what never existed, a Paris wholly dominated by a cathedral. The imperial hand of the author shapes his characters so as to concentrate all their destinies in the old church of which he writes with such passionate adoration. The reader is woven about by the spell and takes the cathedral finally for what it never was, the heart of Paris. In spite of the naturalness of much of the book, it is pervaded with Hugo's love of antithesis and exaggeration, and, in me at least, evokes a passionate protest at the last. It is not what it pretends to be, an indictment of human superstition; it is an arraignment of human life. A dire fatalism runs through it all. The love which nature squanders in Quasimodo, Esmeralda squanders upon the worthless soldier whose only principle is the moment's pleasure. Their lives are blighted, not by the shadow of the cathedral towers, but by the older shadow of prenatal curse dooming them to irretrievable disaster.

Les Misérables is perhaps the best known, as it is certainly the most lauded, of Victor Hugo's stories. As an arraignment of society, it has been singularly effective, and has had much to do with the prevalent feeling which imagines under the form of every burly criminal, a possible Jean Valjean. Emile Zola is certainly not to my taste, yet *L'Assomoir* is to me a necessary antithesis to Valjean and Gavroche; the realistic Nana, a healthy counterpart to the idealized Fantine. Society is far from being perfect, but its regenerators will come from among those who study its diseases with microscopic care and with scrupulous candor. It would be foolish to suggest that Hugo is among the number. The people of *Les Misérables*, the children excepted, all talk alike. Fantine and Eponine are the same soul with different names. But the rhetorical splendor of the dialogues, the rare descriptive power unfolded on every page, the wealth of expedients, the display of curious and multifarious information and erudition, the audacity of reflection and suggestion overwhelm the reader with astonishment, and compel him to repeated wonder. "The Toilers of the Sea" was planned upon simpler lines, but required, in some respects, still vaster powers in the execution. Here we have depicted not the struggle with superstition, or the struggle with society, but the struggle with nature, with the energies of wind and wave and living monsters. The tragedy at the close is wrought out with the old effectiveness; a trifle too effective it is, perhaps. Yet the figure of the spell-bound watcher disappearing beneath the waters, just as the sail which carries off the being for whom he fought the terrible fight vanishes from the horizon, haunts the imagination as the remembrance of a shipwreck haunts one doomed to behold it, helpless and afar.

It is easy for critics to point out defects, inaccuracies, absurdities, even monstrosities of the impossible in each of Victor Hugo's works; the swinging of Quasimodo upon the cathedral bell; the passage of Valjean with Marius upon his shoulder, through the Paris sewer; the struggle of Gilliatt with the Devil-Fish; the rolling carronade in "Ninety-Three" are instances in point. But precisely here is the author's power, the power to dominate and subjugate reality to the imagination, to make the most commonplace shiver at the thought of that pursuing cannon, at the horrors of Valjean's struggles.

Certainly Carlyle had a vivid imagination, as vivid, perhaps, if not more vivid than any other of the nineteenth century. But Carlyle's imagination was a slave to fact. "Was this thing real? If not, away with it, a curse upon it for a foul and wicked unveracity!"

But Hugo asks only, does this *seem* real? Can I make the impossible look possible, deformity appear lovely, the horrible, fascinating? Of course such power lends itself easily to abuse. In Hugo it led to frequent attempts to make foul things fair, which are as repulsive as they are futile. *L'Homme qui rit* throughout is an effort to illuminate the horrible with the splendor of genius; and, I am glad to say, an utter failure, great as is the power employed.

This passion for the horrible and the deformed is the more wonderful in a man remarkable for his love of little children. It is hardly too much to say that the only breath of perfect humanity in Victor Hugo's romances comes from the prattle of infant voices. The horrors of "Ninety-Three," the faces of Lanthenac, of Gauvain, of Cimourdain, of Radoub, are each in turn illuminated by the joy which radiates from the faces of the babes clasped in the stern Marquis' rescuing arms. "Ninety-Three" is a marvellous book, a striking picture of a startling epoch. An event, or rather series of events, like the French Revolution, is reflected differently from every powerful mind, and "Ninety-Three" is the Reign of Terror mirrored in Victor Hugo's brain. The description of the Convention has been, perhaps, never excelled, not even Carlyle has surpassed some of its pages. But here, as everywhere, Hugo lacks "good taste." The determination to dazzle is too apparent. We are bewildered by the never ending display, and covet a moment's

quiet. We are amazed at the rush of words, overwhelmed at the torrents which burst upon us. We are never wholly absorbed in the scene or in the characters, because of the overshadowing presence of the creator, who obtrudes himself upon us, demanding our admiration not so much for his work, as for his powers.

Yet these romances are far richer than mere stories; they are repositories of their author's learning, his reminiscence, his dreams, his anxieties, his hopes, his readings of the past, his forecast for the future. They abound in vast masses of information and misinformation, eloquence and grandiloquence, prose struggling into poetry, the flash of a moment struggling to abide as the light of a generation, the guesses of a powerful imagination claiming to be the philosophy of the future.

To state what were Hugo's opinions would be impossible for the simple reason that, like most men of powerful imaginations and vehement passions, he had more opinions than would cohere together. Accused of atheism his answer was, "I do not believe in your God, perhaps, or in any God of your conceiving, but I believe, nevertheless, in God." Questioned about the future, his answer was a shout of defiance to death and eclipse, a chant of joyous expectation, a song of reunion. But the reader of his works, especially the reader of the originals, will discover that Victor Hugo was a man of words, and that his belief was not only colored but dominated by his words. They will also discover that he was, heart and soul, a rhetorician, and suffering the curse of all rhetoricians, became at last the slave of effective phrases. Such natures cannot exist without applause; they tax their energies to secure it in ever-increasing measure until, finally, their utterances cease to be utterances of what they believe, and become utterances of what they know will astonish, dazzle, bewilder, entrance the crowds which do them homage. Victor Hugo would, I am sure, have spoken of my conception of God with scorn; his conception of God, on the other hand, is for me too vague in its vastness, too uncertain in its outlines, too much like an impersonal storm of half-fulfilled purpose sweeping across the ages, to win either my homage or my love. His God is a distant shadow. I can gaze after him, but I cannot love him. He has no feeling for me, does not touch my heart, sustains no relations to me. I am oppressed by his mysterious nature, not moved by sympathetic love.

The God to whom Napoleon was "an obstacle," and who at Waterloo "concluded to reflect" looks to me very much like the shadow of Victor Hugo projected athwart the sky; he is certainly not the Father of Lights in whom is no variability or shadow of turning. But let no one suppose that I question the poet's sincerity, except in the sense in which he himself questioned it in his poem of "La Cloche." He was sincere enough whilst *he was singing!* But it is on the whole a good sign that Victor Hugo was the hero of Modern France. For he was incorruptible to gold, courageous, loyal to his friends, a hater of oppression, a believer in progress, a helper of the poor, a lover of little children, a poet whose eyes at least searched the skies for God, and from whose mouth came songs of hope and good cheer; who betrayed neither trust, nor man; who loved his wife and his home; to whom the caresses of his grandchildren were dear as the applause of thousands; and who in his nobler moments embraced humanity and posterity with something of the love he lavished upon his Georges and Jeanne. He was a man who knew sorrow also. A father whose one daughter had been swallowed by the waves of the sea; whose other daughter had been strangled by the more pitiless floods of human passion; who had followed first one son and then another to the grave; and who was appointed to outlive the mother of his buried children. But a man who did not despair; a man whose last days were days of noble serenity, of cheerful anticipation, of chastened but strengthened hopes. He spans the century like a triumphal arch, a splendid witness of struggle and victory.

THE PEARL.

BY MRS. MARY N. EVANS.

Far over the sea in a tropic clime,
In the depths of the ocean blue,
'Mid the sunless aisles of a coral grove,
Lay a shell of a dull, dark hue.

Its quiet life uneventful passed,
As it clung to the rock's black face,
While around it radiant forms of light
Were sporting in wondrous grace.

But there came a day when the little life felt
A sudden thrill of pain ;—
A grain of sand through its open door
Was swept by the restless main.

All its being's depths were aroused to meet
And repair the secret wound.—
Long years rolled on, and by ruthless hands
The little, brown shell was found.

In the star-gemmed crown of the King of kings,
Refined from the dross of earth,
With a luster pure it shall beam for aye—
His "jewel" of priceless worth !

From the chamber still of its ocean home,
It was borne to the upper air,
And lo—in the depths of its wounded heart
A pearl of beauty rare !

And the wounded life in the little brown shell,
Immortal became in the gem
Whose radiance pure was the proudest boast
Of a monarch's diadem !

So the hurts that come to us day by day,
With the tide's resistless hurl,
May be instruments meet for the loving Christ
To help us in making a pearl.

In our being's depths it is silently formed—
A character pure and white—
And when ruthless Death shall break the shell
It shall shine forth in living light !

OUR BIRDS IN WINTER.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

The most delightful sounds to those of us who live within the snow line, are the first bell notes of the robin in early spring. We have fought wind and weather through the long winter months, and now look anxiously for pleasant days ; yet we are not sure that the welcome spring has arrived until we hear it by word of mouth from our orchard friend. He seems to have brought it from the sunny South, and is quickly followed, and often preceded, by a host of feathered friends, without whom the new season would lose half its charm.

The arrival of the birds at the end of winter, is so familiar to every one that we are apt to pass lightly over its meaning, and accept it as a matter of course ; yet if we give the subject a moment's consideration, we are convinced that in this so-called migration there is much that is phenomenal, and much to excite our admiration in the wise provision of instinct that enables these delicate creatures to traverse twice a year vast distances, and to find their way over stretches of land and sea, often never crossed before.

The approach of winter is prophetic of a vital change among many different animals. It is evident that the insects which have made joyous the summer-time, are doomed, and the adults, as a rule, die, leaving, however, a supply of eggs and larvæ, protected from the winter cold, that will represent them in the ensuing season.

This sudden removal or destruction of all insect life, affects a large and varied assemblage of birds that are to a greater or less degree dependent upon them. They cannot suddenly change their diet from insects to seeds ; in fact, there would not be enough of the latter to support them ; and starvation stares them in the face. We can imagine the first birds that had to entertain this problem, sorely perplexed ; but that it was solved, we know from the fact that their migration is indisputable, and this is the reason they disappear as winter draws near. They are evicted by Jack Frost ; in other words, forced by the lack of food supply to migrate to localities where it can be found.

This is, I think, the generally accepted and common sense theory of bird migration, although it is only right to say that there are numerous other theories advanced by ornithologists to explain the phenomenon.

The fact that the insect eaters depart at the approach of the cold season, does not signify that all birds follow suit. The flesh eaters, as the hawks, what we might term the grub hunters, as some woodpeckers, and many seed eaters, as the English sparrows, are not affected by the change, and remain behind, taking their chances when the ground is covered with snow. So we see that bird migration depends upon the food of the bird, and to sum up, we find that certain birds, as the grouse, are sedentary, preferring to remain where they are throughout the year ; others, as the jays, woodpeckers, crows, etc., are not to be depended upon, some migrating, while others rove about here and there, not far from their summer home, their movements being governed by the food supply.

Among the real migratory birds, we also find much variation. Some seek the distant South ; others go but a short distance, perhaps a few hundred miles, and even in the same family we see instances of this, as the red-winged blackbird, some migrating, while others do not.

Having shown the primary cause of bird migration, let us glance at the birds during their flight, the countries to which they fly, and the motives that impel them to return. As the cold weather approaches, many of the migratory birds show by their movements that a change is impending. There is a tendency to group together, and often small flocks of totally different birds will be found in the same tree. Finally, the journey is commenced, the time and method varying with the species. Ducks, geese, and herons are high fliers, as a rule. Some fly at night, and others during the day ; the flights being long or short, according to the strength of the bird ; the trip being a matter of several weeks, and made by easy stages, to enable the birds to feed. It has long been known that geese

fly at night; and who of those not living in the cities, has not heard at night the "honk! honk!" of wild geese high in the air? But it was not supposed until quite recently that other birds flew at great heights. An astronomer who was making some observations one night, was amazed at what he considered specks darting across the field of vision, sometimes appearing singly, and then in groups. Finally, taking a different glass, he found that the supposed specks were in reality birds that were flying at a height of two or three miles above the surface.

This at once threw considerable light upon some phases of bird migration, showing that birds undoubtedly seek these great heights that they can more readily make out the prominent natural features that will be a guide to them. The advantage of this in the daytime or on bright moonlight nights, will be evident to any one who has made an ascension in a balloon, where the extent of country spread before one like a map, is astonishing.

That birds move south by moonlight in greater numbers than was supposed, has been well shown by Dr. Abbott, who found that "the nearer the full of the moon comes to the first of May, the earlier, collectively, arrives the full complement of our summer birds."

That old birds should find their way to the South after having once been there, is not surprising when we remember the acuteness of their vision which must enable them to see extremely small objects distinctly for several miles, but when we see young birds perform the same feat without previous experience, it becomes wonderful in the extreme, and innumerable explanations of the phenomenon have been given by as many authors. Instinct alone seems to be the simplest of these, and as this is defined as inherited experience, the reader can, perhaps, form his or her own idea as to its correctness.

Not the least interesting feature of these migrations, is the regularity with which the birds return to the exact spot. Robins build year after year in the same tree, and a friend once showed me the nests of one of these birds that were built several successive years, one piled upon another, forming a pyramid. The oriole also returns to the same tree, and the same is true of many birds, their appearance every year often varying only a few hours. This prompt arrival at a certain field, tree, and branch, after a flight, perhaps, of two or three thousand miles, is even more remarkable when we consider the dangers to which birds are subject during this time. Man, wind, and various predatory animals are in league against many of them; and storms are undoubtedly the most fatal to their early return.

It has been stated that birds follow to a greater or less extent the great natural features—coast-lines, rivers, valleys, or mountain ranges; and it is probable that the coastwise migrators are menaced by greater dangers than those which follow the mountains. Storms may be mentioned first; and the attraction of light-houses in storms or fogs, is a potent cause of the non-return of many. The effect of storms on shore birds, is well shown in the great numbers that visit the Bermuda Islands. None but the wandering shore birds would willingly fly out to sea, and seek these islands that are a mere speck on the map; yet, according to Moseley, innumerable migratory birds stop there in the fall. Of shore birds found there, he mentions American golden plovers, gallinules, rails, and snipes. The land birds in flying, perhaps high in the air, up the coast, are caught by the gales from the south and west, and are, doubtless, borne off, to battle their way over the waste of waters. Once out of sight of land, their course is, doubtless, governed more or less by the wind, and if they cannot make shore, they, in time, become so fatigued that they drop into the water, and, in the case of small birds are lost. Ducks and geese can, of course, rest, and then continue their journey.

After sustaining themselves for a long time, the small birds will accept any vantage point that offers, and seek the com-

pany of those that under ordinary circumstances would be avoided. A friend who fishes a great deal on the Maine coast, told me that it was a very common thing for him to have birds alight on his boat, three or four at a time; and on one occasion, a little bird alighted on his head. This was only a few miles from land, but the birds were much fatigued, and appeared almost oblivious of his presence. Captains of outgoing steamers and of coastwise vessels, tell the same story; and hardly a day passes but some little bird voyager seeks a resting-place upon the sails and rigging. Often large birds alight upon ocean steamers far out at sea; in one case an eagle, and in another, an owl, both of which were secured, and carried into port. In the log of the "Vega," the man-of-war sent around the European continent, there is mention of similar cases. Pieces of wreck, patches of sea-weed, and all floating objects are utilized at these times by the tired birds, and, often, living animals. The great sun-fish, *mola*, that has a prominent fin extending from both its dorsal and ventral surface, is sometimes thus used as a resting place. These fishes have a habit of rolling along at the surface, with the fin exposed, and thinking it, perhaps, an old spar, the birds alight upon it, and find a few moments rest. The basking-shark, as its name implies, has been seen floating lazily along, its back affording room for a number of weary migrators; and whales, especially dead ones that drift about for weeks, are equally welcome as a haven of refuge; while to the list might be added turtles and many objects of a curious nature.

Next to the gales and off shore winds as destructive agents to migratory birds, might be mentioned the light-house, whose purpose is to warn human wanderers off shore, and, perhaps, the importance of these beacons as factors in bird destruction, has not been appreciated by the casual observer. I was informed by a light-house keeper, ten miles or so off the Maine coast, that always in thick weather, a number of birds struck the light, and in heavy fogs, the ground would often be covered with the dead bodies of various kinds, while many more probably fell into the water, so that an exact estimate of the harm done in this way could not be determined.

Every light-house keeper in the country has the same story to tell, the lights being witness to constantly recurring bird tragedies. I have recently seen a picture by a European artist showing the appearance of a light upon the island of Heligoland during a fog; and it gives a graphic representation of the scenes that are constantly occurring there. The beacon is surrounded by fog, the light illuminating a space of thirty feet which seems filled with birds of various kinds, darting around, whirling, rising, and falling here and there, and striking the light that appears like a huge eye drawing them on to destruction. This light is in one of the great lanes of European bird migration, and after such a night, the ground is piled with birds that have been lured to their fate.

The subject of bird migration has aroused considerable interest in this country, and the American Ornithologists' Union has organized a committee to thoroughly investigate the subject. Members living in various parts of the country, are to report upon the various phenomena, and when this mass of information is placed before the public in a popular way, it will, undoubtedly, be of great value in throwing light upon a subject that has so long been so little understood. Some of the reports of the Union regarding these casualties, are extremely interesting, coming from keepers all along the coast. Sombrero Light is one of the stations from which an interesting report has been received and communicated to the Union by Dr. Merriam. This light-house which I have often sailed about, is on the southern coast of Florida standing near a sunken reef. The light is one hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea. On clear nights birds rarely, if ever, strike, but on stormy ones when the light is enveloped in a haze, large numbers are killed, the majority striking the rails and parts of the lantern in darting by. A carefully tabulated statement presented by

the keeper shows that between April 29, and September 25, 1884, nearly seven hundred birds struck the light, all on squally or rainy nights; this number, undoubtedly, representing a small fraction of the real casualties, as a greater number of the birds thus injured fall into the water and are carried away. The list of names that accompanies this table shows numbers of our familiar birds: *Parula*, *Siurus*, *Cardinalis*, *Dendroeca*, and *Setophaga* are some of the genera.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher, of New York, who has charge of the Long Island Station, reports that the northern beacons are equally dangerous to birds. The following selections are from the letters of the keepers. One reads: "I send you thirteen birds that struck the tower last night. A great many struck, but these are the only dead ones. May 10." On August 11, another writes: "I begin to hear birds about, nights, but we have no weather to get any yet. If we were to have a foggy night you would hear from me at once." Another keeper writes: "I send you a box of birds which struck Sunday night, Sept. 30. It is the first regular flight this fall when the weather has been favorable for them to strike. I send one bird I don't remember to have ever seen before; viz., a king fisher." The keeper of the Shinnecock Bay Light wrote Mr. Dutcher, of the birds striking during the above storm: "Oct. 1, I send you seventy-five birds. About one hundred and sixty struck Sunday night, but a great many were spoiled by the rain storm."

These few lines graphically tell the story of the risks run by our birds along shore; and this is only one of the dangers that beset them. As has been suggested, the ranges of the different species vary considerably, some birds being found to fly only a short distance. This is not governed by the muscular development of the bird, as the delicate little warbler (*Dendroeca*) is found far up by the borders of the Arctic sea in summer, and in the winter along the West India Islands; but the great majority of our common home birds pass down into the warm country of the south. Some go to South America; others tarry in the Gulf States; and many more on the Florida Peninsula and the West India Islands.

During a long residence on Garden Key, the extreme southwestern portion of the Florida Peninsula, I had many opportunities for observing the migration of our birds. The key was in the isolated Tortugas group reaching out toward Yucatan, about sixty miles from Key West and seventy from Cuba; and the birds that reached it undoubtedly, in a great measure, came from the mainland, having taken to the gulf at Texas, Mississippi, or some of the Gulf States. I assume this, as most of them generally were noticed on the key, that was only thirteen acres in extent, after severe northers, powerful storms blowing continuously from the northwest for three or four days; hence these birds must have come down the entire expanse of the Gulf of Mexico, and were, probably, migrators which had passed through the Mississippi Valley and were following the coast down through Mexico to Central America.

The birds were most welcome visitors to the island, and it rarely happened that they were disturbed. Every one had the benefit of their presence, as there were very few trees on the key, a dozen palms or so and a few groves of bay cedar. The birds varied greatly. Rails and gallinules were always found in the moat after a norther, and were so fatigued that I could catch them by following in a boat. I have captured a newly-arrived swallow by climbing up a post and suddenly seizing it in my hand.

A great variety of small birds was always to be seen here, many of beautiful coloring remaining all winter, and becoming as familiar and tame under the palms as the pugnacious sparrow of English extraction is at the north. Besides these, various hawks and cranes often put in an appearance, and one morning every tree on the key had its supply of rich brown cuckoos, which remained with us a few days and then left for the south, the nearest land in that direction being Cuba, about seventy miles away.

At Key West, which before the war was one of the most beautiful of all our southern cities, a large number of our common birds take up their winter home, and a walk through the bush at this time would always repay us with a glimpse of familiar feathered friends, which had, perhaps, a few days before, left the orchards of the New England and Middle States. The most conspicuous birds here, however, were the doves, mocking-birds, and redbirds. In one special place up near the salt marshes, I have often sat under a grove of low guavas, and watched them flying from side to side over my head in astonishing numbers.

Thus the majority of birds pass their lives in perpetual summer, finding in the tropical or semi-tropical countries, the insect food which they have been deprived of by the approach of winter in the north. The lack of food, we have shown, is the cause of their southward flight, but it is evident that there must be some other explanation for their return, and it is, undoubtedly, connected with the approach of maternal duties, the birds thus being impelled by instinct.

Though the birds which go to the South appeal most to our interest, the stay-at-homes are equally worthy of attention from the curious phenomena which attend their struggles through the winter. Thus the ptarmigans and some others change their color as the cold weather comes on; and though this may have more than one significance, it is evident that it is at least protective. In the summer months the birds are richly tinted and well correspond with the low brush amid which they delight to wander. But as the cold season comes on, their plumage changes, and by mid-winter they are arrayed in a coat of white which renders them equally inconspicuous on the snow. How this change is effected, and the physiological rules which govern it, have caused much discussion, but no satisfactory explanation has yet been given.

Some birds show a tendency to store up seeds that may in turn become storehouses for them when the food supply is short; at least this is the opinion of some observers in noticing the actions of the California woodpecker (*Melanerpes formicivorus*) which bores holes in the bark of trees and plugs them up with acorns. I have recently seen a section of a tree, about three feet in length, almost completely covered with acorns, so firmly driven in by the birds that it was only with great difficulty that they could be taken out with a knife.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this storing up was the attending labor displayed, as the distance from the trees in which the acorns were stored to the nearest acorn-bearing trees, was thirty miles, the storehouses being at Mount Pizarro, and the acorns in the Cordillera Mountains, so that each acorn hammered into the tree, required a flight of sixty miles, which with the labor of boring the hole and driving the acorn in, was a vast amount of work for so little gain.

Many of our small birds obtain a precarious living in the winter by hunting seeds under the snow, and often during severe seasons they starve to death. The English sparrow congregates about towns and cities, and seems to thrive well under adverse circumstances; but they are democratic in their tastes, eating seeds or any refuse in the winter, and insects and seeds in the summer. It will, perhaps, be interesting to state in this connection that the Ornithologists' Union has reported against this imported bird, it having been found to eat grain to such an extent that if it should reach the great grain fields of the west, much harm would be done. The young, which appear in some localities six and seven times a year, are fed, as a rule, on insects, but the old birds generally prefer grain; hence they are a menace to the grain grower.

In almost every section there is some fable concerning the actions of certain birds in winter, which is handed down from generation to generation with a pertinacity that would be delightful if applied to some worthier object. One of the commonest instances of this is the alleged hibernation of swallows, and though I have applied the term fable to it, it is only

right to say that many careful observers think and believe that some swallows have some very peculiar habits in winter, so that we shall simply claim that the stories of birds hibernating under water and mud in winter, are not true, and leave the question of ordinary hibernation open. Some seasons ago I was driving along a road in Maine when the farmer who was my companion, pointed out an enormous flock of swallows, and said that they were getting ready to go into the mud. "You don't believe that?" I remarked. "Why, I know it," he answered with some warmth, "and everybody knows it around here." He said he had never dug up a swallow from the mud himself, but he had a friend who had done so, and I found it was waste of time and words to argue with him. He knew it was so, and his father before him, and probably this same belief can be found in any locality where the milk-snake robs the dairyman, and the hoop-snake kills trees by rolling along and hurling its venomous sting into the bark.

The subject of the hibernation of swallows is extremely interesting from the many statements that are on record by men

who evidently thought they were asserting facts, some parties in England even making affidavit that they had seen swallows dug out of the mud over which water was flowing.

In regard to birds entering a state of hibernation, Dr. Abbott has given some interesting testimony, having found a number of swallows in mid-winter packed away in a stovefunnel. They were evidently sleeping away the cold months in this strange condition in which all the functions of life are at a standstill.

Did space allow, it would be as interesting to trace some of the European birds in their flight from the Siberian and Arctic coasts, over Europe, across the Mediterranean Sea into Africa; but the conditions of migration are probably the same there as here. A friend tells me he has seen grouse on the shores of the Mediterranean in such vast quantities and so worn out with their flight that they were killed with sticks, and sent to Rome and the markets by the cart load. From this it is seen that the time of migration of the European birds is attended by as many dangers as that of our own feathered friends.

THE CORCORAN GALLERY OF ART.

BY CLARENCE COOK.

The Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., is the free gift to the public of a generous citizen of Washington, Mr. William W. Corcoran. The gift included, beside the land, the building, and its contents, an endowment fund of about nine hundred thousand dollars. The cost of the building and the land was two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the private collection of pictures and statues belonging to Mr. Corcoran, and transferred by him to the gallery, was valued at one hundred thousand dollars. This formed the nucleus of the collection to which additions are made every year. The endowment fund yields at present an annual income of over fifty thousand dollars. The building was designed by Mr. James Renwick, of New York, and was begun in 1859. The civil war arrested the work, and early in 1861 the government took possession of it, and assigned it to the use of the Quartermaster General who retained it until four years after the close of the war. In 1869 it was restored to Mr. Corcoran who placed it in the hands of a board of nine trustees, declaring in the deed by which the property was conveyed, that the object of the institution was the perpetual establishment and encouragement of Painting, Sculpture, and the Fine Arts generally.

The institution was chartered by Act of Congress, May 24, 1870, and the act furthermore declared the building exempt from all taxation, and gave authority to settle the claim for rent during the time that the property was occupied by the government. The Institution incorporated, the work of completing the building according to the original design was carried forward with energy, and the work happily completed in 1871. The occasion was honored by Mr. Corcoran with a ball given on Washington's birthday, February 22, 1871, on which occasion the whole building was thrown open and illuminated. The handsome proceeds of the entertainment were given by Mr. Corcoran with his usual generosity, to the Washington Monument Association. In 1873, Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, one of the trustees, went to Europe empowered to purchase works of art for the gallery, and in the same year the pictures and marbles, Mr. Corcoran's private collection, were transferred from his house to the gallery.

In the course of the year 1874, all the rooms in the building were successively opened to the public as their contents were received and arranged, and by December the whole collection was ready for exhibition. Little more than ten years has elapsed since the opening of the gallery, and yet nearly all the available space for the exhibition of pictures and statues is occupied.

But no one would be more ready to admit than the founder of the Institution himself, or than the trustees, that many objects here may without injustice be made to give place to acquisitions of real value. Owing to the nature of the foundation, it has been its fate to be made the storehouse of much that an improving taste and growing knowledge have shown to be less desirable than was at one time thought. But there is no museum in the world of which this cannot be said, and it is certain that the chances of growth in the right direction, and of a judicious repair of errors are as good in the Corcoran gallery as anywhere in the country. The two enemies of the institution thus far, have been the professional picture-dealers, a class most earnestly to be avoided by those having the direction of such a gallery; and what I may call the professional amateurs, whose wealth and social position make it almost impossible in so democratic a country as ours, to escape the consequences of their blunders. This also is a misfortune which few museums escape.

The Corcoran gallery is situated on the northeast corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Seventeenth streets, and is opposite the War Department. The front on the avenue is one hundred and six feet in breadth, and the side on Seventeenth street, one hundred and twenty-five feet long. The edifice is two stories in height, and is built in the Renaissance style of brick relieved by brown-stone in the cornices, pilasters, and other ornaments. The design of the front consists of a large central pavilion, flanked by smaller pavilions at the angles of the building. The lower story is plain and massive, with the entrance in the central pavilion, and with windows between the piers, lighting the office and the sculpture-galleries. The second story is more ornate: the pavilions have columns in couples over the piers of the first story; these support a heavy cornice and pediments, and the whole building is surmounted by a Mansard roof. The central pavilion has a large window over the main entrance, which lights what is called The Octagon Room, but there are no other external windows in this story. In place of windows there are eleven niches containing statues by Mr. Ezekiel, an American sculptor, at present residing in Paris, but who long lived in Rome where, I believe, he designed these figures. On the front of the building there are four statues: Phidias, Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Dürer; one on each side of the central pavilion and one in each of the side pavilions. These niches are continued on the Seventeenth street front, and con-

tain statues of Titian, Da Vinci, Rubens, Rembrandt, Murillo, Canova, and Crawford. These figures are seven feet high, and are cut out of Carrara marble, contrasting by their whiteness somewhat painfully with the sombre hue of the building. It is to be regretted that bronze was not employed, not only for effect but for durability, since marble will not stand our climate. But it is worth noting that this is one of the few instances on this side of the water (I cannot name another), where the niches designed by the architect for statues have been allowed to fulfil their destiny. Mr. Ezekiel's statues are characteristic portraits, easily recognizable, for the most part, and when time will have subdued their present obtrusive whiteness, they will add greatly to the appearance of the building.

On entering the building, the visitor finds himself in a spacious vestibule, with the Trustees Room on the left, and on the right the Janitor's Room and an apartment for the convenience of ladies. In the center, facing the entrance, is the main staircase, and on each side of this a corridor leading to the Sculpture Hall at the rear of the building. Each of these side corridors is lighted by windows opening upon a courtyard twelve feet wide extending to the top of the building, and on each side of the building, another gallery extends, lighted chiefly by external windows but having window-openings also upon these interior courts. We cannot have everything, and, therefore, will not complain of these corridors whose sixty-one feet ten inches in length, by only seven feet eight inches in breadth make a not sufficiently dignified or agreeable entrance to the large, well-proportioned, and well-lighted Hall of Sculpture.

On the walls of the vestibule are placed various casts of antique sculpture, principally busts mounted on consoles, with a few other objects: a pair of Japanese lacquered porcelain vases made at Arita, being placed at the entrance of one of the corridors as ornaments. These vases are said to be the largest ever made at this factory. They were manufactured by T. Tawara expressly for the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia where they were purchased by Mr. Corcoran. On the wall at the right hand side of the main entrance is a cast of the bas-relief of "Phœbus and the Horses of the Sun," a metope with two triglyphs from the temple of Apollo, found in 1873 by Dr. Schliemann at Hissarlik, and long kept by him in his garden at Athens. It is a work of considerable beauty of design, and the execution of the original is said to be excellent. From the fact that the nimbus and rays which surround the head of the god, were first introduced into sculpture in the time of Alexander, the marble has been assigned to the beginning of the fourth century. Perhaps it was for joy at coming at last upon something not bad in the heap of ugly things unearthed by himself that Dr. Schliemann pronounced this metope "one of the most glorious masterpieces that have been preserved from the time when Greek art was at its zenith," but the absurd extravagance of this estimate ought not to blind us to the spirit and originality of this interesting work. Here also are the busts of Ariadne (or the young Bacchus), from the Capitoline Museum, and of Antinous as Bacchus, from the British Museum. Entering the corridor at the left of the staircase, we find casts from the antique; a fragment of the marble frieze of Trajan's Forum, with fragments from the Vatican; busts of the crowned Augustus, of Scipio Africanus, of Marcus Aurelius, of Seneca, of Euripides, of Homer, with one of the slabs from the frieze of the Parthenon.

In the corridor on the right of the staircase, are casts from a beautiful bas-relief, as to the subject of which there have been different opinions, although it is more commonly believed at present that it represents Orpheus and Eurydice separated by Hermes. There are three copies of this bas-relief, and the one at Naples bears the names of Orpheus, Eurydice, and Hermes, written above the heads of the personages, and the treatment of the group agrees so well with this interpretation that it has been generally accepted. The copy in the Louvre, from which the present cast is taken, has the names of Zethus, Amphion,

and Antiope, inscribed upon it, but, beside that the inscription is believed to be modern, the story of the two brothers who delivered their mother, Antiope, from bondage, is by no means told in the bas-relief. Other casts in this corridor are busts of Agrippa, of Gabies, of Antinous, of Antoninus Pius, of Commodus, of Caracalla, of Vitellius, the Pourtales Apollo, and the head of the Diana of Gabies, the cast of the statue itself is in the main sculpture gallery.

In a space behind the staircase, forming a sort of vestibule to the main sculpture gallery, is the marble statue, by Vincenzo Vela, "The Last Days of Napoleon I." This well-known work was long the ornament of the gallery of Mr. J. Taylor Johnston, of New York, and was purchased at the sale of his collection for this gallery. It is a replica, made for Mr. Johnston, of the statue exhibited at the Paris International Exposition of 1867, which was bought by Napoleon III., and is now at Versailles. It represents the emperor seated in a chair and meditating upon a map of Europe, which lies upon his lap. He leans against a pillow, a blanket covers the lower part of his body and his legs; his night-gown partly opened shows his bare chest. One arm rests upon the arm of his chair, the other hand lies upon the map; his head is bent, but his eyes, forsaking the map, look earnestly forward as if they could pierce the veil of the future, and find some comfort there for the defeats of the present. The technical ability displayed in this statue, has been much admired; the different textures of the woolen blanket, of the linen night-gown, of the map, of the flesh, and the hair are discriminated with the skill of a master craftsman. But in the skill with which this part of the work is accomplished, lies the danger for the artist; since, if greater skill does not go to the conception of the face, and of expression of the figure as a whole, the statue will be a failure in spite of the perfection of the details. In the opinion of many, this is just what has happened; the expression of the face has been felt to be overwrought, melodramatic, wanting in sincerity of pathos; and the figure as a whole to be more suggestive of the stage than of real life. The characteristics of the statue are those which are common to modern Italian sculpture, which too often wastes its energies in the pursuit of reality in trifles, and loses the point on which the chances of enduring life for the work depend. Still it must be admitted that among works of the modern Italian time, this statue of Vela deserves and will always keep a place of its own.

The collection of casts in the Main Hall of Sculpture numbers, indeed, only seventy-nine pieces, but these are so well-selected, are so well-placed considering the space at command, and are such excellent casts, that the visitor gets more satisfaction than is sometimes received from much larger collections. Around the upper part of the wall directly under the cornice, are placed casts from the frieze of the Parthenon, or Temple of Pallas Athene, on the Acropolis, of Athens. The original frieze was five hundred and twenty-four feet in length, and ran round the four sides of the *cella*, or temple proper, on the outside, under the portico and about forty feet from the floor. It is here placed at only twenty feet from the floor, and the light which it receives is very unlike that which it had in its original position, where, owing to its being placed directly behind the entablature of the portico, no direct light could fall upon it, and it received only such light as was reflected upon it from the pavement. The subject of this frieze is by no means certain, but common opinion has settled down to the interpretation that it represents the Panathenaic procession, or procession of all the demes or wards of Athens, bearing to the Acropolis the peplos, or sacred robe, with which the statue of Athene, the virgin protectress of the city, was invested. There are serious difficulties with this as there are with every other explanation that has been suggested, but when all is said, this interpretation seems most reasonable. For nearly three quarters of a century, since they were brought to England by Lord Elgin, in 1812, these marbles have been the delight of artists and of all

who have studied them, whether in their home, in the British Museum—although they are seen there under every disadvantage—or in the casts which are now to be found in almost every museum at home and abroad.

Beside these casts from the frieze of the Parthenon, the Corcoran gallery contains casts from the chief statues of the pediments; the "Theseus" and the so-called "Two Fates," with the "Iris," from the eastern pediment, and the "Ilissus," from the western pediment.

The other casts in this gallery are the "Venus of Milo," the "Venus de' Medici," the "Venus of the Capitol," the "Crouching Venus," the "Venus at the Bath," the "Venus Anadyomene," and the "Venus Callipyge;" these including all the most famous representations of the goddess. Here, too, are the "Diana of Gabies," and the "Huntress Diana" of the Louvre; the "Apollo Belvidere," so-called from the pavilion in the Vatican where it is placed; the "Apollo Sauroctonos," or Lizard Killer; the "Minerva de' Medici," the colossal bust of Jupiter, found at Otricoli; the colossal mask of Juno, from the Villa Ludovisi; the "Mercury of the Vatican;" the "Mercury in Repose" from the bronze in the Naples Museum, found at Herculaneum, and the latest found treasure, the "Hermes and Dionysos," discovered by the German explorers at Olympia, in 1877.

Another group of famous works contains the "Discobolos of Myron," from the copy in the British Museum; the "Discobolos," of the Vatican; the "Wrestlers," from Florence; the "Fighting Gladiator," from the Louvre; the "Apoxyomenos," an athlete scraping the sweat from his arm with a strigil; the "Athlete pouring Oil into his Hand;" the "Dying Gladiator;" the "Laocöon;" and the "Spinario," a boy extracting a thorn (*spina*) from his foot; with the "Bone-player," a young girl playing "knuckle-bone."

Then comes the "Ariadne Deserted," from the Vatican; the "Silenus and the Infant Bacchus;" the "Centaur and Cupid;" the "Faun of the Capitol;" the "Faun with the Kid," from the Madrid Museum; and the "Faun," from the Louvre called *à la tache*, from a spot in the marble; the "Boy with a Goose," from the Vatican; and the "Supplicating," or "Praying Youth," from the bronze in the Berlin Museum.

A group of heroes and ideal portraits contains the "Antinous of the Capitol;" the bust of "Ajax," from the British Museum; the "Borghese Achilles;" the "Meleager," of the Vatican; the "Menelaus, or Ajax," of the Vatican; and the "Jason," of the Louvre.

Other beautiful works, not always found in collections, are the "Euterpe," from the Louvre; and the "Polyhymnia," from the same gallery; the "Pudicitia," from the Vatican; the "Flora," from the Capitoline Museum; one of the daughters of Niobe, from a statue in the Vatican; the "Torso Belvidere;" and a "Caryatid," from the Vatican, supposed to have been made for the Pantheon.

The visitor cannot but be interested in the three noble statues placed side by side; the "Demosthenes," from the Vatican; the "Æschines," from the Naples Museum—the name of Aristides was long since discarded (see Müller's "Ancient Art"); and the "Sophocles," from the Lateran. It would be good to see with these the "Menander," but the Hall of Sculpture is already as full as is desirable.

Other portrait statues are the "Germanicus" of the Vatican, and the "Augustus Cæsar," of the Louvre, with busts of Pericles, Periander, Alexander, Diogenes, Septimius Severus, Trajan, and Homer.

It will be seen from this catalogue that the collection of casts belonging to the Corcoran gallery, is one from which a good idea of the general character of antique sculpture may be pleasantly obtained, and while it might, no doubt, be increased with profit, it is desirable not to attempt much more until the building is enlarged. At the same time use might be made of some vacant space outside the picture gallery proper where

casts would add dignity, and be well seen also. As it is, it is by its collection of casts that the gallery is at present distinguished, though it is far behind the Boston Museum in this department.

The gallery opening out of the main sculpture hall at the eastern end, is devoted to modern works and to the Renaissance, but is not particularly rich in either. The "modern" room contains Gibson's "Venus Victrix," a very stolid figure; the Venus of Canova; and the "Venus Victrix" of Thorwaldsen; with the "Clytie" of the late W. H. Rinehart, of which the original is in the Peabody Institute, Baltimore; and a "Sleeping Child" by F. Pettrich, to whom is also due a marble statue of the "Dying Tecumseh" in the vestibule. If there were room for the plan to be carried out, I think it would be very interesting to establish a gallery of modern works, procuring casts of the statues that make their mark in our own time, rigorously excluding all but notable works. Such a plan has never been attempted, but it ought to be; and I have no doubt sculptors would be willing to have casts taken from their statues for such a purpose provided their rights were respected, as to copies and other details. Fine things are produced in France, in Germany, in Italy, and even in Spain, now and then, though rarely enough in England, but we get no good from them because we never see them except occasionally in those reduced copies which must always do them injustice. I am sure that whoever will enable our Americans to see the best statues of Mercié, of Paul Dubois, of Chapu, of Boehm, to mention only a few of the names that are well-known, would earn the gratitude of many of us, and have the credit, too, of opening up a new field.

The Renaissance Room contains fine casts of the "Slaves" of Michel Angelo, the second of the Ghiberti Gates, Donatello's David with the head of Goliath, the Lorenzo de' Medici of Michel Angelo, and the "Cupid," the head of the David, and the mask of the Moses by the same sculptor. The "Mercury" of John of Bologna is here also, with works by Mino da Fiesole, Benedetto da Maiano, and Luca della Robbia. Jean Goujon is also represented in casts from the marble originals of his bas-reliefs of Nymphs on the Fountain of the Innocents, his Four Evangelists from the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois and his bas-reliefs of sea-nymphs. Everything in this room is good of its kind, and additions are all the time making to its contents.

At the west end of the Hall of Sculpture, a door opens into the Bronze Room, where a rather miscellaneous collection meets the visitor's eye. The chief ornament of the room is the collection of original bronzes by the late Antoine Barye, the most complete in existence it is said, and certainly sufficient to give a satisfactory idea of the sculptor's genius. The pieces are one hundred and four in number, and the only obstacle to their complete enjoyment is to be found in their crowded arrangement. This was at one time much worse than it is at present, but under the intelligent direction of the present curator, Mr. William Macleod, the pieces have been somewhat scattered, and only want of room prevents his distributing them much more widely. It would be well worth while, I think, to give up an entire room to this precious collection, and it would seem as if one of the rooms up stairs might be devoted to it, by sequestering some of the objects which are of little value or interest to anybody.

The remaining contents of this room apart from some contemporary busts which have an interest more historical than artistic, are chiefly curiosities; a case contains the excellent reproductions by Cristofle of Paris, of the Hildesheim Treasure; in another case are reproductions by Elkington, of various works of the goldsmith's art, and disposed about the room are bronze reproductions of a few well known works, the bronze of Henry IV. of France, by Bosio, the column of the Place Vendôme, the Monument to Frederick II. by Rauch, statuettes of Christ and John the Baptist from the cathedral of Pisa by John

of Bologna. There are also some good examples of modern Japanese work.

The least valuable part of the Corcoran gallery collections, is to be found in the picture gallery, a really noble room well lighted and of fine proportions, ninety-five feet by forty-four feet, and twenty-four feet in height to the cornice of the coved ceiling, and thirty-eight feet to the inner sky-light. The contents of the gallery are of a miscellaneous description, and while there are several pictures that interest a portion of the public, it must be said that, on the whole, the collection is not made up of pictures that will exercise an enduring charm. There are many works by American artists, among them the Niagara by Mr. Church, and pictures by Thomas Cole, by Sandford Gifford, George H. Boughton, D. Huntington, John F. Kensett, G. P. A. Healy, and others, nearly all of them good examples of their authors, but one wishes that the line could be continued, that we might have the consolation of seeing how far we have progressed from the time that produced these vapid works, and thought them masterpieces. It must be admitted, however, that there are enough indifferent pictures by foreign painters to keep us in countenance, and no American here shows so badly as Cabanel with his "Death of Moses." Strange that with power to purchase good works in Europe, a commissioner empowered by the trustees, himself a trustee, should have deliberately selected such a performance as this, paying for it, too, a large sum of money, and bringing home a picture that Cabanel, no doubt, is glad to know can never come back to make him ridiculous in Paris.

Nor can I think that any thing is gained by the possession of such a picture as the "Count Eberhard of Wirtemberg" by Ary Scheffer, or the "Julius Cæsar" by Gérôme, or "The Helping Hand" by Emile Renouf. This room, large as it is, is not large enough for anything but the best, and, unfortunately, there is very little here to which that term can apply. This is not to say that many of the artists represented are not seen here at their best; all we mean is that we should be much more interested in studying the high water mark of other men. Much that is here is valuable historically, as records, but such a gallery as the Corcoran aims to be, can only become so, by insisting on adding nothing that is not of real value, and the trustees have already found to their cost that picture-dealers and rich collectors are not the best advisers in such matters. Of course, it must always be difficult to get good pictures, and yet no year passes, that one or two at least do not come to us, and the very best often go a begging, because the men with money are by no means always men who know how to spend their money wisely.

Among the pictures in this gallery which represent well-known names are the full-length portrait of Mr. Corcoran, the founder of the Institution, by the late Chas. L. Elliott, and a portrait of Guizot by G. P. A. Healy, both works among the best produced by their respective artists. Two pictures by the late Thomas Cole are also here to judge him by. "The Departure" and "The Return" are subjects that had a particular attraction for this artist, but he was often in a far more romantic and melodramatic mood than when he painted these comparatively quiet works. Nothing can be more absolutely dead than Cole's reputation as a painter, but as a man and even as an artist, he must always be held in respect for the singleness of his aim, and his self sacrificing devotion to art as he understood it.

The "Edge of the Forest" is also a good specimen of the work of A. B. Durand, one of the oldest living American artists. Mr. Sandford R. Gifford's "Ruins of the Parthenon," although painted only a few months before his death in August, 1880, fairly represents his way of painting, for he had but one way, and he applied it without discrimination to every subject to the utter confusion of geography and meteorology. Mr. George H. Boughton is present here in two pictures, "The Heir Presumptive" and the "Edict of William the Testy," in neither

of which does his very moderate skill find a field in which it can work to purpose. The subject from Irving tells no story unaided by quotation, and the figures in the other picture are even more wooden and expressionless than is usual with this very wooden and expressionless painter. It is seldom, however, that Mr. Boughton makes anything so unreasonable as the horse in this picture. It might be a toy-horse brought from his nursery for this little prig of an heir to play with when his nurse thinks he has walked far enough.

Mr. James M. Hart is also fairly seen here in his "The Drove at the Ford," and certainly he shows himself a better painter here than Troyon if we were to judge this artist by his "Going to Drink." Unfortunately this latter work is so poor a specimen by Troyon that I should like to believe he never painted it. It will be necessary, therefore, to apply a higher standard to Mr. Hart, and compared with nature, he will be found to be wholly artificial and mannered; his cattle merely serving as accessories to a landscape which is composed strictly with reference to academic conventions, and with no sign of individual observation on the artist's part.

Among the older painters, Mr. Daniel Huntington must not be forgotten. Here is a duplicate of his "Mercy's Dream," a subject taken from the "Pilgrim's Progress." The original is in the Philadelphia Academy where, hanging among the Benjamin Wests, Leslies, Sullys, Peales, and Stuart Newtons, it makes a less awkward impression than it does here in more modern and, so to speak, fashionable society. It is necessary to look at such a picture with some reference to the time of its production. Looked at abstractly, we are as unable to do justice to this work as we should be to do justice to a Delacroix or a Horace Vernet or a Faed. These artists had nothing universal in their art, they worked simply to supply a fashionable market, and it is only by an imaginative sympathy impossible to most of us, that the right place can be reached from which to see them as they were seen. Mr. Huntington's picture was once enthusiastically admired; it made him famous in New York and its vicinity; it was engraved by the art-union, and yet to-day it stirs no emotion at all except, perhaps, that of wonder.

"On the Coast of New Jersey" is as good a picture of its kind as Mr. Wm. T. Richards ever painted, but here again we find ourselves cold before a work which, judged by a certain standard, has great merit. The picture itself is cold, formal, and hard; the sun does not shine, the water does not move, but the artist's mechanism is perfect; drawing, perspective, proportions of parts, all are here, everything is here but the beauty of life.

Mr. Frederic A. Bridgman's "Procession of the Sacred Bull Apis-Osiris" is an early work painted by this artist when under the influence of his master Gérôme. It is interesting archaeologically, but we are glad to know that in his painting Mr. Bridgman is escaping from the trammels of his teaching, and learning that there is something more in painting than truth to archaeology can furnish.

Mr. B. C. Porter's "Lady and Dog," the picture that made his reputation, and which he has not since surpassed, is here in a good light; but there are few other examples of the younger men among our artists, to keep Mr. Porter company. The trustees in the purchase of pictures would seem to vacillate between the works of our own men, and those of foreign artists, and with the result of seldom getting anything first-rate from either quarter. At one time, too, a German gust prevailed which swept into the gallery such dull dry leaves, as E. Leutze's "Cromwell and Milton," Charles Lewis Muller's "Charlotte Corday in Prison," F. Pauwel's "Justice to Lievin Pyn," and Hugo Salmson's "Fête of St. John in Dalecarlia." Mr. Salmson is a Swede, but other than Germans can be dull artists.

There is in this gallery a clever little piece of *genre* painting by G. Chievici, "The Mask," amusing for the way in which the

story is told, and in the east side gallery a Mr. R. N. Brooke shows no little humor and no little skill in painting a study from negro life called "A Pastoral Visit." In the main hall, too, there is a picture by Kæmmerer "The Beach at Scheveningen" in which the fleeting talent of this clever chronicler of the hour is sufficiently shown. A large picture by E. Detaille "Le Regiment qui passe" is interesting, while it hardly does justice to the painter: there is here also a water-color of the same artist, "French Cuirassiers Bringing in Bavarian Prisoners."

This is a brief survey of the principal contents of a gallery which is sure one day to take a more important place among similar institutions, but which has already made a distinct mark by its evident desire to carry out the design with which it was started as an art gallery, not allowing itself to be diverted from its aim, either toward archæology or toward curi-

osity. It is true that one large room in the gallery is devoted to a most unfortunate assemblage of objects which have small relation even to "curiosity" as intelligently pursued, and, certainly, as little relation as is possible to art. But these things were presented to the museum in block by estimable friends of the proprietor, who meant to do a generous thing, and who believed they were conferring a benefit. No doubt in the course of time, these things will, for the most part, disappear from the scene, and the space they occupy be filled with better things. There is much, however, in other parts of the museum that needs to be disposed of, and it were greatly to be wished that the way might be smoothed toward selling or exchanging what is second-rate or quite out-grown, for things that will be of permanent value. As it is, however, the student of art can find enough here that is worthy to fill with sober enjoyment at least a summer's day.

THE COPPER INDUSTRY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY FRED. P. DEWEY.

Along the eastern border of the country, there stretches an extensive belt of copper-bearing rocks, containing for the most part the yellow sulphide of copper and iron, chalcopryite, or, more properly speaking, an intimate mixture of chalcopryite, with iron pyrite. The northernmost point at which this deposit has been wrought is in Canada, and following along the line it has been wrought at Ely, Vermont; in Carroll county, Maryland; Ashe county, North Carolina; at Ducktown, Tennessee; and at the southern extremity of the belt in Georgia and Alabama. Besides these principal points, there are other minor points at which, from time to time, smaller amounts of ore have been extracted.

The ores of this region are uniformly low in their content of copper, probably averaging not over five per cent, some run as low as three per cent, while eight to ten per cent is regarded as being very rich. During the early workings of some of the Southern mines, however, a considerable amount of ore was extracted which had undergone extensive alteration, and was much richer in copper; but these rich surface deposits, so far as known, have now been exhausted. The small percentage of copper in these ores, together with the very low price that has been ruling for some time, has gradually closed most of the mines of this region, so that at present the entire product is insignificant.

The process of extracting the copper from these ores is very long and tedious, many months elapsing between the beginning of the operation and the time that the refined ingot is produced. The first operation is the partial removal of the sulphur by roasting the ore in immense rectangular heaps. In some instances this roasting has to be repeated several times. The next operation is the concentration of the copper into a double sulphide of copper and iron, called matte. This matte is smelted to pig copper which is refined to produce the ingot copper of commerce.

In the upper portion of the great central basin of the country on the shores of the Great Lakes, lies a mineral region which has produced large amounts of both iron and copper. The copper region is confined to the shore of Lake Superior in the State of Michigan, and for a long time ruled the copper market of this country. The occurrence of copper here is unique, being found almost entirely in the native or metallic state. It is remarkably pure and free from the great enemies of copper, sulphur and arsenic, so that the ingot produced shows remarkable mechanical properties, and is regarded as the best copper in the world.

This region has had extreme variations in prosperity, such as are usually regarded as belonging only to the mining of gold

and silver. Its presence in this region has been known ever since the first white man penetrated the wilds of the country. The Indians knew of it many years before. Nothing serious was attempted, however, in the way of mining, until early in the "forties," when there was a great rush to the region. Many people naturally supposed that large masses of pure copper weighing many tons, as were frequently found in the early days, must necessarily be of great value; but in this they were doomed to bitter disappointment.

It is all very well to think of a huge mass of copper, and of its great value, but, when this mass of copper is imbedded in rock, is far from the point of consumption, and, as in the early days, is in a region with poor facilities for transportation, the problem of getting it to the consumer in suitable shape for use, is a difficult one.

Having found one of these immense masses, how was it to be got out of the mine? It manifestly could not be taken out whole; it must, therefore, be divided into smaller pieces in the mine. Here is where the difficulty arose.

Owing to the tough and tenacious nature of the metal, blasting had no effect whatever upon it, firing a blast being exactly the same as firing a cannon; for the same reason it could not be broken up with picks and sledges.

Owing to the small space available in the mine, and to the difficulty of getting power there, it was not easy to construct any sort of a machine for sawing the copper into pieces, although many were attempted, and, in later years, some of these might have proved successful but for the uncertainty as to the outline of the mass of copper; that is, the apparatus might be working very smoothly and successfully, when suddenly it would pass through the metallic copper and strike the much harder rock, or it might strike a piece of rock imbedded in the copper; in either case the result was sure to be disastrous to the machinery.

Many experiments were made, and vast sums of money expended in the attempt to extract copper at small expense, but there was only one way that proved at all successful in getting it out, and that was very expensive and laborious. It was simply to cut the material by hand power into blocks of convenient shape and size for handling. One workman held a cutting chisel while two others struck it with sledges. The toughness of the metal, resulting from its very purity, prevented the chisel from making more than a very slight advance at each blow of the sledge. The daily advance of the three men in cutting a narrow channel through the copper, was necessarily small. In this way many months were consumed in cutting up one of these masses of copper, and the expense for

labor was so great that when it was taken out, it had cost nearly as much, if not more, than it was worth.

Again, at that day there were no furnaces for working this material into merchantable shapes, so that, on the whole, the early days of the Lake Superior region were not remarkably prosperous.

After the disappointment resulting from the attempts to extract the large masses, had somewhat subsided, more and more attention was turned towards the utilization of the other ores of the region.

These ores had been looked upon with little favor, as the copper occurs in small particles scattered through a large amount of rock material. This occurrence being almost unknown, no experience had been obtained in utilizing it. The pioneers had to do their own experimenting. This they accomplished so successfully that, until very recently, the Lake Superior copper mining has been looked upon as one of the most solid and substantial industries of the country.

At the present time, however, the prospect for the lake mines is not so cheerful, owing to the discovery, farther west, of large bodies of very rich ores which can be easily mined and smelted. The large mines of this region are the best illustration of mining in this country. They are all provided with first-class machinery on the surface for hoisting the material, with compress plants for supplying compressed air to run the drills in the mines, and with every other requisite for carrying on a large mining industry successfully and economically.

The ore consists of rock through which is disseminated free copper in particles varying in size from those that are microscopic up to masses as large as as can be conveniently taken out of the mine. These large masses are now, however, quite rare. The ore is sorted in the rock house, by separating the pieces of copper too large to be sent to the stamps, and packing them in barrels; this material is known as barrel work. The remainder of the ore is called stamp work, and is sent to the stamp house where the material is fed to the stamps and crushed.

The ore being confined in a suitable mortar, the stamps are allowed to fall upon it until it is crushed fine enough to pass through a sieve in the front of the mortar; a stream of water is kept running through the mortar that carries off the material as soon as it becomes fine enough; thence it is carried to the jigs; in these the material is kept agitated in running water, and the motion is so regulated that the copper, on account of its greater specific gravity, settles to the bottom, while the lighter rock material floats away. In this stamp ore, there are frequently masses of copper too large to pass the sieve; these are allowed to remain in the mortar until a considerable amount has accumulated, when the stamp is stopped, and they are shoveled out.

The copper from the jigs is divided into several sizes in the process of separation, the coarsest size is now nearly pure copper, but, as the sizes decrease, the percentage of foreign material increases.

This process of concentrating the copper is carried on at a very small expense, which is greatly lessened by the large amount of material treated, some mills crushing as much as one hundred and seventy-five thousand tons of ore in a year. The process has been so systematized and improved, that, until quite recently, some of the soft amygdaloid ores containing less than one per cent of copper, have been successfully treated at a small profit, while the general average of this character of ore is scarcely two per cent. The principal amygdaloid mines are the Atlantic, Quincy, Franklin, Osceola, and Pervabic.

Besides these amygdaloid mines, there is another class of mines which, however, contains only a few members; these are known as conglomerate mines. In these the ore is a hard, ferruginous conglomerate of pebbles of varying sizes, with

copper scattered through. This material is much harder to crush than the amygdaloid ore, and the waste is far greater; in fact, the tailings thrown away from the jigs frequently contain as much as one per cent of copper; this, however, is more than compensated for by the greater richness of the ore, as it carries from four to six per cent of copper. The celebrated Calumet and Hecla mines are of this class.

Having concentrated the copper thus far in the stamp mill, the process of converting it into ingot copper is very simple. A charge is made up in a reverberating furnace, of a suitable mixture of the various sizes of the material; this is then melted, and the melted rock material drawn off from the surface of the metal.

As the ore contains no sulphur or arsenic, the difficulty of their removal is obviated. It contains, however, a considerable percentage of iron, which has been introduced by the wearing away of the stamps and mortars. The bath is, therefore, submitted to an oxidizing process for a short time to remove this iron. The metal is then refined to ingot copper.

"Best Selected Lake," as these ingots are known in commerce, deservedly occupies a very high position. On account of its remarkable mechanical properties which are due to its great purity, it generally commands one to one and a half cents more per pound than any other copper. The only impurities it contains are a very small amount of silver which is found associated with the copper in the metallic state, and the last traces of oxygen, which the refining does not remove. The product of the Lake Superior mines has reached a total of over four hundred thousand tons of ingot copper.

The price this copper has commanded in the market, has varied greatly, being in 1865 fifty-five cents a pound, while at the present time it brings only eleven cents a pound; this variation in price has been due partly to general causes, but the present very low price is mainly due to the low price at which copper can be produced from the ores of the two remaining regions to be described.

Passing to the western region, we find most remarkable deposits of copper ore near the city of Butte, Montana. The deposits here are confined to one moderate sized hill, while the ore occurs in immense veins, presenting few or no difficulties in its mining, except those incident to all mining in a country so cold, and where there is such a scarcity of timber. Being of exceptional richness, the cost of the copper produced is very small.

The ores of this region vary in composition from a nearly pure sulphide of copper, chalcocite, to the double sulphide of copper and iron, bornite. As these ores frequently contain free silver in large but thin plates, cabinet specimens are very handsome.

The quality of the ingot copper produced from these ores, is not high grade, owing to the fact that the ores contain a considerable amount of arsenic, which is somewhat difficult of removal, and, if allowed to remain in the metal, injures the mechanical properties of the copper for most purposes. On the other hand, all the ores carry more or less silver, which adds greatly to their value. The silver in these ores has played a very important part in the development of the mines, for the reason that in the upper portion of the veins, it constituted the principal value, and nearly all the large mines,—that are now wrought for copper—were originally opened as silver mines, and some of them proved quite successful as such.

The region is as yet in its infancy, the mines having been in operation only a few years, yet, in 1884, they made the remarkable output of forty million pounds of copper. They have not reached any considerable depth at the present time, and there has been no necessity to provide heavy or expensive machinery, or to make extensive improvements under ground.

Considerable ore has been rich enough, as mined, to be shipped to England for treatment, but the lower grade of ores is subjected to a partial treatment on the ground, by which a

matte, carrying about sixty-five per cent of copper, is produced at one fusion.

Owing to the scarcity of fuel and the general expensiveness of the region, it is not economical to carry the process of manufacture any farther than this one fusion at Butte; so the matte is shipped away for further treatment. Much of it is sent to Swansea, in Wales, while a small portion of it is refined at some of the works on the Atlantic coast. The principal mine of this region is the Anaconda, and it is held largely responsible for the present low price of copper. The first shipment of ore from this mine was a lot of eight thousand tons which averaged fifty-five per cent in its content of copper.

Passing now away to the southward of Butte, in the territories of Arizona and New Mexico, we find large deposits of copper which are as remarkable as those of Butte, although in a different way. The deposits here are scattered over a considerable extent of territory, some of them being at long distances from any railroad. The ore occurs in immense caves that have been washed out of the limestone of the country, and the process of mining it is the simplest possible, much of it being quarried out from open cuts just as limestone is quarried for lime burning; the material is considerably softer than limestone, and the expense of extracting it is quite small.

The ore consists of the various oxidized copper minerals; the red oxide, cuprite; the blue carbonate, azurite; the green carbonate, malachite; and possibly silicates; while occasionally native copper is also found. These copper minerals are for the most part scattered through a large mass of foreign material, mainly oxide of iron, so that the general average of the ore in copper is not very high, being only from ten to fifteen per cent. At times, however, the most magnificent specimens of azurite and malachite, running very high in copper, have been obtained. Before the discovery of these mines, azurite was a somewhat rare mineral, fine specimens being found only at one locality, Chessy, France. Although malachite was not as rare, yet beautiful specimens were not common. In this region, however, many tons of both azurite and malachite, that a few years ago would have been treasured as the most showy part of mineral collections, have been smelted simply for the copper they contained.

The ores contain only a trifling amount of sulphur and practically no arsenic, neither do they contain any appreciable amount of silver, so that the extraction of the metal is as simple as the mining of the ore. There is no roasting or matting of the material to remove sulphur, but the ore with a proper amount of limestone for flux, is smelted in water-jacketed shaft furnaces, which produce at one operation, a pig copper containing over ninety-seven per cent copper. It will thus be seen that the whole process, from beginning to end, is very simple, and, were it not for the high cost of everything in this region, the expense of producing the copper would be very small indeed. As it is, the discovery and smelting of these rich oxidized ores, formed the beginning of the present decline in copper, which has been kept up by the richer but more refractory ores of Butte, so that now ordinary grades of copper scarcely command ten cents per pound, a price that a few years ago would have been considered impossible.

As illustrating the high costs of this region, it may be stated that coke for smelting purposes, costs at Globe, Arizona, sixty-five dollars a ton. As a matter of course, no attempt can be made to refine the pig copper in Arizona, so it is shipped away for that purpose, and a considerable amount of it is refined at works on the Atlantic coast. Some of the prominent mines of the region are the Detroit Company's mines, the Old Dominion and the Copper Queen.

These four regions produce nearly all the copper of this country; but there are a few other isolated localities which produce small amounts, and there are other known deposits which cannot be wrought on account of the present low price of

the metal. Besides these, there are several works in the western section of the country, treating ores of gold and silver, which also carry copper. In some cases the copper of these ores is thrown away, while in others it is partially or wholly saved, but it is looked upon in the light of a by-product, and the total production from this source is inconsiderable.

The earliest mention of an attempt at copper mining in this country, is in 1709, when a company was started to work a mine at Simsbury, Connecticut. Up to 1845, however, the total product of the country is estimated at one hundred long tons, but from that time on, the production gradually increased for many years, until it was suddenly swelled by the immense output of the Arizona and Butte mines. The product for 1884 was about sixty-four thousand long tons.

The consumption of copper during 1884 was about thirty-two thousand long tons, so that a market for half the production must be found abroad. This has had a very serious effect upon the copper markets of the world, and the production here is watched with great interest by all consumers. It is a very creditable showing for the resources of the country that in the short space of forty years, it has grown from the position of a non-producer, to one in which it can dictate what all the world shall pay for its copper.

The characteristics which especially distinguish copper from the other metals and determine its wide field of application are its bright warm color, its softness combined with ductility and tenacity, and its high power of conductivity, both electrical and thermal. The ingot copper of commerce varies in purity from that of "The Lake," which contains but very slight impurity, to ninety-nine per cent copper. All the best grades, however, contain about 99.75 per cent copper. The impurity consists of very small amounts of many things originally present in the ore, the last traces of which it is very difficult or impossible to remove, together with a small amount of oxygen which it is not desirable to remove. It is unfortunate that it is so difficult to remove these last traces of foreign metals as the mechanical properties of the copper are very much influenced by these exceedingly small impurities; in fact, no other metal, with the possible exception of iron, is so much influenced from this cause.

On account of its high conductivity, large amounts of copper are used for electric conductors, but this property is the one most affected by the impurities in the metal, as very small amounts of certain things will reduce the conductivity by one-half. On this account it was formerly thought that only "Lake" copper could be used for this purpose, but very pure metal is now made from other crude materials which make very good conductors.

Another characteristic of the metal which promotes its use for this purpose, is its great ductility, which not only permits the drawing of ordinary round wire with the greatest facility, but also allows the manufacture of conductors of any desired size or shape. In this day of the wide application of electricity, the use of copper for this purpose can be seen on every hand and it is not surprising that it should consume enormous quantities of the metal. The softness and ductility of the metal permit its being formed into even very intricate shapes with ease, and this, with its resistance to ordinary chemical action, eminently fits it for the manufacture of apparatus for use in many industrial operations, such as boilers, vats, pipes, and condensers; for this purpose considerable amounts are used.

Formerly a large amount of copper found direct application in a large variety of other ways, but as the art of manufacturing alloys has developed, the use of copper for many purposes has been gradually, in part or wholly, replaced by alloys in which it forms a chief constituent, so that now, its use is confined to such purposes as it is especially fitted for by its ductility, malleability, toughness, and conductivity; on this account not more than one-third of the consumption of copper finds direct application in the form of the metal, the remainder being con-

sumed in the manufacture of these many alloys which find wide and varied application.

In a large majority of cases these alloys are just as well adapted to these uses as the pure metal would be, while for many purposes they are far better, as they are generally harder and sometimes stronger; they also find many applications for which the pure metal is unsuited, this is especially so in the manufacture of castings, as there are several difficulties in the way of making good serviceable castings of copper. At the same time the admixture of a cheaper metal with the copper reduces the cost to a considerable degree. A most excellent illustration of this substitution of an alloy for the pure metal, is found in the sheathing of vessels; for this purpose enormous quantities of sheet copper were formerly used, but now the alloy known as Muntz sheathing metal has almost completely taken its place. This alloy is a brass containing about sixty per cent of copper.

The most familiar alloys of copper are the coins, it being used in those of high value to impart hardness to the gold and silver, while in those of small value it is itself hardened by an admixture of nickel in order to fit them better for constant use. By far the most important copper alloys are the brasses of various compositions and colors.

Brass is an alloy of copper and zinc to which, at times, small amounts of other metals are added for special purposes. The

varying relationships between the copper and zinc, impart to the series of brasses characteristics which adapt it to a large variety of uses, and from this series may be selected members which are adapted to special uses, while a very few can be used for a variety of purposes. Thus one brass is for wire drawing and kindred uses, another for stamping, another for spinning, another for casting, while still another can be worked into any desired shape, whether it be hot or cold, a very desirable quality.

The color of the brasses varies with the composition, while the natural color is sometimes changed by the use of chemicals; for ornamental purposes these colors are quite useful, especially as they may be made to closely approach some of the fancy colors of the precious metals which at times become fashionable.

On account of the great stretch of time through which they have been known and manufactured, the bronzes form a most interesting series of alloys. Bronzes are mainly alloys of copper with tin to which sometimes other metals are added, especially zinc in small amounts. The use of bronze is much more restricted than brass, and the different varieties are more sharply divided as to their special applications.

Besides these alloys, in which copper is the principal metal, there are many alloys, some of them of limited application, however, to which it is added in smaller quantities to impart certain characteristics, especially strength and hardness.

GENERAL GORDON.

BY PROF. W. G. WILLIAMS, A.M.

Neither the age of romance nor of heroism has departed. The story of the life of General Gordon reads like a production from the romancer's pen. The scenes and characters of Walter Scott, or even the history of Prince Arthur and his Knights of The Round Table, do not more abound in the romantic than the life of this man of our own century. The biography by Mr. Hake is now supplemented by the publication of the journals kept during the siege of Kartoum,* the revelations and incidents of which must greatly augment the interest already felt in this singular career. Many will be almost tempted to say that it is a copy from some hero of fiction.

Gordon was of English birth, of soldier ancestry, and was sent to Woolwich to be educated for the family profession of arms. As if to increase the surprise of his after-career and achievements, this period of his youth instead of giving promise, appears to have been extremely disappointing. Feeble of body, impetuous of temper, and by no means distinguished for his application to study, he did not win golden opinions from the teachers at Woolwich. A superior in the military school said to him: "You are incompetent, you will never make an officer." But follow this unpromising beginning and see how the romantic tale unravels. At the age of nineteen he is made an officer of engineers, and goes to fight Her Majesty's battles in the Crimean War. A mere youth he witnesses the horrors and shares the sufferings of the siege of Sebastopol, and so reports himself that at the end he receives the French order of the Legion of Honor.

Could romance-writer mark out a more improbable path for his hero than that which now leads this young soldier to China? Sent thither by the government on civil business, he arrives just at the time of the famous Tai-ping rebellion. This uprising was the work of another Mahomet who proclaimed that he had seen God, and had been called by Him the Second Celestial Brother. Under the impetus of religious fanaticism, it had already assumed the proportions of a revolt. Instead of

devoting himself to the survey of boundaries, his first mission, Gordon finds himself in command of the Ever-Victorious Army with the task on his hands of putting down a rebellion which was threatening the Celestial Empire. His romantic fortunes attended him everywhere in China. Under his leadership the Ever-Victorious Army was true to the name it bore. After a campaign of numerous and hard fought battles, the rebellion was quelled, and peace and safety secured. Henceforth Gordon, ever after known as "Chinese" Gordon, was first in the confidence and esteem of the Chinese government and people. Nor need we wonder at this when we remember not only his military success but his personal conduct during the war. In all his battles in China, he was much exposed, often finding it necessary to stand in the front rank and lead the charge in person. When his officers would hang back, he would seize one of them by the arm and draw him into the thick of the fire. His life seemed to be a charmed one. Though foremost in the breach, he carried no weapon save a small cane which the Chinese superstition regarded as "Gordon's magic wand of victory." Such was his career and its results in China.

The next chapter is in strong contrast with the preceding. It is located at Gravesend, England. Here the man of honors and renown from the Chinese war, spends six quiet years as commander of Royal Engineers. Nothing could be more unwarlike or unlike the man of war than his life at Gravesend. Though in the service of Her Majesty, he seemed to think more of the service of God to whom he always gave supreme allegiance. The people of this English town never tire to this day of telling how during his residence there he went about everywhere as the "good Samaritan," visiting the sick, reading the Bible, and praying with the dying, teaching in the ragged schools, helping the needy in every form of distress and suffering. Without ostentation but with the simplicity of genuine manhood, he kept his constant round as help-giver, withholding nothing in the cause of charity of his own salary. They tell that in those days the boys of the ragged-schools persisted in bearing their testimony to him by chalking on the walls and fences of the town such sentences as, "Kernel G. is a jolly good

*General Gordon's Journal at Kartoum.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

feller," "God bless the Kernel," "God bless our dear teacher," and others of like nature. Nothing could have been more congenial to Gordon than this life at Gravesend. He declared that it satisfied at once his heart and his ambition. But the call was on the way, which led him into the darkness and turmoils of the Soudan. He accepted it as his divinely appointed destiny and work.

The historian of the past records some strange so-called coincidences. When the time comes that the history of Africa is written, it will probably call that a coincidence which was clearly in the hands of Providence. On January, 28, 1874, came the news of the death of Livingstone, bringing sorrow to men's hearts the world over. Good men everywhere prayed that another might be found who would take up the cause of the misery-stricken tribes of Africa, and be their friend as the dead explorer and philanthropist had been. It has been told that the body of Livingstone was found dead in the attitude of prayer at Ilala. At that very hour when the report reached England, the prayers of the dead and the living were having their answer; for while the world was in mourning for the fallen hero, Charles Gordon was quietly, unknown to the public, taking his leave for Africa.

We shall not here trace the consecutive narrative through those years of toil and struggle in the Soudan. There are many chapters of painful disappointment, and there are times of highest joy and satisfaction as he realizes himself the means of breaking the fetters of the wretched slave. Gordon has been called a hero. He was vastly more than the hero of animal courage or vulgar achievement. His heroism was on the high plane of the ethics and faith of Jesus the Christ. It is for this more than for all else that he is to be remembered. The nineteenth century has borrowed Diogenes' lamp, and is eagerly on the lookout for high manhood. The heroism of Napoleon or Alexander is doomed to become as obsolete as that of Theseus or Hercules. Gordon will be written in history as the conqueror in China, it will be told how he planned and executed the Soudan campaigns, what toilsome marches he made across sandy deserts amid dangers great as ever beset man before, his hair-breadth escapes and personal bravery,—these alone will give him a seat in the temple of history; but that which crowns his life and will give lastingness to his fame, is the high motive which swayed him in absolute obedience from first to last. Hero he was, but his was Christian heroism. Soldier he was, but he sought the service of God. Brilliant and successful in leadership and applauded for his achievements, he seemed unconscious of it all, and thought of himself and deported himself as the lowliest of the followers of Jesus. It is in the light and from the standpoint of these high qualities of his character that we are now to consider him. We need only turn to the Soudan experiences and his journals for ample illustration.

It will be remembered that Gordon accepted the invitation of the Khedive of Egypt to enter his service, solely, that he might lessen if not destroy the horrible and prevalent traffic in slaves. The absence of any selfish consideration is shown in the beginning. The Khedive offered him ten thousand pounds yearly salary for his services. He estimates his necessary expenses at two thousand, refuses the rest, but stipulates that the government shall support him in the attempt to suppress the slave traffic to the utmost of its power. The slave-trader is the demon of Africa. His path is everywhere vocal with the cries of anguish and the groans of his heart-broken victims. At that time the business of these traffickers in human-kind flourished as never before. They were numerically great as an army, and so strong in power as to defy the government at Cairo. It needed not alone the heart of sympathy but of heroic courage to undertake the task of their overthrow. What then must have been Gordon's disappointment when he perceived the half-heartedness of the cooperation given him. His heart sank when he saw that the government connived at the traffic, and debased itself by indirectly sharing its profits. To use

his own words he felt that he had been "humbugged" by the Egyptian government, that its professions were a "sham." Yet once on the ground he would not retreat. The human heart of sympathy was so stirred by the cruel scenes he witnessed that he struggled on to do what he might to mitigate if he could not destroy. The correspondence of this time exhibits not alone his sadness and disappointment, but often the tenderness of a woman and always the devotion of one who cared only for the behests of duty. Of a poor, dying woman who had escaped from her slavery and with her infant struggled into camp, he writes: "There now she lies. I cannot help hoping that she is floating down to a haven of rest. What a change for her misery! I suppose she has filled her place in life as well as Queen Elizabeth. The babe is taken care of by another family. I dare say you will see—in fact I feel sure you will see—your black sister some day and she will tell you all about it, and how infinite wisdom directed the whole affair. I know this is a tough morsel to believe *but it is true*. I prefer life amidst sorrows, if those sorrows are inevitable, to a life spent in inaction."

After two years of effort to put an end to slave stealing, he writes: "I feel, nevertheless, that I have a mission here. My men and officers like my justice and candor, and they see that I am not a tyrant. I care for their marches, their wants, and food, and protect their women and boys if they ill-treat them. I am but a chisel which cuts the wood—the carpenter directs it."

Many of the men to whom he here alludes were ex-slaves whom he had wrested from the hand of the slave-trader. What pained him often was to see how slow these miserable people were to understand the idea of freedom. The very men who had been slaves themselves, would often when liberated turn slave stealers, and assist the trader in his cruel pursuit. Gordon almost despaired as the true condition of affairs dawned upon him. He saw that slavery was not only in the history of Africa, but in the blood and soil as well. He came to understand that its overthrow meant radical changes in every direction. Yet he kept on with the burden of this cause upon his heart till he crowned his life of self-sacrifice with the hero's death. As he was leaving London for the last time to go not only to toil for, but to die with these unhappy people, he said: "I would give my life for these poor people of the Soudan. How can I help feeling for them? All the time I was there, every night I used to pray that God would lay upon me the burden of their sins, and crush me with it instead of these poor sheep. I really wished it and longed for it." Strange indeed if such a prayer has not had, and is not yet more to have, its answer.

It is not to be wondered at that this man has sometimes been called a fatalist. So steadily he went forward, careless of personal danger and confident of protection that many thought it fatalism. The query and wonder ought to be, however, why men professing faith and trust in God and His promises, do not always act thus.

Gordon said: "If we could believe it, we are as safe in the fiercest battle as in a drawing room in London." And again: "During our blockade we have often discussed the question of being frightened, which in the world's view a man should never be. For my part, I am always frightened, and very much so. I fear the future of all engagements. It is not the fear of death, that is past, thank God; but I fear defeat and its consequences." (Journal, page 18.)

To a correspondent he writes:

"How wonderfully God works in all these matters. I am trying, in firm belief, if God will not suffice for me in this world without external things. He ought to be able to fill our little cups as He fills all the earth. It is the giving up all, we shrink from." And in the same vein, from Kartoum, March 3, 1884: "I am learning to submit my will to His with the thought that. He never promised us comfort or success in the things of this.

life. He promised us tribulation here, and peace in Him; therefore He is still faithful; if things do not work out on this earth as we in our foolishness would have them, may He be glorified, and may His will be ours." Who uttered these things was not fatalist, nor had he tinge of fatalism.

This faith so confident and literal, cleaving always to the Scripture text, had in it, however, nothing of narrowness or intolerance. In the midst of Islam, he recognized the good and divine even in that low form of religious faith. Witness the following: "I am sure it is unknown to the generality of our missionaries in Muslim countries, that in the Koran no imputation of sin is made on our Lord. Neither is it hinted that He had need of pardon, and, further, no Muslim can deny that the Father of our Lord was God, and that He was incarnated by a miracle. Our bishops content themselves with its being a false religion, but it is a false religion professed by millions on millions of our fellow creatures. The Muslims do not say Mahomet was without sin, the Koran often acknowledges that he erred, but no Muslim will say '*Jesus sinned*.' As far as self-sacrifice of the body, they are far above Roman Catholics, and consequently above Protestants. The God of the Muslims is *our* God. And they do not believe that Mahomet exercises any mediatorial office for them. They believe they will stand and fall by their own deeds; in fact, they are as much under the law as the Jews." (Journal, pages 17, 18.)

There is a side to Gordon's nature, revealed in the journals, which has not until now been known to the public. It is a relief to turn away from the tragic in his life, and discover that he had a large element of the humorous. He has been pictured as grave and sad; as one whose mission weighed him down as a heavy and sorrowful load. But these pages show us a man with not only a deep vein of humor, but ready to practice his wit upon the inconsistencies and foibles of those with whom he had to deal. "An escaped soldier," he writes, "came in from the Arabs—no news. He was so dreadfully itchy I could not keep my patience, or keep him in my room. He saw himself in the mirror and asked who it was; said he did not know; and really, he did not seem to know. It stands to reason that in countries where there are no mirrors, everyone must be a complete stranger to himself, and would need an introduction."

Referring to the probable refusal of the tribes to sell him grain for his men, he moralizes thus: "The stomach governs the world, and it was the stomach (a despised organ) which caused our misery from the beginning. It is wonderful that the ventral tube in man governs in small and great things."

His humor is a sort of safety-valve by which he can keep cheer in his heart, even when things are going the worst. When his men are deserting and proving treacherous he writes: "Man is essentially a treacherous animal; and although the Psalmist said in *his haste* 'all men are liars,' I think he might have said the same at his leisure."

The humor merges into sarcasm when he speaks of the Mahdi's trick of bringing tears to his eyes by putting pepper under his finger nails, and, as tears are considered conclusive proof of sincerity, he recommends the method to cabinet ministers who wish to vindicate some piece of jobbery.

We find this record in the Journal when the long-protracted tragedy at Kartoum was near its close. "Query, who are the rebels, *we or the Arabs*? To-day is the 26th day we have been more or less shut up. Delightful life! I wonder what Azotus [Ashdod] felt with its twenty-nine year's blockade?"

When all hope of timely relief was about gone, he thus blends

satire with good-natured humor to illustrate the martinet and dilatory conduct of the English government through its representative in Egypt: "I am sure I should like that fellow; there is a big-hearted jocularity about his communications, and I should think the cares of life sit easily on him. He wishes to know exactly 'day, hour, and minute' that I expect to be in difficulties as to provisions and ammunition. Now I really think if he was to turn over the 'archives' (a delicious word of his office) he could see we had been in difficulties for provisions for some months. It is a man on the bank, having seen his friend in the river already bobbed down two or three times, hails, 'I say, old fellow, let us know when we are to throw you the life-buoy; I know you have bobbed down two or three times, but it is a pity to throw you the life-buoy until you are really in *extremis*, and I want to know *exactly*, for I am a man brought up in a school of exactitude, though I did *forget(?)* to date my June telegram about that Bedouin escort contract.'" Thus do his frequent ripples of humor relieve a sadness which by the darkness and hopelessness of the situation, would otherwise be oppressive to the reader.

But the tragedy of Kartoum so long-drawn-out, approaches the end. El Mahdi with his fanatic hordes draws nearer, and finally all communication with the besieged city is cut off. An army is on the way to rescue, but alas! too late. It is not ours here to discuss the fault and responsibility of the Gladstone government. The world has rendered the verdict "guilty" and the Premier's recent manifesto confesses its truth and justice. That which most impresses the reader at this stage of the record, is not so much Gordon's daily account of events in the beleaguered city, as it is the high, sublime sense of honor which held him to his post in the face of certain death. The world ought to know that up to a late hour in the Kartoum situation, Gordon himself, if he had chosen, could have escaped. The ministry have sought to find apology for themselves in this fact. But they are denied this refuge. They must have known their man better than to suppose that he would purchase even his own life with dishonor. He who wrote, "It is better to fail with clean hands than to be mixed up with dubious acts and dubious men. It is better to fall with honor than to gain victory with dishonor," was the last who could abandon his comrades in danger, or the cause dearer than life. So entirely did he sink personal safety out of sight that it annoyed him to think they proposed by the relief expedition to make "a rescued lamb" of him. "I altogether *decline* the imputation that the projected expedition is coming to *relieve me*. It is to *SAVE OUR NATIONAL HONOR*. As for myself I could make good my retreat at any moment if I wished." And in the same strain is the Journal's last record, dated December 14: "Now *mark this*, if the expeditionary force does not come in ten days, *the town may fall*; I have done my best for the honor of our country. Good bye." To his sister, on this same day, he writes: "God rules all; and as God will rule to His glory and our welfare, His will be done. I am quite happy, and, like Lawrence, have tried to do my duty."

Then followed days which grew into weeks of silence and suspense; then came the tidings that Kartoum had fallen, Gordon was dead, and the garrison massacred. All this is recent and still fresh in memory. It is not too much to say that the picture of that lonely Englishman dying in the midst of the black, benighted people whom he loved more than life, is one not soon to be forgotten. The age of chivalry comes back again in such a life. It is a career which awakens not alone the sympathy and admiration of his countrymen, but of the world.

OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READINGS FOR NOVEMBER.

First Week (ending November 8.)

1. "Preparatory Latin Course," from page 101 to page 123.
2. "A Day in Ancient Rome" from page 5 to page 26.
3. "How the Old World Became the New."

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

4. "How to Live." THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
5. Sunday Reading for November 1. THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Second Week (ending November 15.)

1. "Preparatory Latin Course," from page 123 to page 146.
2. "A Day in Ancient Rome," from page 26 to page 50.
3. "Modern Italy." THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
4. "Electricity." THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

5. Sunday Reading for November 8. THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Third Week (ending November 23.)

1. "Preparatory Latin Course," from page 146 to page 167.
2. "A Day in Ancient Rome," from page 50 to page 72.
3. "Roman and Italian Art." THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
4. Sunday Reading for November 15. THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

Fourth Week (ending November 30.)

1. "Preparatory Latin Course," from page 167 to page 194.
2. "A Day in Ancient Rome," from page 72 to page 96.
3. "Italian Biographies." THE CHAUTAUQUAN.
4. Sunday Reading for November 22 and 29.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

FIRST WEEK IN NOVEMBER.

BRYANT DAY—NOVEMBER 3.

"Whose words took all ears captive."

1. Selections: "Italy," "The Ruins of Italica," "Dante."

—Bryant's Poems.

2. Essay: The Personal History of Bryant.
3. Anecdotes relating to Bryant, told by different members.

Music.

4. Paper: The Distinctive Characteristics of Bryant's Poetry.
5. Reading: "The Little People of the Snow."

—Bryant's Poems.

(This might be given in character and with tableaux.)

Music.

6. Sketch: New England Manners and Customs in the Time of Bryant's Early Life.

(Illustrated, if desirable, by stories from Mrs. Stowe's "Old Town Folks.")

7. Recitation: "Bryant on his Birthday."—Whittier's Poems.
8. Reading: The sketch of Bryant, found in Whipple's "Literature and Life."

SECOND WEEK IN NOVEMBER.

1. Review Lesson: The Punic Wars.
2. Sketch: The Life of Hannibal.
3. Paper: The Alps.—How Crossed in Ancient and in Modern Times.
4. Selection: "Virginia."—Macaulay's Lays.
5. Essay: The Rome of To-day.
6. Recitation: "Mithridates at Chios."—Whittier's Poems.
7. Book Review: George Eliot's "Romola."
8. Table Talk. How to Live.

Music.

THIRD WEEK IN NOVEMBER.

1. Roll call, for answers to questions propounded at previous meeting.
2. Review: Events in Roman History occurring between 123 and 63 B. C.
3. Character Sketch: Sulla. (See "Plutarch's Lives.")
4. Paper: The Gladiators. With brief History of Spartacus.

D-nov

Music.

5. Selections: "The Palace of Art." By Tennyson. "Giotto's Tower." By Longfellow. "The Pipes at Lucknow." By Whittier. "Example of Faithfulness." By Gerald Massey.
6. Conversazione: The Current Affairs in your State.
7. Experiments in Electricity.—From THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

FOURTH WEEK IN NOVEMBER.

1. Character Sketch: Julius Caesar. (See Froude's "Caesar.")
2. Paper: Caesar's Foreign Wars, and his Object in Prosecuting them.
3. Table Talk. The First Triumvirate.
4. Selections: The Death of Caesar, as found in the sketch of Caesar in "Plutarch's Lives." "Divina Comedia," "Beatrice," "Dante." By Longfellow.

Music.

5. Essay: Comparison of the Roman and American Republics.
6. Recitation: "The Present."—Adelaide Proctor's Poems.
7. Quiz on the month's Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

If preferred, one evening each month might be given up to "A Tourist's Party." Maps should be procured, both those of the country and the cities; routes of travel traced; and all celebrated buildings, ruins, and places of interest carefully located. An evening given in this way to each of such places as the following: Rome, Venice, Florence, Siena, Pisa, Milan, the Ruins of Pompeii, and so forth, would be found most profitable. Another feature adding interest as well as great profit, would be the searching out the records of eminent literary characters who have made these tours *in propria persona*, and reading the impressions produced on them. Appleton's "Traveler's Guide Book" will be found invaluable for such exercises. Study of this kind would afford the best possible preparation for a trip abroad.

We append a few hints for tableaux which have been borrowed from "American Girl's Home Book of Work and Play," by Helen Campbell. A stage raised from the floor is of course most desirable; but, where this cannot be, a parlor with folding doors is next best. (The frame-work of the doors can be made to answer very nicely for the frame of pictures). For artistic tableaux a frame is the first essential, which can be easily made of four pieces of wood an inch thick and a foot in width, neatly joined at the corners. Over the entire open space fasten a coarse black lace, or, perhaps, black tarlatan is better, through which all the tableaux must be seen. This helps perfect the illusion, and renders the whole scene a veritable picture. The frame should be covered with glazed cambric, bright yellow in color, which is drawn tightly over the wood. At regular intervals fasten large full rosettes to the cambric. It is a great improvement to carry a narrow strip of black all round the inner and outer edges of the frame. Upon the inside of the frame fasten curtains of different colored gauze,—blue for ghostly scenes, and rose-color for fairy scenes, and so forth. The drop curtain (or double curtains which by means of strings can easily be drawn aside, are better as they obviate the necessity of having the feet of the pictures appear first), should be hung about two feet from the frame on the inside.

The frame now being ready, stretch across the sides of the stage and background dark gray or brown muslin or woollen cloth, so as to shut out all objects behind the frame. Carpet and background should be of woollen goods or of unglazed cotton. Any material which will shine in a strong light will ruin the effect of a tableau.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."—"Let us keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."—"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

1. OPENING DAY—October 1.
2. BRYANT DAY—November 3.
3. SPECIAL SUNDAY—November, second Sunday.
4. MILTON DAY—December 9.
5. COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
6. SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
7. FOUNDER'S DAY—February 23.
8. LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.
9. SHAKSPEARE DAY—April 23.
10. ADDISON DAY—May 1.

11. SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
12. SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
13. INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of C. L. S. C. at Chautauqua.
14. ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday; anniversary of the dedication of St. Paul's Grove at Chautauqua.
15. COMMENCEMENT DAY—August, third Tuesday.
16. GARFIELD DAY—September 19.

One of the most joyful experiences of college life is the fall reunion. Are there ever in life such jubilant greetings, such hearty hand-clasps, such delightful visits? Back again! There is a heart full of gladness and rare, true fellowship in the thought it awakens. Must we of the Home College miss all this pleasure because no college hall is open for us? By no means. The ample halls of THE CHAUTAUQUAN are open to every local circle in the land. Four or five pages each month are devoted here to merely visiting purposes. The space is yours. Enter and take possession. It is both a privilege and a duty to be sociable. Every other circle needs the influence of your example, the good cheer of your presence, the help of your suggestions. Your loyalty to the work, and your sympathy with your fellow-students call upon you to put your best thoughts and plans about local circle work where they will be of use to all. You alone can make these columns a success, for it is your life alone that they reflect.

At this writing, September 25, it is too early to expect many reports of new circles. But even at this date, the signs show how eagerly the work is being started. At SUGAR GROVE, PA., a new circle was organized on September 1, and officers elected. The Blue Hill Circle, of RANDOLPH, MASS., starts on its way with eighteen names on its roll, and "others are ready to add theirs;" and from HEMPSTED, TEXAS, comes an announcement of fourteen members united for the first time for a year's study. The circles disbanded for the summer vacation are returning to duty. Reunions are nightly. "Where shall we meet?", "Who shall be our leader?", "What is the best plan for studying?", are the topics of discussion among Chautauquans the world over. At PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, the Rhode Island Union, of which we heard often last year, gathered on September 18, Garfield Day, for a general awakening from the summer's rest. Fifteen circles met at the invitation of Hope Circle, of Providence. The pretty invitations sent out announced meetings for afternoon and evening, and that delightful intermission, a "basket supper." The afternoon's exercises were in honor of Garfield, and about two hundred members were present at the session. In the evening over five hundred people gathered to listen to Prof. E. B. Andrews, of Brown University, on "The Place of Rome in History." It was a skillful move on the part of the Union's managers, to secure a brilliant speech on that subject, and then be able to say to the interested listeners, "Our studies in the C. L. S. C. this year are to be on this wonderful Rome." The good taste and good quality of the Rhode Island reunion attracted wide attention, a daily paper of Providence devoting a full column in reporting it. Such wise work must have abundant results. At CHAMBERLAIN, DAKOTA, twelve of the

members of last year's circle have had their preliminary meeting, and report a strong organization for the new year's campaign. At RICHFORD, NEW YORK, the circle of seniors has begun its work with exemplary promptness. It is evidently a happy beginning for them, for it has awakened the muse of the circle to sing:

"Ring out, O bells Chautauqua!
Thy call to work we hear,
For summer-time is over,
And October days are here.
From workshop and from kitchen,
From cottage and from hall,
Thy members gladly greet thee,
Responsive to thy call.

We hear the old-time watchword
Ring out along the lines;
Again we hear the music
Of th' sweet Chautauqua chimes.
And so we send thee greeting,
Dear friends of the present year,
Remembering as "Progressives,"
We must work and never fear."

After THE CHAUTAUQUAN for July had been issued, a large number of local circle reports came to us. The news they contain is still news, for it came from circles either never before reported, or which had some suggestive plan of work to make known. The present month's reports contain most of these; and the animation, love of study, and genuine pleasure in the work which they bespeak, will be the best kind of an incentive to new circles. The first in the heap is from a faithful worker at HONOLULU, in the HAWAIIAN ISLANDS. Her pleasant letter reads:

"Having observed the degree of interest manifested by THE CHAUTAUQUAN in collecting and disseminating items of news concerning the different sub-circles which owe fealty to, and gather inspiration from our now mighty parent circle, I take pleasure in reporting the continued prosperity of the Maile (Mi'le), located here in the metropolis of the occidental tropics. Our circle's name is taken from the fragrant and beautiful maile vine, with leis, or wreaths of which, the Hawaiians are fond of decorating themselves on festal occasions. We number seven enthusiastic members who have reaped great benefit from the prescribed course during the past year, and we expect a largely increased membership at the opening of the coming term. The interest in the C. L. S. C. course of study is extending rapidly in the islands, and promises the formation of several new circles in the near future. The coming vaca-

tion will be utilized by a party of the ladies of our circle in visiting the world-renowned volcano and the burning lake of Kilauea (Kee-law-á-a), on the Island of Hawaii, to which the late establishment of a new and easy route is attracting crowds of visitors both local and foreign. Please accept the cordial ALOHA of the 'Maile Club.'

JENNIE E. ASHFORD, President, Honolulu, H. I.

The BRANTFORD, CANADA, Circle makes a good point in the reason it gives for stopping its meetings in the last of May rather than continuing them through June. "Several of our members are too busy in June to attend, and we felt it was better to break up while there was still great interest." It takes a wise leader to know when to stop, and our Brantford friends have furnished us a text, not only suitable for the closing of the year's meetings, but which may, with fitness, be preached upon at this season with a slightly different application. Do not drag your evening meetings through a longer time than you can keep the members interested. Because you are wide-awake is not proof that everybody else is. Begin promptly, end promptly. "Break up while there is still great interest." The good program which came with the letter from Brantford, testifies that their practical common sense in managing their circle, is well aided by their literary ability.—The Acadian Circle, of YARMOUTH, NOVA SCOTIA, met for the first time on Shakspeare Day, '85. Fifteen members form the circle, and have taken, in review, the entire work of the year. The programs which they carried out in this period of "making-up," sparkle with bright points. Music and quotations introduce their meetings, black-board exercises, now on the map, now on history, again on pronunciation, follow. Their essay subjects have a practical flavor, and the "general conversation" which forms a part of each evening's work, shows that they appreciate the great help to memory and clear ideas, to be derived from talking over what they have learned.

New England did a noble work during the last year for the C. L. S. C. In how many, many of her homes might such an evening picture as this of which a friend writes, be seen: "A short time since, in a little town where I had been called to labor, a member of the C. L. S. C. invited me to her home, and in the evening of the Sabbath, with her little family, we had the Vesper Service, singing and reading from the leaflets used at Chautauqua. The mother of this family who introduced the C. L. S. C. into her home, tells me that they always keep together the sweet service, and that the C. L. S. C. with the divine influence, had done much toward leading her husband to feel the need of God in his soul and life." Very largely these home groups are outgrowths of circle work. A circle started in a locality is the center from which inspiration is received for evening study in the family circle. Hundreds of these circles reported from New England last year, and a large number of letters are before us containing news received too late for insertion in the last volume. One of the most striking of these reports is that from PORTLAND, MAINE. There were in Portland, at the close of the C. L. S. C. year, over two hundred Chautauquans; a year before there were fifty, one hundred and fifteen of the increase belong to the Longfellow Circle. At the close of the year's work, this circle had a delightful meeting of music, social song, and talk. In anticipation of this fall's work, a joint meeting of all the Chautauquans of Portland was planned, with hope that such a step might be instrumental in spreading the work.—The Pine Tree Association of Chautauquans, of Maine, had an excursion and basket picnic at LAKE MARANOCOOK, July 2. A large number of people were in attendance, and great enthusiasm prevailed. A band accompanied the excursion and enlivened the occasion with its fine music. The literary exercises consisted of addresses upon the "Chautauqua Idea," and a number of short, sprightly, after-dinner speeches. A letter from Chancellor Vincent was read, the next best thing to seeing and hearing the Chancellor himself. All voted the day a great success,

and hoped another summer might witness a meeting of all present, and many more in the same place.—A quartet of programs, chosen at random from the work of last year in the BRUNSWICK Circle, illustrates what variety and interest may be produced in informal circles by skillfully planned work. Perhaps a large share of the variety in these programs results from the habit this circle has of planning each program at the previous meeting where everybody furnishes suggestions. The points quoted may be useful.

"Longfellow Day—A costume party in which the following characters were represented: Hiawatha, Minnehaha, Old Nokomis, Evangeline, Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille, Preciosa, one of the Moravian nuns, Hannah, the housemaid, Priscilla, and John Alden.—Longfellow quotation match, fifteen minutes. Then followed exercises on the regular readings of the week.

"Shakspeare Day—Quotations from Shakspeare at roll-call.—Life of Shakspeare written by members, each taking six years of his life.—Selections from Troilus and Cressida.—Shakspeare games.

"Program for first meeting in February—Quotations from Wordsworth at roll-call.—Life of Wordsworth.—Twenty-five questions in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for February.—Each bring ten questions on the first half of Appleton's Chemistry.—Life of Cavendish, (reading).—Essays on Sir Humphrey Davy, Joseph Priestly, and Joseph Black.

"Program for last week in May—Roll-call.—Quotations from Holmes.—One hundred and fifty questions in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October and November, (review).—"Chambered Nautilus," (recitation).—Object lesson on the lobster.

A good plan was followed last year by St. Paul's Circle of MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE. To each of the thirty members, a papyrograph letter was sent out occasionally, bearing the program of a coming meeting, a few hints on preparing the work, and a cordial invitation to "come early and invite others to come." It is really a very easy thing to practice such devices, and—it pays.

Among the various gatherings, weekly, monthly, joint, closing, inaugurating, etc., etc., it would be hard to find a pleasanter one than this at YARMOUTH CAMP GROUND, MASS. A young lady who was visiting at one of the cottages, saw a copy of THE CHAUTAUQUAN lying on the veranda of a cottage, a short distance from her. She decided to call on the owner of the book without delay. On reaching the cottage, she found the owner to be a young lady from East Boston. After a very pleasant chat, they decided to invite the C. L. S. C. members in the vicinity to join them in holding a meeting. It was not a large gathering, five members only being present; but there was much enthusiasm. There were many anxious to become honorary members, hoping to find out the secret of so much apparent happiness. Chatham, East Cambridge, and Boston were represented by three of the members. Those belonging to local circles gave an outline of the way the work is carried on in their respective circles, also the help and pleasure derived from the meetings. Glowing accounts were given of the delightful meetings at the Framingham Assembly. Each member laid in a store of hints and ideas to be made use of this coming winter. It is hoped we may hear from many more impromptu meetings that have taken place this summer.—Notices of closing meetings from NEEDHAM, MEDFIELD, and NORTH CAMBRIDGE, have been received. At the first place, an annual June meeting closed the year, which was particularly successful. At Medfield, the King Philip Circle, after six months of work, closed with fifteen members; they began with six. One feature of this circle is a monthly paper to which most of the members contribute. This paper has been christened *King Philip's Tomahawk*. At North Cambridge, the members of the Longfellow Circle held their third annual picnic in celebration of the close of the year. This circle follows a plan which is becoming quite common among the classes, of publishing a monthly program, with place of meeting and ex-

ercises for each week upon it.—The Waban Circle, of WELLSLEY, is a new-comer to our columns. It was organized about one year ago, and has thrived so well during this time that we shall expect another visit from it soon. The Waban Circle conducts its meetings in the usual manner, devoting particular attention to the Memorial Days, and Vesper Services. We shall be glad to hear from many circles this year, which, like the Wellesley friends, observe the Vesper Hour regularly.

Eighteen members form the Forest City Circle, of MIDDLETOWN, CONN. The only specimen of their work which we have seen is a program for Longfellow Day; it is a good piece of work, and proves that the Forest City folks know how to do things well.—At the beginning of last June, there were thirty members in the circle of JEWETT CITY, who had been associated not quite a year. As they laid aside their work they wrote: "The readings have proved a very profitable way of occupying our time during the past winter, and we shall look forward with pleasure to the commencement of another year. At our last meeting it was voted to invite Chancellor Vincent here to deliver a lecture, with the object in view of raising funds to organize a Village Improvement Society.—Among the testimonies of fidelity on the part of leaders which admiring circles send to us sometimes, comes one from a lively circle at WEST WINSTED, whose leader has not missed an evening for two years. The admiration is not to be wondered at. It is a query with us how many circles are able to give such information.

RHODE ISLAND believes in union. Already we have noted the successful meeting of the R. I. U. at Providence, in September, now we have another item of a reunion. The Aryan Circle, of HOPE VALLEY, and Pawcatuck Circle, of CAROLINA, met at the former's invitation on Shakspeare Day for a joint performance, which proved a great success. The Aryan had at the close of last year, thirty-eight members who had been reading together for nearly a year.

The Mettowie Progressives distinguished themselves at the reunion exercises which they held at their home at GRANVILLE, NEW YORK, in July. This is the note of explanation which our invitation bore: "This is to be a *fête champêtre* at which toasts, music, and refreshments will be prominent in the entertainment. Other meetings have been for work—this is a social reunion. Bring with you a smiling countenance, bright wit, and a heart beating with enthusiasm and love for the C. L. S. C."—"We have had a Chautauqua circle in CORNING this year," so writes a friend, "and have given it a very significant name—the Invincible Pansy Circle. We have met each week for review, and conversation. I am more anxious now than ever to be connected with a circle. We find such help in mutual confidence and mutual aid. Books are so much better appreciated after reading the course. Our little circle is moving right along, and will without vacation continue invincible at least another year."—The record shows that there have been nineteen meetings of the C. L. S. C. of BATAVIA, since October last, with an average attendance of twenty-five persons. There have been forty-seven original papers prepared by this circle. The topics treated have been: "The History of Greece, its architecture, its famous men, its literature and arts;" "The Persian Wars, and accounts of famous battles;" "The use of food, and some of the manners of preparing it;" "Water and its elements;" "Language, its blunders, its uses, its improvements;" "Modern Wars, with the Heroes of To-day." Essays upon the characters and writings of Huxley, Priestly, Luther, Richard Grant White, Victor Hugo, and Lord Byron. This by no means represents the extent of the work accomplished, but will serve to attest its scope and variety.—A set of the programs for Memorial Days used last year at LANCASTER, is before us. There is a wonderful variety in the material used, and one cannot help considering how many new points in the life

and times and works of the men celebrated, must have been brought out in these special evenings. Indeed the work done by memorial evenings in local circles in the four year's course, serves to give a very satisfactory knowledge of the characters studied; and then it is such a delightful way of winning information.—A letter from PRATTSBURG gives a sketch of a circle which has reached the mature age of six years. The secretary writes: "Our circle was organized October 1, 1879, and has changed both in members and numbers since then, only two remaining of the original circle. We have this year fourteen in attendance, two of whom are local members. Since October, 1884, we have met once in two weeks, and the meetings are of much interest to us all. The programs are varied according to circumstances. Class drills, talks on current topics of interest, readings, recitations, reviews, and occasional essays are some of the things we have. Roll-call is always responded to by quotations. The meetings on Memorial Days are usually somewhat more formal than others. On April 23, we invited the Shakspeare Club to unite with us in celebrating the day. Both societies attended in goodly numbers, each prepared with a program of exercises to which the other was invited to listen. The hints on local circle work given in each number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN we find very helpful."—In the report from the No Name Circle, of BROOKLYN, we find a simple and practical contrivance for a program, which, it seems to us, would be both more inexpensive than a printed program, and more convenient than a written one. It is a form printed on a card in such a way that it can be filled out. The following will serve as an example:

The "No Name" C. L. S. C.

WILL ASSEMBLE AT THE RESIDENCE OF

Brooklyn, 188

—PROGRAM.—

Roll Call, responded to by Quotations.

Criticism of previous meeting by

Résumé of Studies

Music

Essay

Music

Reading

_____, Sec. _____, Pres.

—The Albion Circle at TROY, combines in its work the formal program with the Round Table. Each of its monthly meetings being resolved into a Round Table after the regular program is finished. It is a good plan. It means talk, with something provided first to talk about, and whether the circle have ten members, like the Albion, or one hundred, first, last, and all the way through, there ought to be conversation. Forgive us if we harp on this subject. It is the "one string" which will make music for every circle that tries it.—Again from SYRACUSE we hear a word of a "very

enthusiastic home circle." After having nearly all the subjects of the year lectured upon, the circle reviewed the year's course. A letter dated September 5, tells us that they are looking forward to the time of beginning this year's work in good earnest.—The Easy Chair Circle of NAPLES, has solved the problem, for itself, at least, of "who shall we have for leader?" The seven members alternately fill that position. By this means each gets the benefit of leading, and profits by the success and failure of the other members. The Easy Chair Circle is making a specialty of pronunciation.—Here is a grown-up circle of three years' experience coming around for the first time to say how-do-you-do. It is the circle from NEWBURGH. They have a membership of twenty-five, and for three years have met weekly. Their present vigorous condition, they ascribe in a measure, to a public meeting, held in the fall of '83, at which Dr. J. L. Hurlburt, of Plainfield, N. J., delivered an address. They expect to reorganize this fall with redoubled enthusiasm and many additions to their membership.

NEW JERSEY's sole representative this month is the circle at MONTCLAIR. It is a vigorous example, however, of what New Jersey can do in the local circle line, for it numbers thirty members, and has reached the fourth year of its existence. Five of its members stepped out into the ranks of post-graduates this year, and the close of the year's work and of their graduation was celebrated in June by an exceedingly pleasant evening of exercises.

News has been received from two of the flourishing PITTSBURGH circles. The Alleghenians did a very good thing at their closing meeting in the way of an imaginary tour around the world. Nineteen five-minute papers carried them around. Here are the subjects: "New York to Chicago, Chicago to Omaha, Omaha to Ogden, Ogden to San Francisco, San Francisco to Yokohama, Yokohama to Hong Kong, Hong Kong to Singapore, Singapore to Calcutta, Calcutta to Bombay, Bombay to Aden, Aden to Suez, Suez to Alexandria, Alexandria to Marseilles, Marseilles to Paris, Paris to Calais, Calais to Dover, Dover to London, London to Liverpool, Liverpool to New York."—The Duquesne Circle, a new circle of Pittsburgh, organized in January, '85, reports seven members, and outlines its method of procedure as song, discussion of the readings of the week, original papers upon subjects suggested by the reading, and debates upon disputed points.—A second young Keystone Circle is that of LEWISBURGH. Their record says that they held but eight meetings last year, but in that number they included a lecture from Chancellor Vincent, one from Dr. Groff, of Lewisburgh University, and an Arbor Day in April. This latter special meeting was very happily managed, the circle planting an apple tree, and ending their exercises with a social.—The Springhill Circle, of MORRIS CROSS ROADS, was organized in January of the present year. The membership is seven, but so widely separated that fortnightly meetings alone are possible. These reviews on the work were conducted with such zest that the circle completed the entire course in time to follow out the prescribed review. Springhill was to have a re-assembling on Garfield Day, from which they hoped a strong increase. We shall expect to hear from them.—A promising outlook is before the circle at LEHIGHTON, judging from what they have already accomplished. Forming a year ago with thirteen members, they steadily and enthusiastically worked through the prescribed course, and at the end of the year sent an encouraging report of the prospects of an enlarged membership this fall.

AT SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA, A June meeting was held in a "grove of oaks" at which over a hundred members and friends of the circle met. The circle spread refreshments, and a social evening followed, enlivened by conversation and songs. This southern group of readers has been doing very good work. Their meetings have been regular and their programs, two of which we have examined, full of good things.

From three circles in OHIO, reports have come. At WATER-

FORD, twelve members held monthly meetings at which they discussed the topics of the day, the readings of the month, and celebrated the Memorial Days. At GENEVA, informal meetings were arranged for each fortnight with a program of essays, recitations, talks, and conversation, and the eleven members write that, though the circle is smaller than it was last year, there is no cause for discouragement. The Schleman Circle, of EAST LIVERPOOL held, during the past year, twenty-six meetings, and observed three of the Memorial Days. The Schleman is blessed with six different religious denominations within its limits—a fact that ought to guarantee it liberality of opinion, at least.

The Longfellow Circle, of TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA, held its first annual banquet in June. An elaborate program of the exercises carried out has reached us, and is placed among the prettiest of the C. L. S. C. souvenirs which have found their way to our desk. The program touched on the most prominent features of the year; thus the quotations were from Shakspeare; the reading, from Longfellow; a sketch of Whittier; the address, on "Chautauqua Features" and so on. The Longfellow Circle held seventeen meetings through the year; two lectures were delivered under its auspices, and two of the Memorial Days observed.—Eighteen meetings were held by the Bloomington Circle last year, and most of them of great interest. We see that the Bloomington does *not* observe the 5 o'clock Sabbath hour, and in this it is like most of our circles. Is it not a mistake? Are not the ties made by studying together, strengthened and hallowed by worshiping together? It is a question whether the circles can afford to dispense with the Vesper Service on Sabbath evening.

The Athenian Circle of LANARK, ILLINOIS, was organized not quite a year ago, and now has a membership of forty-one. The lessons are conducted by one appointed at a previous meeting, so each one takes a part in conducting some lesson. The program is arranged by a committee of three, and consists of essays, select readings, and talks on subjects of general interest, a question-box every two weeks, and the "Lanark Chautauquan" every other week. Longfellow Day was observed by essays, music, readings, tableaux, and Miles Standish dramatized.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, has a circle which sprang into life a year ago; nine members are in rank, and at the close of last year's work the secretary wrote: "Not one of us has lost interest, or tired of the work, and although the circle has met once a week, we are all anxious to continue the study next year. Though we are few in numbers, we are enthusiastic and feel that the reading has done us a great deal of good."—A letter of similar spirit reaches us from VERMONTVILLE: "Our circle of eight members has been nameless until our last meeting, when it was decided to call it the Thorn Apple Circle. Our meetings have been held semi-monthly, at the home of an invalid member who is very zealous in the work. Two of our members live at a distance of five miles from the village, but have regularly attended the circle gatherings, though much of the time the weather has been such as would have discouraged anyone not blessed with the Chautauqua spirit. Our meetings have been exceedingly profitable, and the prospect is flattering for a much larger class the coming year, as much interest has been manifested by those who have visited our semi-monthly meetings."—At FLINT, the circle has had several very encouraging public meetings during the past year. Their Shakspeare Memorial was a fine success, and a reception tendered to Wallace Bruce, who had lectured before them, was a most enjoyable affair. There latest move has been to form a union of various societies called the Court Street Assembly. This union held its first anniversary June 28. It is composed of a C. L. S. C., S. M. C., Lecture Course, and Church Choral Society. A beautiful crimson banner with the Chautauqua Mottoes artistically arranged above and on either side of a circle of the cabalistic letters representing the four societies, was hung upon the wall

behind the pulpit. The floral decorations were also fine. The program throughout illustrated the "Keeping of the Heavenly Father in the midst." The entire service was uplifting, reverent, and inspiring, and greatly enjoyed by the large audience. These societies belong to the Court St. church, of Flint, and their remarkable success in the past has been due to the energy of their most efficient pastor, Rev. J. M. Hall.—The early spring saw the organization at OSHTOMO of a Pansy quartet. Pleasant and profitable meetings have been held every two weeks since the founding of the circle. "Success to all our kind" is the greeting they extend.—The closing meeting of the Calvary Circle, of DETROIT, was the occasion of a pleasant birthday celebration. A little daughter in the home of one of the members, bears the name of Pansy, given in honor of the class to which her parents belong. The circle met on her natal day in a social reunion, and remembered its wee namesake by presenting her with a vase—to be filled with pansies on each succeeding birthday.

A hopeful word from ROCHESTER, MINN. We have had six members this past year and are expecting additions this fall.—At SPRING VALLEY of the same state, twenty members form the circle which is just a year old. Their prospect for an increase was such at the close of the readings that it was seriously discussed whether two circles would not better be formed this fall. May the promised increase come. This circle pursues the usual plan of work in its meetings, adding to the customary program an occasional black-board exercise. Five Memorial Days were observed by them last year.

A very happily planned reception, never noticed in our columns, took place in MILWAUKEE, WIS., in May. It was a joint memorial of Shakspeare and Addison Days. The twenty ladies of the Beta Circle were the ruling spirits, and the members of the sister circles, Inter Se and Grand Ave., were the guests. Some eighty guests in all were present. The fine essays, excellent music, and genial sociability made, altogether, a royal good time.—The local circle at WAUPUN, WIS., has suffered in the death of Mrs. W. Elizabeth Gore, "a devoted wife, mother, and friend, a true Christian, and an earnest student."

The circle at BURLINGTON, IOWA, enjoyed one unusual advantage last year, twelve lectures being delivered before its members. It would be, perhaps, of advantage to the rest of us to know how they managed it. We imagine energy had not a little to do with it, for we see by their annual report that they held thirty-four meetings during the year.—MAN-

CHESTER, IOWA, has a circle which, during the past year, held monthly meetings. One of their programs we have seen, and find it excellent. Manchester bases its programs on those outlined in THE CHAUTAUQUAN, we see. And here let us say again this is all that the programs in THE CHAUTAUQUAN are intended for—a base on which to build something better and more suitable. If you succeed in getting a hint once a month from the suggested programs we print, our object will be attained.

The Vincent Circle, of ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, sends us sample programs of two Memorial Days observed by them in the past year. Beside these Special Days, a union meeting with the Round Table Circle, of St. Louis, was observed. We have not the membership of the Vincent at hand, but conclude that it must be large, for we find that they have in their midst, Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Campbellites, and Catholics. Certainly this is free enough to satisfy the catholicity of the most liberal spirit.

From KANSAS, a note informs us of the organization of the Oakdale Circle, of Salina. The circle was formed in February of '85 with eleven members. The readings of the year were completed, and, at the last advices, the members were looking forward to the beginning of another year's work.

We are pleased to introduce to her fellow-students the Pansophian Society, of BOULDER, COLORADO. Eight earnest students who are trying to extract all the wisdom they can from the Chautauqua course, compose its membership. We should like to know more of Pansophian.—At DENVER, COLORADO, a leading member of the circle, Mrs. Lottie E. Reaugh died recently. Mrs. Reaugh was a graduate of the class of '84, and was studying for one of the seals at the time of her death.

Six friends banded together at OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, in January last, to read the prescribed course. They have succeeded in having an instructive as well as social time in their work. The meetings are led by the members in turn. Slips of paper bearing questions are used in reviewing the readings; essays, readings, debates, spelling matches, and diagrams are interspersed.

Local circles will remember the request made of them in the last issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN, that they report to Plainfield, N. J. It is necessary for the thorough organization of the circles that all official communications be recorded at the General Office; from there all matters of interest will be forwarded to THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

CLASS OF 1886.—"THE PROGRESSIVES."

"We study for light, to bless with light."

CLASS ORGANIZATION.

President—The Rev. B. P. Snow, Biddeford, Maine.

Vice Presidents—The Rev. J. T. Whitley, Salisbury, Maryland; Mr. L. F. Houghton, Peoria, Illinois; Mr. Walter Y. Morgan, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Delia Browne, Louisville, Kentucky; Miss Florence Finch, Palestine, Texas.

Secretary—The Rev. W. L. Austin, New Albany, Ind.

Treasurer—W. T. Dunn, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The members of the Class of '86 are, through their position and experience, given a special privilege to enlighten the dark world as to the benefits assured by the Chautauqua course. The Progressives know of what they affirm when they recommend the C. L. S. C. readings as having a positive educational and literary value. They will not fail to advocate the course that has proved so profitable to themselves.

At the recent reunion of the Chautauquans of Portland, Me., and vicinity, the six circles of that city and representatives from

other circles made up a large and most enthusiastic audience. The President of the Class of '86, by invitation of the management, gave an address upon the meaning and measure of the Chautauqua course of reading—and the Secretary of the New England branch of '86, Miss Mary R. Hinckley, read a letter of greeting and sound commendation of our work, which was much appreciated.

Members of '86, have you looked over the capital books forming the "Garnet Seal Series"? These volumes are, to look at, dainty and attractive; and to read, interesting, solid, and substantial.

Will not those *reading alone* do a special favor? Write the president of the Class, giving, besides name and P. O. address, as much more as you will. At all events, send a postal with residence, signature, and "Loyal to Learning and '86."

The special monogram note paper of '86 is received with great favor. The quality of the stationery commends it to all who use it.

Prominent among the members of the good Class of '86, in Vermont, is the Rev. J. H. Babbitt, of Swanton. He is every year a leading worker for the C. L. S. C. and the class at Framingham. He did excellent service as acting president this year at Chautauqua. His ability and modesty always deserve first rank, which his classmates are most happy to concede. He was not consulted about this paragraph.

One of the chief promoters of the New England Chautauqua Union, Counsellor Edward Everett Hale, President, is Vice President Robert H. Magwood, of Boston, Class of '86. He is the best posted man in this section of the country as to the condition of the C. L. S. C. in New England. His efforts for the advancement of this promising organization have been of great value.

There are in the Class no more enthusiastic or thorough readers than Miss Celia Tewksbury and Miss Alice C. Jennings of Massachusetts. These young ladies belong to a circle composed entirely of deaf persons; and in good fellowship and good work this circle excels. The New England Branch feels that it has honored itself in electing each of these superior scholars and approved writers of verse, as poets to the Class.

WE STUDY FOR LIGHT TO BLESS WITH LIGHT.

(Written for a union C. L. S. C. gathering in New Bedford, Mass., by Mrs. Lydia Macreading, Class '86.)

Chautauquans, gather for a little space,
That, greeting each the other, face to face,
The lonely may be cheered, the weak made strong,
By goodly fellowship, by prayer and song.

We gain by giving—paradox how sweet!
That in your lives finds explanation meet.
Warm hand of greeting,—helping word and smile,
Exhale a fragrance round your way the while.

The truest saints, uncalendared are they,
Who, aiming not at sainthood, day by day,
With steadfast light on other lives have shone,
Unconscious of the aureole round their own.

So, lift your torches, ye who seek for light!
Press on, glad feet, now mounting toward the height!
Neglect no gift! Be seen by noble deeds!
And follow where the Standard-bearer leads!

CLASS OF 1887.—"THE PANSIES"

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee."

OFFICERS.

President—The Rev. Frank Russell, Mansfield, Ohio.

Western Secretary—K. A. Burnell, Esq., 150 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Eastern Secretary—J. A. Steven, M. D., 164 High Street, Hartford, Conn.

Treasurer—Either Secretary, from whom badges may be obtained.

Executive Committee—The officers of the class.

"PANSIES."

'Mid the strange new-fashioned ways
Of these wise-grown, modern days,
'Mid the gorgeous glint and glare
Where the sunflowers flaunt and flare,
Pansies, with their modest grace,
Hold a very humble place.
But in homes love purified,
Freed from taint of fashion's pride,
Sweetest charm do they unfold,
Bearing each a heart of gold.

Pansies of C. L. S. C.
Golden hearted let us be;

In the worlds great sham and show,
Let us never seek to grow;
But within love's garden sweet,
Let us keep our safe retreat,
Learning in these hurrying days,
Lessons wise of true content
In the ways of wisdom spent.

'Tis the world grown insincere
Which shall lose its vision clear,
We may ever truth behold
If we keep our hearts of gold.

Boston, 1885.

—Maria Upham Drake.

The "Pansy Plot" at Chautauqua, with its fountain, its nicely trimmed grass, and its rich luxuriance of blossoms, has been widely appreciated, judging from the many allusions to it during the Assembly, and the letters of inquiry to the officers and committee since. Let all members be assured that it will be well secured for the winter, and that the seeds sent from the various states, will be carefully planted in it.

The registry shows that the Class was represented at the last Chautauqua Assembly by sixteen states: New York and Pennsylvania each furnishing 31 per cent; Canada, 4 per cent; Kentucky, Connecticut, Georgia, New Jersey, and Indiana, each 3 per cent; West Virginia, 2 per cent; and Vermont, Minnesota, Michigan, Nebraska, and Massachusetts, each 1 per cent.

There is already a little glow over the prospect of the competitive examination for next summer. In answer to inquiries it is necessary to state that the examinations will be upon the reading in the regular course only, not for the seal. Further notice will be given in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for December.

The following enigma is sent by an earnest Chautauquan with the request that solutions be sent to the president and that their number be announced. The enigma has nineteen letters; the whole is the name of a noble and justly celebrated man:

My 2, 17, 15, is a producer of raw material;

My 12, 9, 8, 6, is as light as air, but will cause a ship to draw more water than half her cargo;

My 14, 4, 18, is a place of hearty welcome;

My 1, 12, 3, 10, 14, 9, 19, is what a prophet saw;

My 16, 6, 8, 7, is the beginning of things;

My 11, 9, 13, 17, is a mythological eminence;

My 5, 3, 15, is a mighty verb.

The members of the Class are expected, as heretofore, to send items for notice in this column to either one of the secretaries, or to the president, remembering that the space is so limited that great conciseness is necessary, and that matter must be in readiness at least six weeks beforehand.

Miss Jennie A. Merriam, of Oxford, Mass., Class of '87, has finished her course and passed through the gate of the Beautiful City. Living in the country, far from any local circle, and with failing health, she read patiently on, alone and unaided, until increasing weakness compelled her to lay aside book and pen, never to be taken up again. "The least flower with a brimming cup may stand and share its dew-drop with another near."

TO NEW ENGLAND '87'S.—The New England members of the Class of '87 will hold their third reunion in the chapel of the People's church, corner of Berkeley St. and Columbus Ave., Boston, on December 19; the regular meeting will be at half-past two o'clock, p.m.; the hour preceding that will be given

to a social reunion. The program will be an interesting one. It is hoped that a large number of "Pansies" will attend this reunion.
S. M. COREY, Sec. N. E. '87.

CLASS OF 1888.—"THE PLYMOUTH ROCK."

"Let us be seen by our deeds."

CLASS ORGANIZATION.

President—The Rev. A. E. Dunning, Boston, Mass.

Vice Presidents—Prof. W. N. Ellis, Brooklyn, N. Y.; the Rev. Wm. G. Roberts, Bellevue, Ohio.

Secretary—Miss M. E. Taylor, Cleveland, Ohio.

Treasurer—Mrs. W. Chenault, Fort Scott, Kansas.

All items for this column should be sent to the Rev. C. C. McLean, St. Augustine, Florida.

Let all circles and individuals sending votes or Class name or communications for this column, distinctly write their names and post-office addresses.

Next month we publish the vote on the Class name received prior to the 23rd of this month. Those voting against "Plymouth Rock" will (unless otherwise requested) be recorded in favor of "The Pilgrims," as the vote is to be between these two names.

We submit a few extracts from letters received, so that others may enjoy the spicy comments on the Class name which are afloat.

"We think any one who is not in favor of our name can not be a true American."

"I am too truly a Puritan maid to wish to bear any other title. Plymouth Rock was the first step of our fathers in this grand New World; so is the C. L. S. C. the gateway opening to paths untrod before. I think the suggestion that the Class motto be changed to 'Let us be doers of the word, not hearers only,' a happy thought."

"Plymouth Rock we hold in high esteem; but to be put in the plural and so classed with poultry is not to our taste. We hope some other name will be selected."

"My ancestors landed on that 'Stern and rock-bound coast,' and I should feel myself an unworthy scion of that noble stock, were I to associate aught that was foul (fowl) or ignoble with so revered a name."

"I hasten to send my vote for 'Plymouth Rock.' It may be some of the Pilgrim blood that stirs me to say keep this grand motto, 'Let us be seen by our deeds.'"

"What name could be more suggestive to our Class of a high purpose and firm determination to 'press on' than the one already selected! If we are 'seen by our deeds,' we shall also be measured by our words. It is just possible that our minds need a little help to soar above poultry and fault-finding. All hail to 'Plymouth Rock.'"

"We dislike the name given our 'Class of '88' exceedingly, and, as a consequence, decline being called by it, and have adopted 'Philomathian' for our local name. We do as a circle protest against being named from the 'Blarney Stone of America' or from 'speckled hens.'"

Rev. Harry L. Brickett, who was appointed a special committee to see the granite companies of New England in regard to a GRANITE base for one of the corner pillars of the proposed new Memorial Hall, or Hall of Philosophy, reports as follows: "I saw the agent of one of the leading granite companies, and he offered to make us such a base, out of the best of granite, giving it a perfectly smooth polish, and putting our monogram, motto, Plymouth Rock, and year of the Class upon it—worth about one hundred dollars,—for NOTHING."

ILLINOIS.—"I am one of the busy mothers and house-keep-

ers, with nine in the family, but my C. L. S. C. readings are my chief pleasure. I have not read all the required books yet, but shall have done so by Oct. 1."

An esteemed member of the Chautauqua Class, at Watson-town, Pa., Mr. T. J. Lippencott, died at his home in January of this year.

AT THE NEW ENGLAND ASSEMBLY.—The Class of '88 was magnificently represented at the New England Assembly at Framingham, two hundred and ninety-six members registering with the secretary. Their head-quarters were rendered conspicuous by a huge boulder, in front of the large double doors, plainly lettered PLYMOUTH ROCK. This rock was contributed and transported to the spot by Rev. Burtis Judd, of Framingham.

At the first public meeting of the Class, President Dunning offered the following resolution, which passed amid loud applause and without a dissenting voice: "Resolved, that, there having been some discussion outside of New England concerning the name of the Class, as adopted last year at the suggestion of Chancellor Vincent, we re-affirm and re-indorse the action then taken designating the Class the "Plymouth Rock Class."

The Class adopted as the flower of the Class the May flower, or trailing arbutus.

Funds were raised and a committee appointed to devise and procure a banner for the Class.

It was also voted to raise a fund by individual and voluntary contributions, to be expended by a committee in the help of students. Said committee to be known as the Committee on Helpfulness.

The Class took an excursion, Thursday, Sept. 3, to Plymouth Rock. Over two hundred joined in the excursion and had a royal time in the historic town.

All members of the Class of '88 who reside in New England, and have not registered with the secretary should report at once to M. H. A. Evans, Gardner, Mass.

CLASS OF 1889.

CLASS ORGANIZATION.

President—Prof. J. H. Phillips, Birmingham, Ala.

Vice President—Rev. M. H. Ewers, Martinville, Ill.

Treasurer—R. H. Bosworth, Newburg, N. Y.

Secretary—Geo. J. Presbrey, Washington, D. C.

Assistant Secretary—Miss Nellie Haywood, Pana, Ill.

All copy for the column of the Class of '89, should be sent to Miss E. D. Mattoon, Lake de Funiak, Florida.

The name of "Immortelles" was given by a misunderstanding, to this Class, in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October. No name has been chosen for the class.

The management of The Florida Chautauqua is putting forth great effort to interest the Southern States in the C. L. S. C. Large accessions to the Class of '89 will come from this quarter.

In December, the Southern Forestry Congress will convene upon The Florida Chautauqua grounds. The local circles, principally '89's, of Florida and adjoining states, will observe an Arbor Day during the session of this congress, and plant upon portions of the park which are allotted to the several circles, trees and flowers. These several tracts will remain the headquarters of the circles beautifying them.

POST-GRADUATE CLASSES.

Under this head we shall publish monthly whatever items of interest may be forwarded us from the post-graduate classes

of the C. L. S. C. To insure insertion, copy must be in our hands by the 20th of the month preceding each issue.

CLASS OF 1882.—"THE PIONEERS."

MOTTO:—"From height to height."

President—A. M. Martin, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Vice Presidents—Judge Henderson Elliott, Dayton, O.; Rev. Dr. S. J. M. Eaton, Franklin, Pa.

Secretary—Mrs. E. F. Curtiss, Geneseo, N. Y.

Treasurer—A. D. Wilder, Chautauqua, N. Y.

For a number of years the Class of 1882 did not adopt a distinctive motto. The fact that it is the Pioneer Class seemed to be distinction enough. One year ago last August a committee was, however, appointed to consider the matter, and they made a report during the last Assembly. The question of the motto produced a good deal of discussion, but the final outcome was that the committee reported in favor of the motto here given, and it was adopted unanimously by the Class at one of its meetings. Many will doubtless recognize it as being from the chorus of Miss Lathbury's Chautauqua Hymn for 1879:

I hear the tread of men and nations;

I see the clouded steep they climb;

What pain and hope and exaltation

Are mingled in their songs sublime.

Thro' ways we have not known,

We pass, yet not alone;

From height to height, to dwell with Him in light,

The Lord shall lead his own.

Last year an appeal was sent to the members of the Class of 1882 for subscriptions towards the erection of a Class building

at Chautauqua. The Chautauqua authorities donated a lot to the Class for this purpose, and a site was selected overlooking the Hall of Philosophy and commanding a view to the Lake. The contributions received up to the time of the meeting of the Assembly, amounted to about six hundred dollars. This was not thought sufficient to erect such a building as is needed, and the matter was therefore postponed for another year. Over one hundred dollars additional were subscribed at a meeting of the Class in August, and it was decided to put the building under contract so as to have it completed in time for use during the meeting of the next Assembly. One thousand dollars are needed for this purpose. Those who have not already contributed to this end are invited to do so, and those who feel inclined to increase their subscriptions are afforded the opportunity. Remittances for this purpose should be made to the treasurer, Mr. A. D. Wilder, Chautauqua, New York.

The annual reunion of the Class of 1882 is hereafter to take place at Chautauqua on the evening before Recognition Day. The reunion the present year was an enjoyable season of good fellowship and general laudation and congratulation. The large attendance was a happy surprise, and an earnest that the Class of 1882 is losing none of its interest in Chautauqua.

The following officers were elected for the Class of '85, in New England:

President—Luman T. Jefts, Hudson, Mass.

Vice Presidents—Lena A. Chubbuck, New Bedford, Mass.; Joseph C. Haskell, Auburn, Me.; William B. Heath, Arnold's Mills, R. I.

Secretary and Treasurer—Clemie A. Young, Waltham, Mass.

Invincibles who did not receive their diplomas at Lake View, should send their names and address to the secretary, together with items of interest.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I. "PREPARATORY LATIN COURSE IN ENGLISH."

1. Q. Who was Ovid? A. A poet born in Italy, 43, B. C. He was educated for the bar, wrote verses with facility, and died in exile on the Euxine A. D. 18.

2. Q. What must be said of this author and the moral influence of his productions? A. He possessed poetic genius, but much of what he wrote is impure.

3. Q. What is regarded as his chief work? A. The "Metamorphoses."

4. Q. What is the first selection given? A. The legend of Phœbus and Phaeton translated by Addison.

5. Q. What explanations of the origin of this myth have been suggested? A. A great heat producing drought, the burning of the cities of the plain, the staying of the sun by Joshua, Elijah's rapture, and the drowning of a Molossian king in the Po.

6. Q. How does Dryden compare with Addison as a translator of Ovid? A. He has less grace but more vigor.

7. Q. What example of Dryden's translation of Ovid is quoted? A. The pursuit of Daphne by Apollo, and the transformation of the nymph into a laurel.

8. Q. Who was Niobe? A. The wife of the king of Thebes whose seven sons and seven daughters were slain by Apollo because she claimed superiority to Latona, his mother.

9. Q. What title does Shakspere apply to Julius Cæsar? A. "The foremost man of all this world."

10. Q. How did he rise to this position? A. He had, beyond most men of his age or any other, the elements of real greatness, and his great powers were strenuously exerted.

11. Q. On what work does Cæsar's claim to literary ability chiefly rest? A. On his "Commentaries."

12. Q. What were these "Commentaries"? A. Memoranda of Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul.

13. Q. Why did Cæsar write these memoranda? A. Probably with the hope that their publication would advance his interests at Rome.

14. Q. What is said of Cæsar's literary style? A. It is clear, straightforward, and simple.

15. Q. To what are these characteristics attributed? A. To the fact that he sought the glory of empire—not letters, and that no literary vanity disturbed the serenity of his style.

16. Q. How does Cæsar as a writer of war histories, compare with Xenophon, author of the "Anabasis"? A. He has less grace and elegance, but more breadth, manliness, and force.

17. Q. What are the leading facts in Cæsar's early life? A. He was divorced from his first wife at seventeen, obliged to flee from Rome on account of the enmity of Sylla, afterwards returned, and won popular favor by his public speaking.

18. Q. For what inferior offices was Cæsar a successful candidate before being made consul? A. Pontifex, quæstor, prætor, and governor of a province.

19. Q. When was he made consul, and with whom associated? A. In 59 B. C. with Bibulus.

20. Q. What position did he then hold? A. He was proconsul of Gaul for ten years, during which time he wrote his "Commentaries."

21. Q. What military operations are narrated in the first book? A. Those against the Helvetians and the Germans.

22. Q. What did the Helvetians propose to do? A. To leave their mountainous country for better lands and homes west of the territory they occupied.

23. Q. What brought them in conflict with Cæsar? A. Their attempt to pass through a part of his province without permission.

24. Q. What was the number of this emigrant train, and how many of them perished? A. The census found in their camp, showed they were three hundred and sixty-eight thousand; only one hundred and ten thousand escaped alive.

25. Q. How was this massacre of the Helvetians regarded in Cæsar's province? A. With much satisfaction, and ambassadors hastened from all quarters with congratulations and thanks.

26. Q. What other enemy was encountered before closing the first campaign? A. Ariovistus, a German prince. He proved a formidable antagonist, but he was overcome and his army routed.

27. Q. At the close of these campaigns, what became of Cæsar and his army? A. Having sent the army into winter-quarters, Cæsar went to Cisalpine Gaul to preside over the assembly of the states.

28. Q. With what campaign does the second book open? A. That against the Belgians who had formed a confederation against the Romans.

29. Q. What was the strength of the forces combined against Cæsar? A. The ten tribes of the confederation had pledged two hundred and forty-eight thousand men.

30. Q. What was the result of Cæsar's engagement with the Belgians? A. They were routed with great loss.

31. Q. What was the next step in the campaign? A. The Romans besieged Noviodunum, a town of the Suessiones, which finally capitulated.

32. Q. What effect did his success have upon the Bellovaci and Ambiani? A. They surrendered without condition.

33. Q. With what tribe did Cæsar next engage, and with what result? A. The hardy Nervii, who were conquered after a severe struggle.

34. Q. With what engine of war did Cæsar besiege and conquer the town of the Aduatuci? A. The besieging tower, an engine of great height, by which the besiegers were brought on a level with the enemy, and enabled to fight them hand to hand.

35. Q. What revolt opens the third book? A. That of the sea-coast tribes.

36. Q. What had occasioned this revolt? A. The attempt of Cæsar's lieutenant, Crassus, then stationed in Aquitania, to force the neighboring tribes to furnish his army with supplies.

37. Q. How did Crassus afterward win honors? A. By his conquest of the revolting Aquitanians.

38. Q. What are the most important events in the fourth book? A. The cruel slaughter of the Germans, the building of the bridge over the Rhine, and the invasions of Britain.

39. Q. What led Cæsar to go against the Germans? A. The attempt of nearly a half million of these people to migrate into Gaul.

40. Q. What was Cæsar's object in bridging the Rhine? A. To impress the barbarians with Roman skill and power.

41. Q. What was the result of the invasion of Britain? A. The Romans landed but gained nothing.

42. Q. How does the fifth book open? A. With a second expedition into Britain.

43. Q. What disasters then befell the Romans? A. On account of the scarcity of supplies, Cæsar was obliged to distribute his legions; the Gauls planned a simultaneous attack upon the various camps, cut to pieces one legion, and besieged the brother of the orator Cicero.

44. Q. To what is the relief of Cicero by Cæsar compared? A. To Havelock's relief of Lucknow.

45. Q. Against what tribe did the Romans next turn? A. The Senones under Acco.

46. Q. What was the object of the next campaign? A. The capture of Ambiorix through whom Titurius and his legion had been destroyed.

47. Q. What is the subject of the seventh book? A. The last and most formidable revolt of the Gauls against Cæsar.

48. Q. Who organized this revolt? A. Vercingetorix, a gallant Arvernian patriot.

49. Q. Where was the decisive battle fought, and with what result? A. At Alesia where the Gauls received a defeat which decided the fate of the Celtic nation.

50. Q. By whom was the eighth book written, and of what does it treat? A. By Aulus Hirtius, one of Cæsar's lieutenants, who relates how the Gauls were finally pacified.

II.—"A DAY IN ANCIENT ROME."

1. Q. What advantage accrues from the study of Latin literature in the Latin language? A. The original expresses many things more distinctly than they appear in translations.

2. Q. Why do we need maps and diagrams showing the topography and condition of Rome in the Augustan age? A. A writer's thoughts receive coloring from his environment; and he is better understood when that is known.

3. Q. Does modern Rome occupy the same site as did the ancient city? A. Very nearly the same as in the time of Vespasian.

4. Q. Is the whole space within the city limits now occupied with buildings? A. The closely built part is principally on the lower land; the famous hills being mostly covered with villas, gardens, and vineyards.

5. Q. Is the general level of the city the same as formerly? A. Time has lowered some of the hills, while the rubbish and ruins of ancient edifices have raised other parts much higher than they were in the days of the Cæsars.

6. Q. What has been, and what is the estimated population of Rome? A. Once estimated at two million, it was reduced to thirteen thousand, and is now about two hundred and forty-five thousand.

7. Q. What is the principal street of Rome? A. The Corso is the longest and finest. It corresponds with the *Via Flaminia* toward the north, and also with the *Via Lata* toward the south.

8. Q. What district of ancient Rome is crossed by this street? A. The Campus Martius.

9. Q. What remarkable changes have taken place in this district? A. In ancient times it was the play-ground of the Romans; afterwards it was adorned with magnificent public buildings, now nearly all destroyed; to-day it is the most densely populated part of the city.

10. Q. When was this Campus enclosed within the city limits? A. In the time of Aurelian.

11. Q. Has modern Rome no parks? A. Yes, several; but less extensive than the Campus Martius.

12. Q. What ancient building in this district remains complete? A. The Pantheon, a unique temple having a portico one hundred and ten feet long by forty-four feet wide, supported by sixteen granite Corinthian columns. The rotunda is one hundred and forty-three feet in diameter, and covered by a magnificent dome.

13. Q. Leaving the Corso, how is the Capitoline Hill reached? A. By narrow and crooked streets, where the houses are crowded close together.

14. Q. What is the present condition of the Capitoline Square? A. It is surrounded on three sides by modern buildings, and in the center stands the antique equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius.

15. Q. What were the two summits of the Capitoline Hill called? A. The Capitolium, and the Arx, or Citadel.

16. Q. What name is given to the steep precipice toward the south of the Capitoline? A. The Tarpeian Rock.

17. Q. By whom, and where, was the Temple of Jupiter built? A. By Tarquinius Superbus, on the south-western crest of Capitoline Hill.

18. Q. How often was this temple destroyed? A. Three

times. Domitian built it a fourth time, but with the decay of the empire it fell into final ruin.

19. Q. What building now occupies the site of the Temple of Juno, on the northern and highest summit of the Capitoline? A. A Roman Catholic church dedicated to the Virgin Mary.

20. Q. What is the present condition of the Roman Forum? A. Only the ruins of its former grandeur remain.

21. Q. What is the shape of the Roman Forum? A. It has the form of a trapezium, the shortest side of which forms the east border.

22. Q. What is said of the Carcer, or states prison of ancient Rome? A. It consisted of an upper chamber accessible only through a rectangular opening in the ceiling, and of a subterranean dungeon.

23. Q. What building now covers the spot? A. A small Catholic church.

24. Q. What famous arch stands in the Roman Forum? A. The triumphal Arch of Septimius Severus.

25. Q. Looking from the Arch of Severus what temple could be seen at the west end of the Forum? A. The Temple of Concord, vowed by Camillus in gratitude for the union of the patricians and plebians.

26. Q. What is meant by the *umbilicus*? A. A stone erected in the Forum by the Roman emperor, locating that spot as the center of the world.

27. Q. What was the golden milestone? A. A gilt bronze pillar bearing the names and distances of the different gates of the city marked upon it, and standing at the termination of the Via Sacra.

28. Q. What was the continuation of the Via Sacra called? A. The Clivus Capitolinus.

29. Q. What stupendous ruin is north-west of the terminus of the Via Sacra? A. The Temple of Saturn, of which eight Ionic columns are still standing.

30. Q. What ruins are to be seen near the Temple of Saturn? A. The Temple of Vespasian, the offices, and the column of Phocas.

31. Q. Were these grand structures wholly for worship of the gods? A. Probably not. Certain parts were thus consecrated; others were probably used as city halls, with convenient offices for government officials.

32. Q. What is the only antique work of art found intact in the Forum? A. Two immense marble slabs, called Barriers.

33. Q. What inscriptions are on the exterior? A. Bas-reliefs representing Trajan's beneficence in providing for the education of poor children, and in burning the list of unpaid taxes.

34. Q. What beautiful basilica stood on the south of the Forum? A. The Basilica Julia, built by Augustus, in honor of his uncle.

35. Q. What temple stood to the east of the Basilica Julia? A. The Temple of Castor and Pollux.

36. Q. Who were Castor and Pollux? A. Two knightly youths, who, in the battle at Lake Regillus, did much to gain a great victory.

37. Q. What were the "wax tablets"? A. Tablets slightly covered with wax, in which marks were made with a stiff pointed pen.

38. Q. In what direction does the Nova Via run? A. Westward parallel to the Via Sacra as far as the "House of Vestals," between which and the slope of the Palatine it turns and runs obliquely to the south-west.

39. Q. What famous arch stands at the extremity of the Via Sacra? A. The Arch of Titus, erected by the Senate to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem.

40. Q. What inscriptions are upon this arch? A. Bas-reliefs of the seven-branched candlestick, and of other treasures taken from the Jewish temple.

41. Q. Where was the Palace of Caligula? A. On the north-west side of the Palatine, facing the Forum.

42. Q. What were the chief works which Caligula constructed in connection with his palace? A. He extended the Palatine by buttresses until the temple of Castor and Pollux became a vestibule of his palace, and threw a bridge from the Palatine to the Capitoline.

43. Q. What remains of this bridge? A. Three high brick walls still stand at the foot of the Palatine.

44. Q. What illustrious Romans had their palatial homes on the Palatine? A. Three famous orators, Crassus, Hortensius, and Cicero.

45. Q. What remarkable ruin lies at the south-western angle of the hill? A. The remains of the oldest wall of Rome.

46. Q. What very notable ruin is found on the south side of the hill? A. The Palace of Septimius Severus, similar to that of Caligula on the north side.

47. Q. What is the present condition of the Aventine? A. It is the most deserted of all the hills, being occupied by monasteries and vineyards only.

48. Q. What is seen looking south from the Palatine? A. The forsaken campagna traversed by the Via Appia with its ruins and tombs.

49. Q. What is the most extensive of all the ruins found at Rome? A. The Flavian Amphitheatre, or Coliseum, begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus.

50. Q. What varieties of architecture were employed in the Coliseum? A. The first story is Doric, the second Ionic, the third and fourth Corinthian.

51. Q. What are its dimensions? A. Its circumference is 1641 feet, its length is 287, its width 182, its height 157.

52. Q. What and where was the Circus Maximus? A. A vast, oblong race-course, between the Palatine and Aventine, circular at one end, and with rows of seats at the sides sufficient for three hundred and eighty-five thousand persons.

53. Q. What place of amusement was erected on the Palatine? A. The stadium, or race-course, built by Domitian near his palace.

54. Q. Where was the Palace of Augustus? A. It was an unpretentious house near the Forum.

55. Q. What is this house now called, and why? A. The "House of Livia," so called from the mother of Tiberius, to whom this emperor gave the house after building himself a new palace.

56. Q. Why is this house especially celebrated? A. On account of its well-preserved wall paintings, and the arrangements of a Roman private house.

57. Q. Where was Nero's Palace situated? A. It stretched from the Palatine to the Esquiline.

58. Q. What portions of ancient Rome were injured by fire? A. The Palatine, in Nero's reign, and the Capitoline in Titus' reign.

59. Q. What is said of the ruins of Domitian's Palace? A. It is the only palace on the Palatine whose interior arrangements are still traceable.

60. Q. What temples stand on the Palatine? A. Those of Jupiter Victor, and Jupiter Stator.

61. Q. What remains of the Temple of Jupiter Victor? A. The substructure and the long stairs which led up to it.

62. Q. By whom was this temple founded. A. By Fabius in gratitude for a victory over the Samnites.

63. Q. Who founded the Temple of Jupiter Stator? A. Romulus, in gratitude for his victory over the Samnites.

64. Q. What famous gate stood near by the temple of Jupiter Stator? A. The *Porta Mugonia*, so called because it re-echoes the lowing of the cattle.

65. Q. What subterranean passage leads from the interior of the Flavian Palace? A. A corridor running between the State Palace of Domitian and the house of Tiberius.

EDITOR'S OUTLOOK.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

The youngest profession in the modern world must be, if it is not already, the largest and most influential. The profession of letters is so old as a fact that its very recent recognition as a profession seems strange. The explanation is that it has but recently come to be regularly and systematically rewarded. Medicine, law, and priesthood have had an unrecognized and unrewarded period in all old countries; they came to be professions when they acquired a politico-economical status, a place in the system of exchange of values. A hundred years ago, it was still absurd for a man to rely on literary work for a livelihood, and men who lived by such work were usually a sort of Bohemians. Fathers advised their gifted sons to engage in something "regular." And such conceptions have lasted as survivals in the rural districts. To be a lawyer, is, to some minds, to be "regular"; to be a journalist is to be a kind of social nondescript who is not quite an adventurer but is something more than a tramp. In the larger world, the discredit has passed away. The day has come when men and women can be literary craftsmen by profession. The change has come through an immense demand for literary produce. Universal education has taken effect, and cries out in its children for the making of books, without end. The press (in all its forms) is the great and growing craft and profession.

This literary workman must be trained to his duties and equipped just as clergy, law, and medicine are, by education in part, by practice in much larger part. Lawyers are made at the bar, preachers in the pulpit, and doctors in the sick room. The literary man must also be made by practice in his special art. The education he must get in this way is a very broad one, and the discipline required for good work is very thorough and laborious. The world of infancy is sickened to death every year with green fruit; so, too, the newly educated masses suffer much from unripe mental produce. Time must be left to mature, the essay as well as the apple. Poems, like strawberries, require a succession of suns for ripe perfection. Our present danger is green fruit. Bad, wretchedly bad writing is upon us in full flood; and the evil of it is that green fruit creates an appetite for green fruit. The public taste has to be considered and improved. We hope that the age of bad spelling, as a form of wit, is passing away; the coarse joke which has no quality but its coarseness, the irreverent jest which is only irreverent, will follow the bad spelling. But the literary artist will for some time mistake using a big brush for producing fine painting; and there will be a public to admire the thick daubs of color. And yet the public which knows good work and patronizes it, grows large with amazing rapidity. In our country, we have a half million more buyers of books, and readers of newspapers and magazines, *every year*; and this estimate is very low—perhaps not half as large as it should be. A large part of this increase is a demand for good work, for the best work. No other profession has such an expanding market for its produce. The growth of such magazines as *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* is a proof of a growth in demand which is as yet only imperfectly realized by the literary profession.

There is enough motive power—enough demand; but it is not inevitable that the demand will be met. The public must take what is offered or go hungry; it is not disposed to go hungry. But better, wider, more perfect work would both find a market and enlarge the existing demand. There is, therefore, good reason for encouraging young persons to devote their lives to literature. It is a great and delightful field for active usefulness; and one need not starve in it or be degraded

and humiliated in it as men have been in other days. But "Art is long." There is an apprenticeship to be served and it is the longest in the whole range of human occupations. A man may learn to make a boot in seven years, he does well if he knows how to make a book in twenty. How many authors desire to burn their first books! What a humiliation it is to read again the sophomore essay. A New York politician has recently suffered martyrdom in the press for some bad verses perpetrated in his callow youth. What is printed is immortal. A manuscript may be burned; but if your enemy has *printed* an immature book, he is at your mercy. There seems to be no better mode of pointing out the infelicity of the man who rushes into print. Vast quantities of manuscript have to be rejected every year by periodicals. Too often the writers believe it is a result of favoritism. In rare cases injustice is done in the rejection; but if such injustice were common, the old periodicals would perish through their sin, and new publications take their place. These rejected articles are mainly poor, immature, inartistic work. They are green fruit for the most part; but sometimes they are thorn-berries and not grapes. There are egotists who will never learn to write; for good work in this kind requires the modesty and teachableness of a learner. The best writer feels that he knows as yet very little of his business; his modesty opens his mind to self-instruction, and holds him fast to self-discipline. The self-satisfied "slinger of sentences" knows nothing, does not know that he knows nothing, and will always know nothing, about literary workmanship. The young author whose work has been "declined" should rewrite it fifty or sixty times and try again. If it is again declined, let him reconstruct it fifty times more; then let him burn it and begin again on a new theme. A young author wrote to a successful man of letters: "I have written a book. I think it worthy of type. What do you advise me to do?" The older man replied: "Burn your manuscript. No publisher will print it. But if you fail to burn it, it may fall into the hands of an enemy or of your widow. Make sure of your reputation by burning this book, and five or six more. After that you may write a book which will not murder your good name." Exaggeration? Yes and no. An endless amount of practice is a necessary preparation for good literary work.

THE INTELLECTUAL GAINS OF WOMEN.

There can be no doubt that considerable change is going on in the work and influence of women. We have moved rapidly during the last twenty-five years, and woman has been chiefly concerned in that movement. The particular form of emancipation which was sought by women-suffragists has not come, but less vociferous forces have affected a great many of the results sought by the attempt to confer the ballot upon woman. The higher education and a freer use of feminine influence in society contribute in no small degree to the ends desired by suffragists; and a vast number of statutes have been enacted (without marked opposition) for the relief and protection of women. But the most remarkable forms of emancipation are almost entirely overlooked—we refer to emancipation from drudgery and from what is technically called "society." Let no home-working woman who reads this, misunderstand us. Genuine reforms are like Christian conversion—individual, and proved one by one. In early days whole tribes were converted in a day, but the conversions were not very deep or improving. So an indiscriminate gift of suffrage to some millions of Afro-Americans seems not to have satisfied the dreams of philanthropy. Reform by wholesale is sometimes the best way to begin reform in detail, that is to say, in fact. But the

rule about wholesome reforms is that a personal reformation in many minds accumulates into the large movement which commands attention. Emancipation from drudgery and from society goes on by detail, one woman after another escaping into liberty until enough are free to arrest observation and disclose a tendency. We need not, then, busy ourselves with the still subject majority—subject either to drudgery or to society—but the rather reflect upon the deliverance of some thousands among the millions of women. The path by which these have come out of bondage, will be trodden by many more, by an increasing army of them. To effect this emancipation, it was necessary that some women should desire freedom. A woman is easily made a drudge if she has no higher ambition. The vacant house finds unlovely tenants. Idle-minded women are silent drudges or gossips or society butterflies. So soon as a woman wants liberty from these forms of bondage her emancipation begins. It may not go on to perfection; for life has sad necessities of failure. But when many have some distinct use to make of liberty—such as graduating in the C. L. S. C. course, or obtaining a college education, or developing their gifts as writers or singers or artists, or perfecting their skill in any handiwork, or their knowledge of any science—the liberty is quite certain to be obtained by some of the many; and the freed women will help many of their sisters to liberty.

It is a prosaic story to go over the changes in domestic life which tend to free women from drudgery. All our readers can count them. It is just as easy to see how, in another direction, steam has set thousands of women to grinding wearily and ceaselessly in the mills. We concern ourselves now with neither the one nor the other. The fact which we notice is that the overflow of wealth into the middle classes (to use the English phrase) by means of manufacturing and other enterprises, has released a large number of women from drudgery. Wealth was once titled, aristocratic; and its most certain effect was made visible in aristocratic womanhood. Much folly has been uttered about the fighting capacity as the basis of old aristocracies; it was in fact the *art* of making other and weaker men fight for him which gave a knight, a lord, or a king his hold on the earth. And while many men failed in that art, it is on record that women seldom or never failed in it. In other words, wealth made the lady of the mediæval world, and, on the whole, the lady got more out of the family wealth than the lord got. In time, however, she fell a victim to society, and her decline in the world through social demoralization, probably hastened the decline of the aristocratic class. When that class was supreme, their women were mighty. Wealth has in our century spread out to a vast number of families; and in this overflow, as in the Norman in England, the woman is the receiver of the larger share of intellectual advantage. The Norman baron must needs live on horseback; his lady must needs live indoors, and books, such as the times had, were welcome to her, while, often, her lord could not even read them. In our day the man of wealth is a slave and a drudge. The machine demands all his eyes and thoughts. His wife and daughters must do something. Society is no longer exacting. Books pour into the house; and *some* of these favored women will use their liberty for education, study, refinement, culture. The point of importance here is that many thousands of women are emancipated by wealth, and that a large number of them must be expected to use their liberty right royally. The facts support the expectation. There are great philanthropic and Christian movements which owe their power to the wisdom of the wives and daughters of American merchants. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is such a movement. No temperance organization has ever equaled it in power and extent. Two hundred thousand women are now enrolled in its ranks, and its steady, persistent agitation of temperance reform is a convincing proof of the ability of women in organizing and administering large affairs. In missionary work, also, women have attained enormous results, far outstripping in their early

history the beginnings of all other similar societies. Every city of the Union furnishes notable examples of their skill and brains in managing large charitable institutions. Such wise and ably conducted societies as the Young Women's Christian Association of New York City, with its free educational classes, its free library and reading room, its employment bureau and industrial department; such helpful institutions as the admirable Woman's Exchanges of Buffalo, Newark, and Cincinnati, with scores of other undertakings equally extensive and well-conducted, testify that women are possessed of the intellect necessary to carry on great movements. These same women are solicitously engaged in self-imposed mental tasks and in giving to their daughters the best possible education. The intellectual gain is just as conspicuous as the aggregate sums which these women pour into philanthropic treasuries. And it is just as new. Womanhood has taken up new forms of power, and is especially successful in intellectual fields. The writing of the country is being largely done by women; the public schools are practically in their hands, and in the work they are doing there, they are to a large extent moulding the intellect of the nation; editorial chairs are being taken possession of by them. A short article cannot enumerate the gains; we content ourselves with pointing out the tendency to a great increase in the intellectual power of woman. How free she is—before public opinion—to educate herself, to do any kind of literary work; and how rapidly is silence coming upon the old cry, "Only a woman"! And in new movements, such as the Chautauquan, how large a share of the work falls to her! Some things remain to be gained. Women teach the public schools of America; but their wages are still markedly below those of men. Probably this evil is slowly retiring along with other relics of barbarism. Probably, also, its retreat is delayed by the competition of women for places in the great educational army. And this conclusion seems warranted; the age of steam has not advanced masculine humanity in intellectual power because it has made man a machinist, a manager of things; it has advanced women intellectually because it has given many women leisure and incentive to conquer the world of ideas.

THE MASSACRE IN WYOMING.

Assaults upon inoffensive, peaceful, and industrious men will never command the respect of mankind. The coarsest forms of self-respect compel men to condemn the armed ruffian who assails unarmed human beings. To murder an industrious Chinaman is the same kind of fiendish work as the murder of women and children—it is equally a violation of the rights of the defenceless. There ought to be no politics in this country arrayed on the side of assassinations—we hope there is none. Undoubtedly, however, the violent antipathy of the Pacific slope to the Chinese, has furnished a stimulus to the outbreaks which have made all decent Americans ashamed. For several years, this anti-Chinese sentiment has sought by legitimate means to rid the country of the oriental workmen. The laws enacted by congress have failed of their object; it is probably inevitable that all such laws shall fail. At the bottom of the motives for the recent assassinations, there is, probably, a conviction that the Chinese cannot be removed except by the Guiteau process. This conviction does not, however, impart any dignity to the assassinations. Confessing that the Mongolian's intellect is too fine and keen for them, the murderers resort to the argument of savages: "You can outwit me, but I can steal upon you, and stab you in the back." From any point of view, the Rock Creek massacre is a sign of barbarism on the Pacific slope—a proof we mean that white barbarians are living there. Any justification of the bloody and cowardly business is a plea for barbarism of a degraded type. An Indian is sometimes noble in taking vengeance. He gives notice, and fights armed warriors. These white barbarians belong to the meanest and lowest type of humanity. There is

a view which is a consoling one. The Chinese consuls investigating the tragedy, report that the assassins were not native Americans. Let us be thankful for that part of the record. But we have also a duty in the premises arising from this very fact. Why should we allow one class of foreigners to hunt down and butcher another class of foreigners? When did any particular class of foreigners acquire the exclusive right to do our work and receive our money as wages? On what foundation is this remarkable claim to the exclusive use of the new portions of this country based? What rule of conduct enjoins killing a man who works for less wages than his murderer demands? How long can our institutions stand the strain of such bloody logic and morality? We suggest these questions because it has seemed to us that dislike of the Chinese has seriously and dangerously modified and softened the indignation of our people at the assassinations in Wyoming. We need not submit to becoming barbarized because we have barbarians

among us; but if we fail to vindicate our national reputation, we shall lower our character and our self-respect. It is reported that all the Chinese of the mining regions are to be expelled by fear, or assassinated; that organizations exist for this wholesale extirpation of Mongolian laborers. There ought to be power enough in this government to extirpate the organized white assassins. And it is worth our while to remember that we have American merchants and missionaries in China who may at any moment suffer for our neglect to afford protection to the Chinese in this country. If we tolerate these barbarities, we invite the *lex talionis* to teach us our plain duty in the bloody work of oriental mobs. The Chinese at home may be slow to learn the facts, and slow to avenge their brethren; but we are on dangerous ground, and the delay of justice in Wyoming, imperils the life of every American traveller, merchant, or missionary in the vast Empire of China.

EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

The cause of the revolution which at this writing is threatening to stir up all Europe with war, is briefly this: At the close of the Russo-Turkish war in 1878, the province of Bulgaria became a kingdom, and elected Alexander of Battenburg her prince; the province directly south of Bavaria, called Eastern Rumelia, became a self-governing province of the Turkish empire. These two peoples are nationally one. Rumelia has long desired to dispense with the Turkish governor ruling her, and to join forces with Bulgaria under Prince Alexander, and finally the country has revolted. Prince Alexander is a relative of Alexander II. of Russia, and his people claim and receive Russia's sympathy now. The Porte, of course, is preparing to defend what he claims to be his right. The event cannot be foretold, but it is pretty sure to result in a general re-arrangement of boundaries in south-eastern Europe.

Good health is becoming "good form." Anything that will help in the conversion of fops into gymnasts, deserves to be quoted. N. Mattieu Williams has made a discovery which had he made thirty years earlier, he believes would have made his present growth very different. It is that we walk too much and run too little; that a short daily trot would be of immense service in strengthening our livers, our lungs, and our dispositions. It is a reasonable cure, and encumbered with less red-tape than a gymnasium.

The unfortunate hazing affair at Princeton at the beginning of the fall term, brought the college world again face to face with the question, "What shall we do about it?" The Princeton faculty decided summarily, and the offenders had to go. At Williams, seven sophomores have been suspended for indulging in cane rushes. The verdict seems to be that, if necessary, college halls will be emptied, and grass will be allowed to grow in the paths, but this thing shall be stopped. Would not a little healthy public opinion be efficacious in breaking up the business? Why should the boy in college be unmolested for assaulting a fellow student while the boy out of college is fined or imprisoned?

Canon Farrar, in defining his position on the classics before the faculty and students of John Hopkins' University, said: "English boys used to be allowed to grow up in ignorance unfathomable, without a bottom or shore. The system of education was one that produced either little prodigies, or little dunces." "I did seek to destroy the autocracy of the classics, but not to abolish them." "I only pleaded then that Greek

and Latin should not be exclusive; but I plead now that Greek and Latin be not excluded."

The high school reports of the last few years have brought educators face to face with a serious problem. Superintendent Hinsdale, of the Cleveland public schools, states it in a recent report, when he calls attention to the fact that in 1884 the Cleveland high school was composed of 36.8 per cent of boys, against 63.2 per cent of girls. The same results are to be observed throughout the country. The obvious explanation is in the relative money value of a high school training for boys and girls. Undoubtedly it is much in favor of girls who can use it in teaching. Unless a boy is going into one of the professions, he looks upon the work as a loss of time. A more startling and serious affair than that the number of boys in our schools is diminishing, is the fact that our young men are so generally careless about church going. Out of the two hundred young men of a town of eight thousand inhabitants, with which we are familiar, only twenty-five are church-goers. This state of affairs is common in the west. It is claimed that in Brooklyn there are fifty thousand young men who do not attend church.

In the face of the post-office discussions that are agitating Brooklynites, and Chinese and Japanese merchants, it may be interesting to quote Mr. McMaster's comments on the post-office in Washington's time: "So insignificant was the place of postmaster general that Washington did not think him worthy of a seat in the cabinet. In 1792, there were two hundred and sixty-four post-offices in the country, now there are forty-nine thousand; the yearly revenue which they yielded then was twenty-five thousand dollars, now it is far above forty-five million dollars. More time was then consumed in carrying a letter ninety miles than is now required to carry one one thousand miles."

Cocaine is rapidly becoming the most popular anaesthetic in use. In its very popularity lies its danger. It has not been in practical use long enough for its general effects on the system to be thoroughly understood. There is no doubt that it is wonderfully efficacious in allaying sensibility, but whether there are evil effects resulting as well as good, it will be wise to find out before too free a use of it. Caution in the use of a new medicine is the only wisdom.

By the time this issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN reaches our readers, the first section of the Panama Canal will be open

in its full length, breadth, and depth. There are a few other feats engaging the attention of DeLesseps and his ilk, and, probably, now, they will be more than ever anxious to get at them. Not only are they still telling us how to turn the Great Sahara into an inland sea, but they propose schemes for running a ship canal from the British Channel to the Mediterranean, large enough to admit the largest iron-clads, and for connecting the Caspian Sea by canal with the Persian Gulf, thus turning Asia into an island, and confusion into the present routes of travel.

The nearest approach to the Holland tulip craze of the seventeenth century which we have ever had, is the orchid craze of the present time. The extent of this mania was made public by the sale in New York, in October, of the collection of Mrs. M. D. Morgan. Mrs. Morgan spent a large part of her life, and two hundred thousand dollars on her collection. All of the plants were rare and some of them very beautiful. One specimen brought nine hundred dollars. It is a mild mania, no doubt, doing neither the afflicted person nor his associates harm, and stimulating interest oftentimes, in an interesting science, but it is exasperating to both practical and philanthropic people to see so much money stowed away in mere curiosities.

The celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Concord, Massachusetts, in September, deserved and received wide-spread notice. Concord was the first inland settlement in that colony. Here the apostle Eliot labored, here the provincial congresses met, and here the first British soldiers fell in the war of the Revolution. Its name has world-wide reputation as the home of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. No wonder that the nation rejoiced over the event. The orator of the great day was Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. He gave a comprehensive survey of the eighteenth century and its influence on our time. The oration was a fitting tribute to Concord and its people.

The interesting experiments of the effects of gymnastic exercises on students, which have been made at Amherst College of late years, are turning out admirably. Dr. Hitchcock has compiled a paper of statistics taken on six hundred and ninety-one students. "The mean results are classified according to ages, and show a gradual and steady increase in physical growth from the youngest to the oldest. When a man leaves college he is, on the whole, in a much better physical condition than when he entered it."

Readers of the C. L. S. C. of this year, who have in mind that they are soon to be treated to Robert Browning, will be glad to learn of the whereabouts of the venerable poet. He is now greatly enjoying himself in the rich Val D'Aosta, in Piedmont, but means soon to go to Venice to visit his son, Robert Barrett Browning, who has a studio in that city.

An event of September, interesting in connection with the readings on Modern Italy which Chautauqua students are finding so delightful, was the anniversary of Porta Pia. Fifteen years ago a breach was made in the walls of Rome, the troops of Victor Emanuel entered the Eternal City, and Italian unity was—politically—an accomplished fact. The Roman municipality celebrated the day with festive splendor, placing a wreath of triumph upon the spot where the wall was broken down.

It seems to be difficult for even Chautauquans to keep in sight of the rapid growth of their work. We congratulated ourselves that in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October, we had noticed *all* of the assemblies which had been held; but in vain,—San Marcos, Texas, was omitted. The assembly held there for

twenty days, from August 11, was filled to overflowing with novelties and attractions. The beautiful San Marcos springs, lake, and river, of course, have a great deal to do with the beauty of the place. Another year it is thought that there will be a large increase in attendance.

One of the healthiest remarks yet made by a practical politician, came from the lips of a prominent delegate to one of the New York state conventions, considering candidates for governor: "It is no year for standing on your personal friends, unless those friends can win. I have personal friends in the field, but I don't believe they can win; hence I am for other candidates." A good sign, when it had already been agreed that "the candidate must be one whose personal record will stand the closest scrutiny."

The fourth annual meeting of the American Forestry Congress opened in Boston on September 22. There were many startling figures read in regard to the wanton destruction of forests, but nothing more pertinent than a letter from Oliver Wendell Holmes, in which he said that he hoped the people would allow the country to retain "leaves enough to hide its nakedness, of which it is already beginning to be ashamed."

Mr. Walt Whitman, the poet, has been ill and straitened in purse for a long time. His English admirers, who seem to be more numerous than his American, presented him with a substantial remembrance some time ago; and now a number of American literary men, headed by the poet Whittier, have followed the pleasant English example, and presented Mr. Whitman with a horse and phaeton, and a purse of money. The kindly gift was warmly appreciated by the aged poet who remarked to a friend: "It has lain on my emotional nature for some time that a carriage would be a desirable possession, but, coming in this concrete way—in the shape of a horse and carriage,—it's altogether the most penetrating thing I've had happen to me."

The Boston sloop, *Puritan*, defeated for the second time the English cutter, *Genesta*, (hard *g* if you wish to sound advanced) on September 16. It was a gentlemanly contested race and honorably won. Only one stain marked it, and that is the one which follows the ball game, horse-racing, cricket, in fact, nearly every public contest of skill which is introduced into this country—betting. It is unfortunate that amusements, healthy and enjoyable, should have an immoral spot on them which must prohibit Christian people from taking active part in them.

A severe arraignment of the quartet choir system comes from a leading preacher of the east. Dr. Mark Trafton, a venerable Methodist clergyman of Boston, said in a recent conference: "You can't understand a word they (the quartet) say. They sing a hymn you never heard before and never want to hear again. You can't sing with them. Call that singing God's praise? It's not only folly, but it's blasphemy. You've no business to introduce such trash as that and call it devotion." Undoubtedly, congregations are treated to much *very* good music by our great choirs, but, undoubtedly, too, *it* is not worship.

Reverend Moses A. Hopkins, the recently appointed Minister to Liberia, was born a slave. Since 1865, times have so changed that it has been possible for him to receive a college education, to graduate from a widely known theological seminary, to hold the position of principal of the State Colored Normal School in Franklinton, North Carolina, and now to receive an appointment to a highly honorable government position.

In the political arena, elections for governor and other state officers were held in Ohio in October and will be in New York this month. The temperance political party has created a good deal of excitement in Ohio, while a debate on public questions was held between the Republican and Democratic candidates for the governorship, Judge Foraker and Governor Hoadly. In New York state the interest at this writing seems to center in the fact that the Independents (nicknamed Mugwumps) endorse the Republican candidate. *Harper's Weekly*, the *Post*, and the *Times*, all favored Mr. Cleveland for the presidency, but now they endorse Mr. Davenport, the Republican candidate for the office of governor. The *Independent* has joined this group. Party lines do not seem to be so hard to cross as they were fifteen or twenty years ago.

The centennial of Temperance Reform was held in Philadelphia the last week of September. There was a general summing up of all the gains of the century, and some striking contrasts drawn between the present condition and that of even half a century ago. All the orders of temperance reformers and all denominations were represented at the convention. The retrospect was encouraging, the outlook, hopeful. The two great gains of this hundred years are the ideas that total abstinence and prohibition are practical and best. On these ideas the next century will build.

Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, who died September 3, was one of the most honored of the Episcopal clergy of this country. Dr. Tyng was an active, earnest church worker, a vigorous reformer, and one of the most effective pulpit orators of America.

C. L. S. C. NOTES ON REQUIRED READINGS FOR NOVEMBER.

PREPARATORY LATIN COURSE IN ENGLISH.

P. 103. "Clym'e-ne." An ocean nymph, the mother of Phaeton. Phaeton had been told one day by a companion that Helios, the sun god, would not own him as his son. Smarting from the insult, he went to his mother, who assured him of his heavenly origin, and directed him to visit his father and see if he would not gladly acknowledge the relationship, and be proud of his son.

P. 104. "Te'thys." The wife of Oceanus, the god of the ocean. The sun was fabled to descend into the sea and pass the night.

P. 105. "The seven stars" which "first felt Apollo's ray," were the Triones, or Ploughing Oxen, situated near the north pole. They are a part of the stars forming the Great, and the Little Bear.

"The folded serpent," is the constellation Draco, which extends east and west to a great distance. "Beginning at the tail, which lies half way between the Pointers and the Pole-star, and winding round between the Great, and the Little Bear by a continued succession of bright stars from 5° to 10° asunder, it coils under the feet of the Little Bear, sweeps round the pole of the ecliptic, and terminates in a trapezium formed by four conspicuous stars." *Olmstead's Astronomy*. "Boötes" is the constellation lying near the Great Bear which is sometimes called, especially by classic writers, the Wagon. The Little Bear is sometimes called Boötes.

"Silver Dirce," dir'se. The story of Dirce was given in the notes on "Italian Art," under "The Farnese Bull," in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October. After her death she was thrown into a well, which was changed into a fountain bearing her name.

"Pyrene," py-re'ne. A fountain at Corinth, sacred to the muses.

"Amymone," am-y-mo'ne. One of the fifty daughters of Danaus. He fled with them to Argos from Libya, fearing his brother and his brother's fifty sons. When they reached Argos, the place was suffering from a drought, and Danaus sent Amymone to find and fetch water. Neptune met her and bade her lift his trident from a rock, from which there then gushed forth a spring which was always called after her name.

"Tanais," tan'a-is. A river in Scythia, now Russia.

"Caicus," ca-i'cus. The god of a river in Mysia, a district of Asia Minor. The river, also, bears the same name.

"Lycormas," ly-cor'mas. The god of a river of the same name in Ætolia. The river has sands of a golden color, and is frequently spoken of as the "yellow Lycormas."

"Xanthus." A river of Troy, called Xanthus by the gods, and Scamander by men. Vulcan is fabled to have set it on fire once during the Trojan war.

"Meander," me-an'der. A river of Asia Minor, which has six hundred windings. It is said to have suggested to Dædalus the idea of the Cretan Labyrinth in which the monster, Minotaur, was confined. The word meander, is derived from the name of this river.

"Ismenos," is-me'nos. A small river in Boeotia.

"Phasis." A river in Colchis, famous for its connection with the story of the Argonauts.

"Tagus." The Spanish river, of which ancient writers related

that much gold sand and many precious stones were found in its waters.

P. 106. "Cayster," ca is'ter. This river in Asia Minor was famous among the poets for the many swans always to be seen on it.

"Seven divided currents." Anciently, the Nile reached the sea through seven mouths, of which only the two, Rosetta and Damietta, remain.

"Cyclades," sic'-la-dés. A cluster of islands in the Ægean Sea.

"Phocæ," pho'-se. Seals.

"Nereus," ne're-us. The son of Oceanus, the ocean god. He married Doris, his half sister, by whom he had fifty daughters called Nereides.

"The earth *** sunk deeper down, etc." Poetical inference, relating to the inclination of the earth's axis.

P. 107. "Phaeton's sisters." After a long and diligent search, they found his tomb in Italy, erected by the fresh water nymphs. While mourning over it, they were changed to poplar trees. Callisto was the name of the unfortunate water nymph who was changed to a bear.

P. 110. "Claros." A town of Ionia. It had a grove and a temple sacred to Apollo.

"Delphos." The country around Delphi which is noted for the oracle of Apollo.

"Ten'e-dos." An island near Troy, having a temple consecrated to this same god.

"Patarean," pa-ta-re'an. The town of Patara was located in Asia Minor, and possessed, at one time, a temple and an oracle of Apollo rivaling Delphi.

P. 115. "Dil-et-tan'te-ism." Admiration of the fine arts.

P. 122. "I-a'lus." He was more frequently called Ascanius, as in Barnes' History of Rome, p. 15, note.

P. 123. The "celebrated rhetorician" was Molo, who, a year or two before this time, had had Cicero under his instructions.

P. 125. "Pro consul." The governor of a province.

P. 127. "Or-get'o-rix." "Æduans." A powerful Gallic tribe between the Loire and the Saône.

P. 128. "Dum'nor ix."

P. 129. "Liugones." A Gallic tribe in the Vosges Mountains.

P. 130. "Allobroges." A people living between the Rhone, the Isère, the Lake of Geneva, and the Alps.

P. 131. "Euphemism," Expressing by means of a delicate word or figure, that which is exactly opposite in character.

P. 137. "Sequani." A tribe of Gaul living on the Rhone River.

"La bi-e'nus."

P. 142. "Bellovaci." A Gallic tribe between the Seine, the Somme, and the Oise.

P. 143. "Ambiani." A Belgic tribe whose chief town is now called from their name, Amiens.

"Nervii." A powerful tribe of Belgic Gaul.

P. 149. "Aduatici." A tribe living on the west bank of the Meuse.

P. 158. "Urbii." A German tribe which had settled on the Rhine.

P. 174. The letter T prefixed to a name is an abbreviation for Titus; the letter L, for Lucius.

"Havelock," Sir Henry. (1795-1857). A British soldier who was sent out to India, and gained great distinction. In the Sepoy mutiny he marched with his forces to the relief of several cities which had been besieged, and was nearly always successful. Among these besieged cities was Lucknow, to reach which, it was necessary for him to fight a series of battles on the way. On Sept. 25, 1857, he reached the city, and there had to withstand a siege, waiting for the arrival of re-inforcements. On November 22, all those shut up so long within the city were able to leave the place. Havelock, whose health had broken under his severe labors, died three days afterwards. A baronetcy was conferred upon him, and transferred at his death to his oldest son.

P. 175. "Senones." A tribe living on the Seine.

P. 176. "Am bi'o-rix"

P. 187. "Santa Scala." The holy staircase in the Lateran at Rome. Tradition says that it was formerly in the house of Pilate, in Jerusalem, and that Christ ascended and descended it. It was taken to Rome by the mother of Constantine. It consists of twenty-eight marble steps, which have been covered with a wooden casing. The wood has been worn through several times by the knees of the pilgrims who have ascended it. Every day numbers of persons may be seen creeping slowly up these stairs, and in Holy Week, particularly on Good Friday, they make the ascent in crowds. In 1510, when Luther made a journey to Rome, he devoutly ascended this holy staircase on his knees.

P. 194. "Pro-tag'o nist" One who takes a leading part in a drama; hence a leader in any scheme or undertaking.

A DAY IN ANCIENT ROME.

P. 5. "Nepos." This author probably lived near Verona. He died during the reign of Augustus. Only a very few of his works are extant, among them, the lives of Cato and Atticus.

"Corso." This street leads from a public square lying north of the city, called the *Piazza del Popolo*. It is the central one of the three streets which diverge from the gate (*Porta*) of this square, in the Plan of Modern Rome, found on the sixth page. The *Campus Martius* lay in that part of the city included in the great bend of the river where the Piazza Navona, the race course, and other places of public interest are found in this "lan," and extended east of the Corso, including public buildings and temples. It lay outside the walls of the ancient city, but, under Aurelian (270-275), it was enclosed within the city limits, and is now covered by the modern city, and forms its most densely populated region. The Corso is the street in which the festivities of the carnival are principally held. "It is a mile long, and only fifty feet wide, and is lined by lofty houses, nearly all of which are built with overhanging balconies, with special reference to this spectacle; and where permanent balconies are wanting, temporary structures of wood are frequently erected. Thus persons on opposite balconies are brought within speaking distance, or near enough to exchange bouquets and sugar plums." *Am. Cy* This description is fully corroborated by Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," which should be read by members of the C. L. S. C. for the sake of its descriptions of Rome, and for its allusions to historical events.

P. 7. "Continones," con-shi o'nēs.. Assemblies called together by a magistrate or priest.

"Comitia," cō-mish'i a. Assemblies for voting.

P. 8. "Septa Julia" The name given to the large enclosed place in the *Campus Martius* where the people assembled to vote.

"Strabo." (54 B. C.-24 A. D.). A Greek writer on geography.

P. 11. "Campidoglio," kam-pe-do'lyo.

P. 14. "Vejovis." An Etruscan god, the god of the lower world, whose power to injure corresponded to the power of Jupiter to help.

P. 17. "Catulus." Consul with Caius Marius, 102 B. C. He belonged to the class of aristocrats, and espoused the cause of Sulla. He was included in the proscription list made out by Marius in the year 87, B. C., and as he knew escape was impossible, he put an end to his life by inhaling the vapors of a charcoal fire. He was thoroughly acquainted with Greek literature, and was renowned for the grace and purity with which he used his own language. He wrote several works on history, besides orations and poetry.

E-nov

"*Clausis foribus, indefensum et indireptum.*" "Unprotected and un-plundered, the gates being shut."

"The great fire" in the reign of Titus, broke out in the year 80, and lasted three days, laying waste a great part of the city.

P. 18. "Stator." A supporter or stayer.

P. 23. "*Camera fornicibus vincta.*" "A vault guarded by prisons." Literally, "a vault bound in by archways."

"*Incultu, tenebris, odore, etc.*" "Its appearance was horrible and loathsome, on account of its neglect, its darkness, and foul odor."

P. 24. "*Vindices rerum capitalium.*" "The avengers of capital crime."

P. 26. "*Optimis Fortissimisque Principibus.*" "To the best and bravest leaders."

"*P Septimi Getae Nobilissimo Cesari Opt.*" "To Publius Septimius Geta, the noblest and best Caesar."

P. 27. "Camillus." A celebrated hero of the Roman republic. He was promoted from one office to another until he was made dictator. Then he gained a great victory over the Faliscans, and was soon after granted a triumphal entrance into Rome, the first ever made, in which he rode in a chariot drawn by four white horses. He was made dictator five times. He was the great general of his age, and the firm champion of the patrician order.

"Nemesis." "A Greek goddess who measured out to mortals happiness and misery, and visited with losses and sufferings all who were blessed with too many gifts of fortune." She was also regarded in later times as "the goddess who punished crimes."—*Smith's Classical Dictionary*.

"Opimius." A consul who took an active part in the proceedings against C. Gracchus. In 109 B. C., he was exiled for having received a bribe from Jugurtha when he had been sent at the head of a commission to divide the dominions left by Micipsa, between Jugurtha and Adherbal. He lived some years in Epirus, hated by the people, and died in great poverty. Thus he met with a just recompense for his cruelty to the Gracchi. The year in which he was consul was remarkable for the great heat of the late autumn, and the wine made then was kept for an incredible space of time, and was known as the *Vinum Opimianum*.

The manner in which Cicero obtained the "evidence against the Catilinarian conspirators" is told in Preparatory Latin Course, page 212.

P. 34. "*Quis enim eques Romanus, etc.*" "For what Roman horseman (knight), what noble youth except yourself, what one of any rank who remembered that he was a citizen, was not in the *Clivus Capitolinus* when the senate was in this temple?"

P. 35. "Phocas." Emperor of Constantinople from 602 to 610. He succeeded in gaining the throne by means of his brutal courage, and he disgraced it by his tyrannous conduct. He was murdered by Heraclius, who was the next emperor.

P. 37. "Duilius." Consul with Cornelius Scipio in the first Punic war. On his return to Rome he celebrated a splendid triumph, for he had gained the first naval victory ever gained by the Romans, and the "memory of it was perpetuated by a column which was erected in the Forum, and adorned with the beaks of the conquered ships."—*Smith's Classical Dictionary*.

P. 44. "Castor and Pollux" were brothers of Helen of Troy, and had been immortalized. They received divine honors in Sparta, and their worship spread through Greece and Italy. Whenever they made their appearance on earth, they were mounted on magnificent, white steeds. The brothers bore the appearance of "two youthful horsemen, with egg-shaped helmets, crowned with stars, and with spears in their hands. They were believed to have assisted the Romans in the battle of Lake Regillus, and the dictator, Aulus Postumius Albinus, during the battle, vowed a temple to them. It was erected in the Forum on the spot where they had been seen."—*Classical Dictionary*.

P. 46. "Samothea." A small island in the Aegean Sea, thirty-eight miles distant from the mouth of the Hebrus river in Thrace.

"Cyrene." A city of northern Africa.

"Tarentum." A Greek city in Italy, on the western coast of Calabria.

"Eurotas." The chief river in Laconia, a division of Greece.

"Ardea" and "Cora." Two of the most ancient towns in Italy.

"Sempronius." A Roman consul.

P. 48. "Divus Julius." The god Julius.

"Aius Locutius." A Roman divinity. The name means, announcing speaker. Before Rome was seized by the Gauls, a voice was heard one night foretelling the calamity. The warning was soon forgotten, until after the capture. At a later time an altar dedicated to the Aius Locutius, was erected on the spot where the voice had been heard.

P. 51. "Viscus" and "Varius." Poets, and friends of Horace.

"Hermogenes." A writer without merit, who was a great detractor of Horace.

P. 61. "Cacus." A huge giant, son of Vulcan. He is fabled to have lived in a cave on Mt. Aventine, and to have obtained his living by plundering all the surrounding country. Hercules, at one time, came to Italy with some oxen which he had secured in Spain, and while he was refreshing himself with sleep, Cacus stole a part of his cattle, and dragged them away to his cave by their tails so that it would be impossible to track them. Shortly after, however, while Jupiter was driving the remaining oxen, they passed the cave, and those shut up within began to bellow, and in this way the thief was discovered. Hercules put Cacus to death, and, in honor of the victory, dedicated a great altar.

P. 62. "*Discessi ab urbe*, etc." "I have departed from that part of the city in which is the Pretorium of Cæsar, where, while I was studying, the fates looked askance at me, and removed me, snatched from the pursuit of learning, into this place."

P. 65. "Tertullian." (160-240). The most ancient of the Latin fathers of the church, whose works are now extant. The best known

and most interesting of his books is the *Apologia*, or Defense of Christianity.

P. 67. "Lateran." A church and a palace; the palace was the residence of the popes until 1309, when they removed to Avignon, at which time it was burned. In 1585, it was rebuilt; later it was used for a time as an orphan asylum. In 1843, it was converted into a depository for works of art for which room could not be found at the Vatican. The church connected with it was destroyed by an earthquake in 896; rebuilt and dedicated to John the Baptist in 1114, and beautifully decorated by Giotto. Since that time it has been twice destroyed by fire and rebuilt. "As it now exists, this basilica is four hundred and eight feet long, with five aisles of equal elevation, and a flat ceiling profusely and tastefully decorated by Borromini. * * * This church has always been considered the cathedral of the bishops of Rome, and the central seat of their jurisdiction; it therefore takes precedence of all other churches in Rome, and in the Catholic world. In the chapter of St. John, every pope is crowned."

P. 68. A franc is equal to about nineteen cents.

P. 72. "Fulvius Nobilior." Censor with Æmilius Lepidus in 179. A patron of literature and art, he belonged to that class of Romans who introduced into the city a taste for Greek customs. On his return to Rome from Spain, he celebrated a great triumph. He erected a temple to Hercules, and adorned it with Greek paintings and statues which he obtained upon his conquest of Ætolia. Cato made merry with his name, calling him *Mobilior*, instead of *Nobilior*.

P. 80. "Denarius." A silver coin equal to about sixteen cents.

NOTES ON REQUIRED READING IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN."

SUNDAY READINGS.

1. "Fletcher," John. (1729-1785). An English clergyman, belonging to the Church of England. He gave much of his time to home missionary labor. He was made president of the theological school founded by Lady Huntingdon, but on account of his Armenian doctrines, he soon was obliged to leave the position. Several editions of his works have been published in England and America.

2. "Taylor," Nathaniel William. (1786-1858). An American clergyman. For several years he was pastor of the first Congregational church in New Haven, and afterwards professor of theology in Yale College. His works have been published in four volumes.

3. "Buchanan," Claudius, D. D. (1766-1815). An English missionary. For a time he served as the chaplain of the East India company. He was the author of "Christian Researches in Asia," which work had great influence in directing public attention to the promotion of Christianity in India.

4. "Tholuck," Friedrich August Gottreu. (1799-1877). A German theologian. He was for a time professor of literature in Berlin, and was removed from there to Halle where he remained. The author of many works.

MODERN ITALY.

1. "Campo Formio." A village of northern Italy, containing sixteen hundred people, situated fifty-five miles northeast of Venice. At the termination of Napoleon's campaigns in Italy, a treaty of peace between France and Austria was signed in this place.

2. "Cisalpine." See C. L. S. C. notes in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for October. The Cisalpine republic embraced Milan, Mantua, a portion of Parma, and Modena.

3. "Ligurian." An adjective derived from Liguria, a district in ancient geography, situated in northern Italy, embracing Genoa, Nice, and some adjoining territory.

4. "Cispadane." A term used in regard to any locality between the river Po and Rome; transpadane being applied to places across the Po from Rome. The Cispadane republic embraced Modena for a time, Reggio, Ferrara, and Bologna. In 1797, it was united to the Cisalpine republic.

5. "Tiberine republic." It was known also as the Roman republic, and included the district formerly known as the Papal States.

6. "Parthenopean republic." Naples threw all of her influence on

the side of Austria, and for this reason was invaded by the French. Ferdinand IV., the Neapolitan king, was driven out, and the kingdom transformed into the Parthenopean republic. Naples was built on the site of an ancient city which had been called Parthenope after the siren of that name, and from this circumstance the republic was named.

7. "General Murat." (1771-1815). A French soldier. It was designed by his father that this son should enter the priesthood, and he actually began the preparation for this calling. On account of some irregularities of conduct, he was expelled from school, and then entered the army. During the French Revolution he was made a cavalry lieutenant, and shortly afterwards a colonel, but was dismissed from service after Robespierre's overthrow. Later he served Napoleon in Italy and Egypt, and then was put in command of the Consular Guard. He married Napoleon's sister, Caroline. After the establishment of the French Empire, he was proclaimed king of the Two Sicilies (Sicily and Naples). He was, however, only king in name, for Napoleon exercised all the royal power, and commanded Murat to take part in the expedition against Russia, which he did very reluctantly. He remained in the French army until the battle of Leipsic, when he decided to desert the French cause, and free himself from Napoleon's irksome command. He entered into a treaty with Austria, and made a truce with the British, and at the head of thirty thousand men marched against Prince Eugene and drove him into a retreat. After this he was secretly reconciled with Napoleon, and marched again against the Austrians and was defeated. He escaped to Corsica, where he found a refuge. After Napoleon's overthrow, he was captured, made a prisoner, tried by court martial, and shot, in the castle of Pizzo. Being offered a chair and a handkerchief to bandage his eyes, he replied: "I have braved death often and long enough to face it with my eyes open and standing."

Bourbon is the name of a French family who ruled over France from 1589 to 1792. Members from different branches of this family also held royal power in Spain, Naples, Sicily, and Parma. The name is derived from the castle of Bourbon, built in the thirteenth century in the old province of Bourbonnais, about one hundred and sixty miles from Paris. Henry of Navarre was the first French king of this line, and Charles X. was the last. Charles left two sons, Louis and Charles; the former died without heirs, and the latter left one son, Henri, Duke of Bordeaux, oftener styled Count de Chambord, whom the legitimists always looked upon as the rightful king of

France. He died in 1883, and the line became extinct. A younger branch of the Bourbons, descended from a brother of Louis XIV., was known as the House of Orleans. Count de Paris, the son of the eldest of the five sons left by Louis Philippe, is held by the Orleanists to be the rightful heir to the French throne. "Bourbon Ferdinand" was Ferdinand IV., king of Naples, later, king of the Two Sicilies under the name of Ferdinand I.

8. "Carbonari Societies." Secret political organizations established for the purpose of changing the government of France from a kingdom to a republic. They were said to have originated among the charcoal burners, hence the name, derived from the Italian word meaning charcoal burner.

9. "Charles Albert." King of Sardinia. During the revolution in Italy, he appeared as the champion of independence, and aided the different revolting states. For a long time he was successful in his efforts, but was finally conquered at Novara, March 23, 1849. After this overwhelming defeat he resigned his throne to his eldest son, Victor Emanuel II.

10. "Novara." The capital of an Italian province of the same name, lying twenty-six miles west of Milan.

11. "Mazzini," Giuseppe, joo-sep'pa mat-see'nec. (1805-1872). An Italian revolutionist. He was well educated. In 1830, he joined a carbonari society, and was shortly after captured and put into prison for six months, and was then banished. In Marsailles he organized the society known as "Young Italy," and published a journal under the same name. His name was connected with political conspiracies, and he was compelled to flee to Switzerland. Later he spent much time in England. During the revolution in Italy he returned, and became one of the leaders in the reform. He wrote many articles for different periodicals, and published several books.

12. "Silvia Pellico." (1789-1854). An Italian author. He was editor of a journal which, on account of its liberal tendencies, was suppressed. He was a member of a carbonari society, and, in 1820, was arrested and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment of rigorous treatment. Completely broken down in health, he was, by an imperial order, set at liberty in 1830, and spent the rest of his life at Turin. The following year he published an account of his ten years' sufferings, in a work called "My Prisons," which became very popular, and was translated into many languages. He was the author of several other books.

13. "Count Cavour." A minister of commerce in the cabinet of Victor Emanuel. He took a leading part in all the struggles of Italy for Independence. In 1860, when Italy was united into one kingdom under Victor Emanuel, Cavour was made prime minister.

14. "Garibaldi," Giuseppe. (This given name is the Italian form for the English name, Joseph). (1807-1882). An Italian patriot. He was exiled from Italy in 1834 for the leading part he took in several revolutionary movements, and went to South America, where he espoused the cause of the Rio Grande republic. Here he married Anita, who as the companion of all his dangers, won a world-wide reputation. In 1848 he returned to Italy, and from that time on until it became a united kingdom was the foremost leader in all her wars.

15. "Pius Ninth." (1792-1878). Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti, was the secular name of the man, who, on being elevated to the papal chair in 1846, took the name of Pius Ninth. He instituted many measures of reform in the monasteries, schools, hospitals, and prisons of Rome, and granted a general pardon to all political offenders. By these measures he gained the esteem of all nations. However, during the revolution he was obliged to flee from Italy, as he violently opposed resigning any of the temporal sovereignty of the pope. When Rome surrendered to the French in 1850 he returned and was sustained as long as their army remained. On the unification of Italy his temporal power gradually passed away.

16. "Gioberti," Vincenzo. jo-bair'te. (1801-1852). An Italian philosopher. He was suspected of belonging to the party of revolutionists, called "Young Italy," and was banished. The greater part of his fifteen years' absence he spent in Brussels, where he taught a private school and produced several philosophical works. In 1848 he returned to Italy, and worked eagerly with the other reformers for the cause of his native land.

17. "Manzoni." (1784-1873). An Italian novelist. The story spoken of was translated into English under the name of "The Betrothed Lovers."

18. "Solferino." A village of Lombardy, the scene of the great battle fought by the French and Sardinian forces allied against the Austrians, June 24, 1859. Victor Emanuel led the Sardinian army. The Austrians were defeated. This was the last battle of the war.

19. "Marsala." A fortified seaport town of Sicily.

20. "Machiavellian." mā-kyā-vel/li-an. Pertaining to Machiavelli or his supposed principles. Political cunning. Machiavelli, Niccolò. (1469-1527). An Italian statesman. He was secretary of the Florentine republic, and charged with the political correspondence of the government. He was entrusted with numerous commissions. The openness with which he discussed public affairs in Florence displeased the government, and he was imprisoned and put to torture. The most widely known of his writings is "The Prince," a work which has been condemned as teaching the "vilest arts of despotism," and for representing Borgia as a model sovereign.

ITALIAN BIOGRAPHIES.

1. "Cadmus." A character belonging to the mythological days of Greece. He is credited with having brought the alphabet to Greece from Phœnicia, which country he left in search of his sister, Europa, who had been borne off by Jupiter. Cadmus followed her into Boeotia, and then consulted the Delphic oracle as to what place he should choose for building a city, and was told to follow a white heifer, and where she would lie down should be the place chosen by the gods. This was the spot on which he built Thebes. When he sent some of his company to draw water from the well near by, they were slain by a dragon which guarded the well. Cadmus succeeded in killing the dragon, and sowed the teeth from which sprang armed men who fought one another until all but five were slain. They then helped Cadmus in the work of building the city, of which he became king. Europa was carried to Crete where she gave birth to Minos, who became king of that island.

2. "Paradiso." Dante's great work, the "Divine Comedy," consists of three parts, the *Inferno*, *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso*, or Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise. Each of these parts contains thirty-three cantos, excepting the *Inferno*, in which there are thirty-four, but the first is merely introductory. It is said this division was made in allusion to the number of years passed by our Saviour on earth. The poem is an account of his visit to these three worlds, of the scenes there witnessed, and the persons met and recognized. Beatrice was his spirit guide when he reached Paradise.

3. "Vita Nuova." The New Life. It is written in prose, interspersed with verse, and contains a full account of his love for Beatrice.

4. "Convito." The word signifies banquet. It is one of the oldest and most excellent prose works in Italian. Like all of Dante's writings, it is largely autobiographical.

5. "Corso Donati." He had been among those who were exiled by Dante and his associates when they were at the head of the government.

6. "Neri and Bianchi." The Black and the White party. The Neri was largely composed of the Guelphs, and the Bianchi, of the Ghibellines.

7. The Pope, before whom Dante was accused of having favored the Bianchi, was Boniface VIII.

8. "Medici," med'e-chee.

9. "Pazzi," pāt'se.

10. "Interdict." In the Roman Catholic church, an ecclesiastical censure or penalty forbidding public worship and the administration of the sacraments to certain persons or in certain places.

11. "Carnival." The word is a direct Latin derivative, and means farewell to flesh, or meat. It was a festival held in most Roman Catholic countries, especially in Italy, and at Rome. It preceded the fast of Lent, commencing from three to eight days before Ash-Wednesday. Persons disguised themselves, and, forming long processions, paraded the streets, and "gave themselves up to folly," while crowds gathered to witness the proceedings. Balls, parties, and entertainments of all kinds were held in the evenings. The festival probably traces its origin back to the Saturnalia of ancient Greece and Rome. The

celebration has of late years lost much of its former splendor and interest.

12. "Laurentian Library." This celebrated structure is a library containing only manuscripts. There are within it now about nine thousand, which are very carefully preserved.

13. "Platonic Academy." This famous institution lasted until 1521, counting among its members the most illustrious men of the times, who devoted themselves to the study of Plato, and later of Dante, and to the improvement of Italian literature. It served as a model for many similar institutions in later times.

14. "Sa von-a-ro'la."

15. "Piagnoni." The word means weepers, and was probably applied to the followers of Savonarola in derision of their repentant character, and their cry of reform.

ROMAN AND ITALIAN ART.

1. "Sar-coph'a-gi." The word in the original Greek means flesh eating, and was the name given to a species of limestone of which coffins were made, and which had the property of consuming the flesh deposited in them. The term came to mean, however, a coffin made first of sarcophagus, then of any material. The sarcophagi of the Etruscans were made of stone, terra cotta, or marble.

2 These Syracusan treasures were secured to Rome by Marcellus in the second Punic war. Fabius Maximus captured those from Tarentum, and Quintus Flaminius, the conqueror of Philip, took home treasures which had been collected from all parts of Greece by the defeated king. Mummius found his treasures mainly at Corinth.

3 "Heg'i-as." (480 B. C.) Said to have been the teacher of Phidias. The only works mentioned as his, are a Castor and Pollux at Rome, an Athena, and Boys on Race-Horses.

4 "Myron." (480 B. C.). A contemporary of Phidias. His chief works were in bronze and included the Discobolus, (quoit-player), the Cow lowing, an Apollo, an Athena, a Dog, and several groups of mythological personages.

5. "i hid'i-as." (464 B. C.). The chief works of this greatest of the Greek masters, were the colossal statue of Athena Promachos, belonging to the Parthenon, and destroyed by fire in 475 A. D.; the Lemnian Athena; the Olympian Zeus; an Amazon, of which there is a copy in the Vatican; and the sculptures of the Parthenon.

6. "Scopas." (379 B. C.). From the island of Paros. He was the architect of the temple of Athena, on the plain of Tegea in the Peloponnesus, for which he executed many sculptures. He also executed part of the sculptures for the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus. The original of the Niobe group in the Florence Gallery is thought to have been the work of Scopas.

7. "Prax-it'e-les." (379 B. C.). The Venus of Cnidos in the Vatican is presumed to be a copy of a statue by Praxiteles. An Eros, from this master, carried off by Caligula, was restored by Claudius, afterwards taken again to Rome by Nero, where it was burned in the reign of Titus. The Faun of Praxiteles in the capitol, Rome, is another famous statue. The Apollo Sauroctonos, or lizard-killer in the Vatican, and Silenus tending the Babe, Dionysios, from the Louvre, are also attributed to him. He divides the honor of the Niobe group with Scopas, with whom he stood at the head of the later Attic school.

8. "Belvedere Torso," bel've-deer'. This torso (trunk) takes its name from the open gallery, or corridor of the Vatican, called *belvedere*, (beautiful view), in which it stands. The statue was found near the theatre of Pompey towards the close of the fifteenth century.

9. "Vatican." This palace stands in Rome on the right bank of the Tiber and on the Vatican hill. It is the largest palace in the world and the residence of the popes. The Vatican was founded about 300 A. D., and in 1450 the work of making it the noblest palace in the world was undertaken, and nearly every pope since has added something to it. It contains over ten thousand rooms. The most famous apartments of the palace are the Sistine chapel, the Belvedere, the Loggia, and Stanze of Raphael, and the Library. The works of art in the Vatican and its museum are among the richest in the world.

10. "Farnese," far-neeze'. This statue took its name from the Farnese palace, to which it belonged before it was removed to the Naples museum. The palace, named from a family of Italian princes, was finished under the direction of Michel Angelo, and is considered the

finest piece of architecture in Rome. It is built of blocks of travertine removed from the ruins of the theatre of Marcellus and the Coliseum, and was formerly adorned with many of the treasures removed from the Baths of Caracalla.

11. "Medicean Venus," med'e-chee'an.

12. "Uffizi," oof-fe'tse. The tribune of the Uffizi Palace is an octagonal hall, paved with various colored marbles, and containing splendid specimens of sculpture and painting.

13. "Livia's Villa." See "A Day in Ancient Rome," page 75.

14. "Altar of Peace." This altar was erected to Augustus after his return in 12 B. C. from his campaign in the north. In form it was quadrilateral. Around its sides, as shown by reliefs recently found on the site and preserved in the Villa Medici and the Belvedere of the Vatican, a procession moved. On the balustrade of the steps, leading up to the altar proper, a sacrificial scene was represented.

15. "Scau'rus." Step-son of the dictator, Sulla. He distinguished himself in the third Mithridatic war, and was afterward governor of Syria. It was in 58 B. C. when made ædile that he built the theatre referred to. The lowest story of this remarkable building was of white marble, the middle one of glass, and the highest of gilt wood. One hundred and fifty panthers were exhibited in the circus, and five crocodiles and a hippopotamus were seen for the first time at Rome. Scaurus was condemned for bribery in 52 B. C.

16. "Eu bæ'a," "Me'los." Islands of the Ægean sea.

17. "Quad-r't'ga." A Roman car driven by four horses abreast.

18. "Pompeii," pom-pe'ya; "Her'cu-la'ne-um." These cities, situated at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius, were overwhelmed in 79 A. D., and so completely hidden that the site of Herculaneum was not discovered until 1709, and that of Pompeii until 1748. The work of excavating the ruins has been continued at intervals since the discovery of the sites, and the results have been of great value in giving an insight into the social customs, domestic economy, and artistic advancement of the time.

19. "A-chil'les," "Bri-se'is." Achilles, the great hero of the Trojan war, was obliged to give up to Agamemnon his captive, Briseis. His rage at Agamemnon for taking Briseis, and his parting from her are celebrated in the first book of Homer's Iliad, and were very frequent subjects of painting by the artists of early times.

20. "Iph-i-ge-ni'a." The daughter of Agamemnon. The latter, having offended Diana, the Greeks were becalmed when they wanted to sail against Troy; to propitiate the goddess the king was commanded to sacrifice his daughter. This was about to be done when the goddess carried Iphigenia off to serve as her priestess. Iphigenia was afterwards brought back by her brother, Orestes, and spent the rest of her life in Attica in the service of Diana.

21. "Genre," jan-r.

22. "Battle of Issus." This picture once adorned the pavement in the House of the Faun. "The composition is thoroughly artistic, with a rich background in perspective. The groups are disposed in impassioned movement, and the decisive moment of the battle in its most striking features is seized upon, and fixed. A ponderous lance-thrust of the victorious Alexander has just done to death the general of Darius' army, overthrowing both horse and rider; the Asiatic warriors fall back in overwhelming terror, the horses wildly rearing, scarcely restrained by their leaders and the charioteers. . . . The expression of ardent action has a stamp about it which gives one an idea of the power of the great master-works of Greek painting."

23. "The House of the Faun," is one of the best preserved houses taken from Pompeii. The name given to the excavated houses is either that of the supposed possessor, or is given from some object found within. Thus the house here mentioned, takes its name from the bronze figure of the dancing faun found in it.

24. "Nave." The central avenue of a church or cathedral. It was so called from its fancied resemblance to a ship.

25. "Apse." A semi-circular or polygonal termination to, or projection from, a church or other public building.

26. "Clere-story." When the middle of the nave of a church rises above the aisles, and is pierced with windows, the upper story is thus called. Sometimes these windows are very small; again they are very important objects, both for beauty and utility.

27. "Transept." The arms of a church or cathedral, which cross the line of the nave.

28. "A'tri-um." The term was applied to the main quadrangle in a Roman dwelling-house, (see plan of the House of Pansa, Barnes' History of Rome, p. 116), and also to the enclosed court in front of the early Christian basilican church.

29. "St. Paul's outside-the-walls." There are in Rome several basilicas outside the walls. Among these are San Lorenzo, St. Sebastian, and St. Agnes. The basilica was destroyed by fire in 1823, but was immediately restored. The remains of St. Paul are preserved under the high altar. The head of the saint is said to be in the possession of St. John Lateran.

30. "San'ta Maria," mā-ree'ā; "Maggiore," mā-djo'ra; "Agnese," ān-yā'sa; "Clemente," klā-men'ta. The Italian forms of the names, Saint Mary, Saint Agnes, and Saint Clement.

31. "Apollinare in Classe," ā-pol-lee-nā'ra, clas'sa. Classis was the port of Ravenna, built by Augustus. It was destroyed in 752.

32. "Architrave." The chief beam. The moulding which rests on the heads of the columns and is surmounted by the frieze. The moulding on the side and head of doors and windows is called an architrave.

33. "Campanile," kām-pa-nē'la.

34. "San Vitale," vec-tā'la.

35. "Francesco," frān-ches'ko; "Assisi," as-see'see.

36. "Giotto," jōt'ō. (1276-1336). Florentine painter and sculptor.

37. "Giovanni Pisano," jō-vān'nee pee-sā'nō, (1200?-1278?) Italian sculptor.

38. "Brunellesco," broo-nēl-lēs'ko. (1377-1444). Florentine architect.

39. "Palazzo Pitti," pā-lāt'so pīt'tee.

40. "Bramante," brā-mān'ta. (1444-1514). Italian architect, painter, poet, and musician.

41. "Cancellaria," kām-cel-lā're-ā.

42. "Renaissance," rūh-nā-songs.

43. "Duomo," dwo'mo. Cathedral.

44. "Maderno," mā-der'no. An architect of the latter part of the sixteenth, and first part of the seventeenth centuries.

45. "Bernini," bēr-nēe'nee. (1598-1680). An Italian architect, painter, and sculptor.

ELECTRICITY.

1. "Faraday," Michael. (1791-1867). An English chemist and philosopher. He presents a remarkable instance of the success to be gained over such obstacles as poverty and lack of education, by patience and perseverance. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to a book-binder, but employed all of his spare moments in studying science, and in making experiments with implements of his own manufacture. He attended several evening lectures on chemistry, given by Sir Humphrey Davy, and ventured to send to the lecturer himself the notes he prepared on the lectures, which resulted in gaining for him the position of assistant in the Royal Institution. Later, he accompanied Davy, as amanuensis, on a tour over the continent which lasted a year and a half. Shortly after this he began lecturing, and publishing articles on scientific subjects, and then there began that long series of important discoveries, accounts of which he gave to the public in volumes, having the subjects arranged according to their position in science. To give even an outline of his discoveries and works would be impossible in our limited space. Prominent among them are, "Experimental Researches on Electricity," lectures on "Non-Metallic Elements," "Lectures on the Forces of Matter," "Chemical Manipulations," and "Chemical History of a Candle."

2. "Du Fay," Charles Francois. (1698-1739). A French scholar who made many researches concerning the barometer, the magnet, electricity, etc. He advanced the theory of the two kinds of electricity. He also gave great labor and time to the study of botany.

3. "Otto Von Guericke." (1602-1686). A German philosopher, the inventor of the air-pump and a species of barometer. He was well known as an astronomer, and was the first to teach that the return of comets might be fixed upon. He published several works on natural philosophy.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The first volume of John Bach McMaster's history of the United States closes with the Indian troubles of the year 1790; the second volume* begins with the settlement of Georgia in the same year, and comes up to the claim to Oregon in 1803. The latter is in every way a worthy follower of the fascinating first volume. Mr. McMaster is not writing a political, a philosophical, or a partisan history, but rather a panoramic history. He unrolls one after another, pictures of the people, complete in themselves, but so admirably connected that one fades into another without a break. Select any chapter, and you will at once notice the variety and the close interweaving of the subjects. The material is wonderfully fresh and new. It reads like a story of to-day. Perhaps one secret of this unimpaired vigor is found in the foot notes, from which we learn that Mr. McMaster has drawn his material from newspapers of the times, books of travels, journals, and letters, rather than from congressional records and state annals. The story, too, is well told. Short, pithy sentences, frequent contrasts, vivid sketches, and a careful interspersing of the light and heavy parts make it absorbing reading. It would be difficult to write a better popular history of the people of the United States than Mr. McMaster has. Unfortunately, we think, the book has not been illustrated, and it is meagerly supplied with maps. It has, however, an excellent index, and the fashion of putting the date and chapter at the head of each page is very convenient.

A book of good natured gossip about the life of the great, is one of the most delightful of "idle hour" volumes. James Parton has edited successfully such a one in "Princes, Authors, and Statesmen."† A large number of the papers have appeared in past volumes of *The Youth's Companion*. They are from the pens of people who have had

actual association with the characters of whom they write. The papers in most cases are written in an easy, flowing style. It is an exceedingly entertaining book, and will furnish a large stock of pleasant anecdotes and illustrations for the use of those who love to talk or write on the great men of the day.

A new edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"‡ in very attractive form is offered to the public. It contains an introduction giving full account of the writing of the work, and comprising the letters received by the author from many men and women who have made their names famous in the literary world—from Macaulay, Dickens, Carlyle, Kingsley, Frederika Bremer, Jenny Lind, and others. It is with a feeling of surprise that, after looking at the clear, good sized type, one discovers that the whole work is contained in one volume. The printing of these standard works in such good form at so low a price is a matter of congratulation.

When we find a book whose author has a genius for telling stories for young folks, we always hasten to publish our discovery. Not one in twenty of those which reach us have any of the marks of genuine story telling, but here is one with the true ring, the "Merry-Go-Round."† The title is original; the stories are sprightly, fresh, and naturally told; and the morals are so interwoven that even the boy who is used to being preached to must feel the force of them. The modernization of Santa Claus, under "S. T. Nicholas, Jr.," is simply delightful, and "What Johnny did in the Dark," and "One Cent," are wonderfully happy combinations of the imaginative story and practical sermon.

"Poor Boys Who Became Famous"‡ is a book which, put into the hands of boys, must exert an influence which will do good. The

*A History of the People of the United States, from the Revolution to the Civil War. By John Bach McMaster. In five volumes. Volume II, New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

†Princes, Authors, and Statesmen. By Canon Farrar, James T. Fields, Archibald Forbes, E. P. Whipple, James Parton, Louise Chandler Moulton, and others. Edited by James Parton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 13 Astor Place.

*Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. Price, \$1.00.

†The Merry-Go-Round. Stories for boys and girls. By R. M. Raymond. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

‡Lives of Poor Boys Who Became Famous. By Sarah K. Belton. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

author says: "These characters have been chosen from various countries and varied professions, that the youth who read this book may see that poverty is no barrier to success." Noble examples she has chosen, too. A portrait accompanies each of the twenty-eight sketches. They are all clear, straightforward accounts, written in a style partaking of the interest of romances.

A novel series of beautiful plates of practical design, comes from Messrs. L. Prang & Co. (Boston). They are carefully executed illustrations, in color, of the principal edible and poisonous mushrooms of America. A schedule of directions accompanies the plates, and hints for cooking are printed with each variety. It is a useful undertaking admirably executed. Julius A. Palmer, Jr., is the editor.

Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, the well-known organ and piano manufacturers, are arranging a series of pictures which will be of interest to musical people. Prominent American organists have been selected and their portraits arranged in groups. The collection makes a very entertaining study.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Tent V, Chautauqua. By Mariana M. Bisbee. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Lars: A Pastoral of Norway. By Bayard Taylor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. Price, 15 cents.

The Lady with the Rubies. By E. Marlitt. Translated from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1885. Price, \$1.25.

How to Live a Century and Grow Old Gracefully. By J. M. Peebles, M.D. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

Outlines of Practical Philosophy. Dictated Portions of the Lectures of Hermann Lotze. Translated and Edited by George T. Ladd. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1885.

Tenants of an Old Farm. By Henry C. McCook, D.D. Illustrated from nature. Second Edition. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1885. Price, \$2.50.

Abbreviated Longhand. By Wallace Ritchie. Second American Edition. Chicago: J. B. Huling. 1885.

Suggestions in Punctuation and Capitalization. Second Edition. Chicago: J. B. Huling. 1885.

The Temperance Century. By Rev. Wilbur Fisk Crafts, A.M. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls. 1885.

Primary Sunday School Exercises. Compiled and Arranged by Mrs. E. M. Hoffman. With an Introduction by Chancellor J. H.

Vincent, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. 1885. Price, 75 cents.

Wonders of Man and Nature. Mountain Adventures. By J. T. Headley. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.

Wonders of Art and Archaeology. Wonders of Sculpture. By Louis Viardot. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.

Wonders of Science. The Wonders of the Heavens. By Camille Flammarion. From the French by Mrs. Norman Lockyer. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1885.

The Bishop of Africa; or the Life of William Taylor, D.D. By Rev. E. Davies. Reading, Mass.: Holiness Book Concern. Price, 75 cents.

The Story of the Nations; Greece. By Prof. James A. Harrison. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

Old-Time Classics. The Histories of Herodotus. Selected and edited by John S. White, LL.D. Sixty-one illustrations. In two volumes. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

Old-Time Classics. Plutarch's Lives. Selected and Edited by John S. White, LL.D. With illustrations. In two volumes. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

A Happy Life. By Alfred Wetherby, author of "The Hand in the Dark." Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 1885. Price, \$1.00.

Go Work. A Book for Girls. By Annie Frances Perram. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. 1885. Price, 70 cents.

Phil Vernon and His School Masters. A Story of American School Life. By Byron A. Brooks. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. 1885. Price, \$1.00.

Birchwood. By Jak. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Up-the-Ladder-Club; or, The Knights of the White Shield. Round One. Play. By Edward A. Rand. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. 1885. Price, \$1.25.

Boy Travelers in Arabia: or, From Boston to Bagdad. By Daniel Wise, D.D. Illustrated. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. 1885. Price, 90 cents.

Lodebar. By Mrs. Lucy A. Spottswood. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. 1885. Price, \$1.00.

A Digest of Methodist Law. By Bishop S. M. Merrill, D.D. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 1885. Price, \$1.00.

Almanack for 1886. By Kate Greenaway. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons.

REV. T. B. VINCENT'S CHAUTAUQUA CLASSES.

Among the several Chautauqua institutions none have been more uniformly successful than the classes conducted by Rev. B. T. Vincent, of Philadelphia. These classes are organized for Bible study, and are graded to suit children, young people, and teachers. The character of the instruction given has made them among the most delightful of the summer meetings. Mr. Vincent is a model teacher, original, earnest, and magnetic. His pupils are invariably enthusiastic. A full class graduates from each department every summer. The classes of '85 were especially successful. The following are the prize graduates in the several classes:

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